

PARIS DAYS AND LONDON NIGHTS

ALICE ZISKA SNYDER and
MILTON VALENTINE SNYDER

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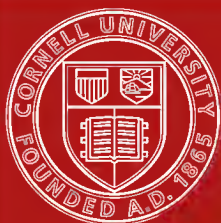
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Paris days and London nights.



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PARIS DAYS AND LONDON NIGHTS

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BY
ALICE ZISKA SNYDER
AND
MILTON VALENTINE SNYDER



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

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3052296

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Printed in the United States of America

d.d.

FOREWORD

THERE are many persons who ask: "What was life in Paris like in the days when Big Bertha hourly bombarded the city, when the Germans were knocking at her gates and the American troops were fighting with the French and British to smash the German last onrush and sweep on to final victory; and in London when the Gothas were raining bombs upon the heart of the British Empire?"

A newspaper correspondent in Paris and in London during 1918 was compelled, by reason of the tremendousness of the military death-struggle, to discard in despatches to his paper much that was interesting, in the attempt adequately to present that which was of importance.

The ever-changing panorama of daily life usually was depicted in personal letters written without any thought of future publication and under circumstances as set out in the following pages.

THE AUTHORS.

Paris, 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

PARIS AND LONDON BOMBED SIMULTANEOUSLY—
FREAKS OF AN AERIAL RAID—MECHANICAL PIANO
STARTED BY EXPLOSION CONTINUES TO PLAY AMID
DESTRUCTION OF BUILDING—SLEEPING THROUGH A
VISIT BY GOTHAS—SUBMARINES HOLD UP CHANNEL
SERVICES—PARIS OPERA ARTISTS SING TO AUDIENCE
MUFFLED IN FURS—THE BLACKNESS OF LONDON—
PROTECTING THE ART TREASURES OF PARIS—OFFICIAL-
DOM LOVES PHOTOGRAPHS—RATIONING BRINGS FAMINE
IN RESTAURANTS

I

CHAPTER II

BOLO PASHA ON TRIAL—AN ARISTOCRAT IN APPEAR-
ANCE, A SPY AND TRAITOR BY PROFESSION—ALL PARIS
IN COURT ROOM—LONDON'S BEHAVIOR DURING AN AIR
RAID—EVIL SMELLING, PANIC-STRICKEN CROWDS FROM
EAST END RUSH INTO TUBES FOR PROTECTION—FOUL
NOISES AND SIGHTS—DODGING HUN EGGS—HOW TO
GET HOME—THE "SAVAGES" CARRY ON—A PARIS
PREMIÈRE UNDER WAR CONDITIONS—THE WILLIAM
NELSON CROMWELL OEUVRE—ITS SPLENDID WORK FOR
FRENCH "MUTILÉS"

17

CHAPTER III

AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB IN LONDON—PERSHING
OPPOSES PLAN TO INFILTRATE AMERICAN TROOPS INTO
BRITISH UNITS—LORD BERESFORD AND LORD CHAPLIN
REMINISCENCE—IRELAND JEERS AT ENGLAND'S STUPIDITY
—PARIS BOULEVARDS UNDER RAIN OF BOMBS—WEIRD
COSTUMES OF GUESTS AS THEY FLEE TO CELLARS OF
PARIS HOTELS—AUTHOR OF "KEEP THE HOME FIRES
BURNING" FIRST AMERICAN VICTIM IN LONDON RAIDS

| | |
|--|----|
| —THE LAUGH IS ON THE CENSOR—IRVIN COBB AT SIMPSON'S HAS A HANGNAIL FROM A DEER—TRAGEDY IN THE PARIS MÉTRO—"LES APACHES" ATTACK WOMEN IN DARKNESS DURING RAIDS | 31 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER IV

| | |
|--|----|
| LLOYD GEORGE MOMENTARILY LOSES HIS HEAD AND CONTROL OF COMMONS—SEARCHING FOR A FRIEND'S HOME IN "DARKEST LONDON"—DORIS KEANE AND 1000 NIGHTS OF ROMANCE—PARIS SHAKEN BY EX- PLOSION—AMERICAN RED CROSS AND Y.M.C.A. TO THE RESCUE—HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TAK- ING PLACES OF MEN IN WAR MATERIAL PRODUCTION— MAKING TNT AND HANDLING IT AS IF IT WERE CORN STARCH—DOING MEN'S WORK IN FRONT OF BLAZING FURNACES AND OVER SIZZLING OIL BATHS— VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM MUNITIONS AREA—A RIDE IN A FROlickING "HE" TANK—THE FIRST SHELLS FROM BIG BERTHA FALL ON THE "VILLE LUMIÈRE"—CROWDS IN STREET BELIEVE THEY COME FROM INVISIBLE AVIONS | 49 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER V

| | |
|--|----|
| THE GERMAN DRIVE OF MARCH 21—BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS A GERMAN ATTEMPT TO BREAK MORALE OF FRENCH PEOPLE—BRITISH FIFTH ARMY CRUMPLED UP —PARIS WATCHES FOR SHELLS FROM MONSTER GUN— PEOPLE IN STREETS CONSULT WATCHES TO TIME INTER- VALS BETWEEN THEIR ARRIVAL—CROWDS BEGIN TO FLEE FROM PARIS IN FEAR OF BOMBARDMENT—TRAINS OVERCROWDED AND THOUSANDS WAIT OUTSIDE STA- TIONS ALL DAY TO GET PLACES—ENGLISH NEWS- PAPERS DECLARE "ALL NOW DEPENDS ON THE FRENCH" —FOCH DESCRIBES TURNING POINT IN BATTLE OF THE MARNE—LORD BEAVERBROOK PRAISES FRENCH MILI- TARY GENIUS—SAYS FRANCE CAN ALWAYS PRODUCE LEADER AND SUCCESSFUL PLAN AT CRITICAL MOMENT | 64 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VI

| | |
|--|--|
| FOCH IS GENERALISSIMO—FRENCH ADMIRAL TELLS OF HIS FLEET "COVERED WITH DUST" THAT WENT | |
|--|--|

| | |
|--|----|
| INTO THE CHANNEL IN AUGUST, 1914—AMERICAN WOUNDED BEGIN TO ARRIVE FROM FRONT—FRANCE APPLAUDS PERSHING'S OFFER PLACING HIS FORCES AT FOCH'S DISPOSAL—THE "HORROR" OF SAINT GERVAIS— GERMAN SHELL STRIKES CHURCH CROWDED WITH GOOD FRIDAY WORSHIPPERS—WOMEN AND CHILDREN BLOWN INTO FRAGMENTS AS THEY PRAYED—PARISIANS CHASE SHELLS AS THEY FALL—THOUSANDS OF BRITISH WOUNDED FROM BIG BATTLE THROW LONDON INTO GLOOM—BRITISH PRECIPITATE EVACUATION OF MONT- DIDIER ALMOST CAUSED DISASTER—PARIS PREPARING FOR ASPHYXIATING GAS BOMBS FROM GERMAN RAIDERS —A SPIRITUAL EXALTATION | 79 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VII

| | |
|--|----|
| ENGLAND'S FINAL EFFORT TO DRAIN HER MAN- POWER TO FIGHT GERMANY—ROBBING THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE TO FEED THE HOLOCAUST—SIGNS OF THE SCARCITY OF MEN IN ENGLAND SIGNIFICANT—BERNARD SHAW SAYS HAIG IS "THE BEST WRITER"—CON- SCRIPTION PROPOSED FOR IRELAND—SEARCH FOR THE "LOUNGE LIZARDS" IN LONDON—EXODUS FROM PARIS ESTIMATED FROM 600,000 TO 1,000,000—PARISIANS BEGIN TO LOOK WEARY AND WAR WORN—HAIG'S MESSAGE TO ARMY THAT "WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL EACH OF US MUST FIGHT TO THE END" SHOCKS BRITISH PUBLIC—MOST CRITICAL MOMENT SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1914—AMERICANS PREPARING TO GET INTO BATTLE | 94 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VIII

RESENTMENT AMONG CERTAIN CLASS OF BRITISH
ARMY OFFICERS AT THE APPOINTMENT OF FOCH AS GEN-
ERALISSIMO—GEN. MAURICE'S INTEMPERATE COMPARI-
SON BETWEEN FOCH AND BLÜCHER AT WATERLOO—
BRITISH RETIREMENT IN YPRES SECTOR DECEIVED GER-
MANS—CENSORS CONSIDER A NEWSPAPER "BEAT" A
THING OF EVIL THAT MUST BE SCOTCHED—GERMAN
NEWSPAPERS' ABSURD STORIES ABOUT PANIC AND AN-
ARCHY IN PARIS—HEROISM OF A FRENCH REGIMENT AT
COUCY—ATTACK OF BRITISH ON SUBMARINE NESTS AT

| | |
|--|-----|
| ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND—MEETING THE ATTACKING WARSHIPS AT DOVER AFTER THE DASH—PERSHING IN LONDON—ARRIVAL OF A NEW YORK DIVISION IN ENGLAND | 110 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER IX

| | |
|---|-----|
| WHITEHALL PALACE USED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 300 YEARS FOR A BANQUET—AMERICANS THE GUESTS—PASSPORT ANNOYANCES—LLOYD GEORGE ROUTS HIS OPPONENTS OF THE "OLD GANG" AT THE WAR OFFICE AND THROWS THEM INTO CONFUSION BY REFUTING GEN. MAURICE'S CHARGES—BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S PLANS TO ENTERTAIN AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS—AMERICAN NIGHT AT NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—LONDON SEES FOR FIRST TIME A FULL REGIMENT OF U.S. TROOPS IN FIGHTING TRIM MARCHING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE—REVIEWED BY KING GEORGE . . . | 125 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER X

| | |
|---|-----|
| DOUGHBOYS ENTHUSE OVER AIR RAID IN PARIS—FILL CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES AND PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—PEER SKYWARD TO SEE GERMAN PLANES—INTERESTING THREE-MILE WALK THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS DURING A NIGHT ATTACK—A "PRISE D'ARMES" AT THE GRAND PALAIS—LONDON ATTACKED BY GOTHAS—FOUR BROUGHT DOWN BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS—ALL TRAFFIC STOPS FOR FOUR HOURS WITH TUBES PACKED TO SUFFOCATION BY PANIC-STRICKEN CROWDS—GERMANS MAKING ANOTHER DESPERATE EFFORT TO REACH PARIS—SENDING SHOES AND CLOTHES BY LETTER MAIL TO AVOID DELAY BETWEEN PARIS AND LONDON—U-BOATS SINKING MANY TRANSPORTS | 138 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XI

| | |
|--|--|
| ALLIES FACING MOST CRITICAL MOMENT OF WAR—GERMANS AGAIN REACH THE MARNE—BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS PESSIMISTIC AND PUBLIC STUNNED—LLOYD GEORGE HURRIES ACROSS CHANNEL TO CONSULT WITH FOCH AND CLÉMENTEAU—TALK OF POSSIBILITY OF EVACUATING PARIS—FEARS THAT SOCIALISTS AND | |
|--|--|

| | |
|---|-----|
| DEFEATISTS MAY TRY TO ESTABLISH A COMMUNE IN PARIS—TEA SHOPS IN PARIS SERVE TEA ONLY—A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE INTERRUPTED BY AN "ALERTE"—TAXICAB DASH THROUGH DARKENED STREETS TO REACH HOTEL BEFORE BOMBS DROP | 155 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XII

| | |
|--|-----|
| A BUSY DAY AT THE DURYEA OEUVRE—AMERICAN MARINES WOUNDED IN CHÂTEAU-THIERRY FIGHT HIT BY GERMAN SHRAPNEL FROM THE FRONT AND BY FRENCH SHRAPNEL FROM THE REAR—DOUGHBOYS AT CANTIGNY PREPARE FOR BATTLE BY THROWING AWAY ALL THEIR PERSONAL POSSESSIONS—A FRENCH ALMONER WITH MACHINE GUN HOLDS AT BAY COMPANY OF GERMANS—THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN TROOPS POURING INTO ENGLAND—CURIOUS JUMBLES OF PEOPLE AT LONDON DANCES—THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES FOR AMERICAN FIGHTING MEN | 172 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIII

| | |
|--|-----|
| WEARY AND HEARTBROKEN REFUGEES FROM WAR ZONE REACH PARIS—LITTLE CHILDREN JUST OUT OF CRADLE VICTIMS OF GERMAN ADVANCE—PRAISE FOR RED CROSS WHICH AIDED MANY IN THEIR FLIGHT—ONE OLD WOMAN SAVES HER DOG, ANOTHER HER PARROT—HELPING A FRENCH GENERAL—PARISIANS SENDING VALUABLES FROM CITY—THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE AT NEUILLY—DISTRIBUTING CIGARETTES TO MEN WHO "CUSS" FRENCH MATCHES—AMERICAN WOUNDED CHEERFUL—FRENCH "BLESSÉS" PATIENT—SLEEPING PARIS FROM THE BUTTE OF MONTMARTRE | 185 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIV

| | |
|--|--|
| WOMEN WORKERS OF ENGLAND IN COLORFUL PARADE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—GERMAN RAIDERS DROP BOMBS IN CENTER OF PARIS—RITZ HOTEL NARROWLY ESCAPES—A DAY WITH AMERICAN WOUNDED—INTERESTING TYPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY—A FASCINATING IRISH LAD AND ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN FROM THE SOUTHERN HILLS—ARRIVAL OF FOOD | |
|--|--|

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| STARTS AN UPROAR—CHEESE NOT ALWAYS WELCOME— THE VALUE OF A BIRTH CERTIFICATE—EVERYONE WAS "DEARIE" TO HER—NO COLOR LINE IN FRENCH HOTELS —A WOUNDED NEGRO AND A TOO SYMPATHETIC NURSE | 208 |

CHAPTER XV

| | |
|--|-----|
| LONDON CELEBRATES THE "FOURTH"—ROYALTY AT A BASEBALL MATCH—DOUGHBOYS AND GOBS WELCOME GEORGE V WITH "HAIL, HAIL, THE KING IS HERE"— THE DAY OF AMERICANS IN PARIS—JAZZ FOR THE WOUNDED—POILUS CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YANKEES WHISTLE WHEN THEY WISH TO APPLAUD—VAGARIES OF THE WOUNDED | 224 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XVI

| | |
|--|-----|
| WATCHING FOR NEW GERMAN DRIVE—WAR FAILS TO INTERFERE WITH THE ENGLISHMAN'S MASTICATION— SHORTAGE OF CIGARS AND WINES IN THE CLUBS—THE "FOURTEENTH" IN PARIS—AMERICAN WOUNDED UN- WASHED FOR WEEKS—FLASHES FROM GERMAN GUNS SEEN FROM MONTMARTRE IN THE LAST EFFORT TO TAKE PARIS | 237 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XVII

| | |
|---|-----|
| A NIGHT IN THE OPERATING ROOM—THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN WOUNDED REACH PARIS FROM THE SOISSONS BATTLE—TAKING NOTES AS A PATIENT DIES—SUR- GEONS AND NURSES ON 24-HOUR SHIFTS—GERMANS FAIL IN THEIR DESPERATE EFFORT AND FALL BACK OVER THE MARNE—BIG PART PLAYED BY THE YANKS— CURIOUS THINGS FOUND IN POCKETS OF MEN BROUGHT FROM BATTLE FIELDS—AN ENGLISH MILITARY BAND PLAYS "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" TO CHEER UP WOUNDED IN HOSPITAL | 248 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XVIII

| | |
|--|--|
| PERSHING AT NEUILLY AMBULANCE—HOW WOUNDED YEARN FOR A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY AND ATTENTION— ICE CREAM ALWAYS CHEERS THEM UP—ONE IS PROUD | |
|--|--|

| | |
|--|-----|
| HE'S HALF IRISH BUT ADMITS OTHER HALF IS MOSTLY HOLES AND BANDAGES—ELSIE JANIS AND DOUGHBOYS—MELVILLE STONE CRITICISES CENSORSHIP—BIG BERTHA AGAIN AT WORK | 266 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIX

| | |
|---|-----|
| A WEEK END IN THE RESTFUL ENGLISH COUNTRY—LIKE "MR. BRITTLING'S" ESSEX THE ECHOES OF WAR HARDLY SEEM TO REACH ITS QUIET—TWO MEN AND A DOG—BUYING TOOTHBRUSHES FOR AMEXES WHO HAVEN'T CLEANED THEIR TEETH FOR THREE WEEKS—ALSO A GILLETTE WITH A SEPARATE BLADE FOR EACH ONE IN THE WARD—THE FREAKS OF THE MAILS . . | 277 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XX

| | |
|---|-----|
| LONDON'S WOMEN WORKERS ON STRIKE—LORD ROBERT CECIL AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS—DISCUSSES INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS BETWEEN SIPS OF TEA—ENGLAND REGRETS RESIGNATION OF AMBASSADOR PAGE—HIS WIFE'S WARNING—LONDON'S POLICEMEN STRIKE AND CITY IS WITHOUT ITS "BOBBIES"—AMERICAN EDITORS IN LONDON—PARIS AND LONDON COMPARED . | 291 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXI

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE FIRST AMERICAN DRIVE STARTS—SAINT MIHIEL SALIENT CUT—MYSTERY AS TO EXTENT OF OPERATION—PERSHING ORDERS DETAILS OF ADVANCE SUPPRESSED—LONDON JUBILANT OVER AMERICANS' SUCCESS—BIGGER OPERATION IMPENDING—A DRURY LANE JUBILEE—OUTFITTING WOUNDED SOLDIER AT THE DURVEA OEUVRÉ | 302 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXII

| | |
|---|--|
| NEW YORK'S 27TH DIVISION IN BIG BATTLE NORTH OF SAINT QUENTIN—BULGARIA'S REQUEST FOR AN ARMISTICE MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE END—TURKEY SOON TO FOLLOW—MILITARY FUNERAL OF AN AMERICAN NURSE AT SURESNES—GERMANY'S ARMISTICE PROPOSALS CAUSE A SENSATION—APPEAL TO WILSON | |
|---|--|

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| EXCITES SUSPICION IN ENGLAND—MOVE TO DIVIDE THE ALLIES | 316 |

CHAPTER XXIII

| | |
|--|-----|
| DAYS OF WILD RUMORS—KAISER REPORTED READY TO ABDICATE—LONDON BEGINS TO ENTHUSE—BALFOUR SAYS "GERMANS WERE BRUTES IN 1914 AND ARE STILL BRUTES"—SINKING OF AN UNPROTECTED IRISH CHAN- NEL STEAMER—PARIS HAS FEELING OF EXULTATION— PEOPLE THROW OFF THEIR WAR WORRIES—ENGLAND APPLAUDS WILSON'S ASTUTENESS—SILK STOCKINGS IN DEATH FULFILL LIFE-LONG WISH—GRIPPE RAGING IN PARIS AND LONDON—MORTALITY ON AMERICAN TRANS- PORTS | 333 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXIV

| | |
|---|-----|
| AUSTRIA DESERTS GERMANY AND ASKS FOR ARMI- STICE—LUDENDORFF LEAVES SINKING SHIP—LLOYD GEORGE AND BALFOUR HURRY TO PARIS TO CONSULT CLÉMENTEAU—REMARKABLE STORY OF A U.S.N. LIEU- TENANT—CAPTURED BY A SUBMARINE AND DARING ESCAPE FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP—PARIS ILLUMI- NATED FOR FIRST TIME SINCE 1914—PEOPLE WANDER ABOUT IN GLARING LIGHTS ALMOST DAZED—ENGLISH ATTITUDE TOWARDS AMERICANS INTERPRETED . . . | 351 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXV

| | |
|---|-----|
| THE FAKE ARMISTICE—PARIS NOT THROWN OFF ITS POISE—REPORTS IN LONDON QUICKLY EXPLODED— FOCH'S TERMS READY FOR GERMANS—RUMORS MULTI- PLY CONFUSING PEOPLES JUST EMERGING FROM A FOUR- YEARS' NIGHTMARE—LONDON LAUGHS AT LORD MAYOR'S SHOW—ITS NERVES ON EDGE—PHOTOGRAPHERS GO TO FOCH'S HEADQUARTERS TO FILM THE GERMAN ENVOYS SEEKING PEACE | 366 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXVI

| | |
|--|--|
| THE REAL ARMISTICE—PARIS THRILLS AND WEEPS WHEN MOMENT ARRIVES—CROWDS LIONIZE SOLDIERS OF | |
|--|--|

CONTENTS

XV

PAGE

| | |
|---|-----|
| THE ALLIES—TWO FRENCH GENERALS LOVINGLY MOBBED—NIGHT SCENES OF REJOICING IN CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS—INCIDENTS OF A DELIRIOUS DAY—LON- DON EXPLODES AND ERUPTS FOR THREE DAYS—KING AND QUEEN DRIVE UNATTENDED THROUGH STREETS PACKED WITH CHEERING MOBS—A CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO PEOPLES | 376 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXVII

| | |
|--|-----|
| SURRENDER OF GERMANY'S FLEET OFF THE FIRTH OF FORTH—HER NAVAL PRIDE HUMBLLED AND BROKEN— FLAG HAULED DOWN OVER POWERFUL ARMADA WHICH KAISER EXPECTED WOULD BREAK BRITISH SEA POWER —WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS IN HOUR OF TRIUMPH—VISIT OF KING GEORGE AND PRINCE OF WALES TO FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK" | 393 |
|--|-----|

PARIS DAYS AND LONDON NIGHTS

Paris Days and London Nights

CHAPTER I

Paris and London Bombed Simultaneously—Freaks of an Aerial Raid—Mechanical Piano Started by Explosion Continues to Play amid Destruction of Building—Sleeping through a Visit by Gothas—Submarines Hold up Channel Services—Paris Opera Artists Sing to Audience Muffled in Furs—The Blackness of London—Protecting the Art Treasures of Paris—Officialdom Loves Photographs—Rationing Brings Famine in Restaurants.

LETTER I.

Le Hâvre, January 30, 1918.

My dear Alice:

Submarine in the Channel and the expectation of a too-revealing moon, will keep us from crossing to England tonight. Worse still, there is no certainty that the boat will sail tomorrow night. One of the packets engaged in the service is here at her dock and it is said that her sister ship, which sailed from Southampton last night, was attacked by a submarine quite near the English coast and returned to port.

The prospect of passing thirty-six hours or more in Hâvre is not alluring. Remember, even in pre-war days we found it uninteresting. Frascati's restaurant, where we then lunched very well and watched

the ever changing aspect of the harbor, furnished the one relief. But the old Frascati's has disappeared and the big white hotel that took its place, after being used for several years as a military hospital, is now closed. So one has to depend on the hotels and restaurants in the old town.

It was very foggy this morning when we left Paris at the unearthly hour the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest insists on starting its boat train, so timed as to impose on Channel passengers a wait of eight to ten hours at Hâvre. By noon the mist had lifted and we arrived in brilliant sunshine. I do not relish leaving Paris just now and hope the New York office will soon send over a man to do the *Sun's* London work and enable me to return to my duties as correspondent in France.

LETTER II.

Paris, January 31, 1918.

Dear Milton:

Your letter and your postal have just arrived. Too bad you had to remain an extra day in Hâvre. I knew that sailings had been most irregular, owing to the activity of the submarines in the Channel.

You reached London just one day too late to see an air raid there and you deserted Paris just as the same thing happened here. Last night we had a visit from the Gothas who left several impressive visiting cards. A small thing, but one that will interest you personally, a pane of glass was blown out in the *Sun* office—the lower one just back of your desk. Élie has

patched it up with newspaper but, if it gets too cold, I will tack up some cloth of a sort to keep out the draught. It is almost impossible to get a glazier these days.

In the rue du 4 Septembre, just around from the *Sun* office, a big bomb was dropped outside the Crédit Lyonnais whose every window and many of whose iron shutters were blown out by the shock. You can see hundreds of shrapnel holes on the exterior stonework, which makes the Bank look as though it were in the throes of a severe attack of smallpox. The *café* directly across from the Crédit is wrecked. The clock in front of the Métro station had one of its twin dials shattered while the other is intact and serenely ticking on.

For blocks on either side of the rue du 4 Septembre almost every window was blown out and the street is a litter of glass. Three persons were killed in this quarter last night, one of them a Canadian soldier and, as a man in the crowd cheerfully informed me, their remains had to be gathered up in the street cleaner's shovel. I got to the spot early—before the street had been roped off by the police. There was a mob of people surging slowly up and down. I mingled with it and listened to its comments. There was no word of fear; only indignation at the German tactics and a sort of suppressed excitement that Paris finally had been incorporated in the War Zone.

Last night a French aviator fell in the Place de la Concorde just at the entrance to the Champs Élysées and his machine broke one of the heavy ornamental lamps at this place. The man was killed. When I got there this morning I found the pavement badly cracked

and broken but the plane had been removed and sand shovelled over the spot to hide the blood.

I took the Métro to Mme. Gros' to see if she was safe and found her exercising the pekinese on the rue Pergolèse. We walked over to the Avenue de la Grande Armée and, at No. 16, saw a fine apartment house that had been unroofed and with its three upper stories bashed in. Out of the fifth floor window a grand piano hung rakishly balanced with its piano stool beside it and there was an amazing jumble of tables and chairs, everything covered with fine grey dust like the ash that buried Pompeii on its last day.

The concussion from the bomb that destroyed this particular house started up the mechanism of a player piano in one of the apartments and the instrument began madly playing the "Rackockzy March." Other tenants came running to upbraid the heartless brute who could play when some of his neighbors lay dead so near him. The owner of the piano was powerless to stop the thing which banged out its martial tune till the works ran down.

Just around the corner, in the rue de Saïgon, two garages were struck and two persons slightly injured. Where this street runs into the Avenue du Bois, a shell fell in a garden, smashed the front door of the house and shattered the windows.

These are things I saw personally but there were other casualties. The École des Mines near the Luxembourg was destroyed. The theory is that the Huns were aiming at the Senate to avenge their friend Cail-
laux. An airplane fell in flames in the Luxembourg gardens. At Saint Denis, an incendiary bomb set fire to a factory that makes uniforms and it is still burn-

ing. Élie told me he was there last night and there were thousands of people on the fortifications watching the blaze.

Do you want to know what I did during the raid? Slept through most of it and Mathilde, the maid, told me this morning that I was the only person in this wing of the hotel who did not seek shelter in the Hall or in the cellar. But *you* know how I love my bed and how I hate to get up when once I have been asleep. It takes more than a Boche air raid to rout me out. The Gothas are signalled again for tonight and I hear there is danger of attacks till February 4, when lunar conditions will be unpropitious for a raid.

Don't worry about me. You know I am not afraid of death. I neither seek it nor shun it and whenever it comes I am ready.

LETTER III.

Le Hâvre, January 31, 1918.

What a night of alarms you must have had! I feel sure you are safe and trust bombs did not drop too near the hotel. The Boche-planes made a veritable assault upon Paris, according to the fragmentary news that at this hour is just reaching Hâvre. The morning local paper had a few bulletins stating the raid was on; later despatches, displayed on the window of the newspaper office, indicate that the attack, while serious, did not reach our quarter. That information greatly relieved my anxiety and worry. The Boches also raided London last night and, we hear, caused considerable damage and loss of life.

I am most anxious to hear from you and be assured that you are all right. I telegraphed you this morning. But it will be some days before the letter which I know you will write today, telling me all about the raid and your experiences, reaches me. In fact, we are not sure even now whether the boat will cross tonight. This morning we were told it would—at noon there was some uncertainty—but by 6 o'clock we are promised definite information. As you may imagine, time hangs heavy on one's hands waiting in Hâvre—with things happening in Paris and London as they did last night. This afternoon we watched the French hydro-airplanes making practice flights in the harbor and also the disembarkation of American troops from the transports that arrived during the night. The number of our troops being landed in the north of France is increasing greatly—one of the things the censor is not permitting to be generally known.

P. S.—We *are* to sail tonight—that is, we must be on board—first passing the slow and irritating series of examinations—by 10 o'clock; but the boat will not leave her pier before 5 o'clock in the morning. Evidently a daylight crossing is considered safer than a night one. Yet these boats have been crossing only at night for months. Is the Hun up to some new deviltry?

LETTER IV.

Paris, February 1, 1918.

Your telegram asking about my safety was awaiting me when I came in yesterday afternoon and I rushed straight off to the Continental to send you a reply. There

I found that regulations required that I produce a *pièce d'identité* but, as the despatches went out in five minutes, I persuaded the employé to send off your wire while I flew back to the Saint James for the necessary documents. I came back breathless and dripping with perspiration but I don't know whether my message will reach you after all—because of the slowness in transmission and owing to the fact that you went aboard ship so early.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, the Huns did not return last night, but their coming or staying away is a matter of indifference to most people. Paris is not at all frightened or demoralized. The streets looked yesterday just as they do in holiday-time; the pavements thronged with a crowd dressed in its best, calmly viewing the damage; but there were no pale or anguished faces and the people were orderly and in fine fettle. They laughed and joked and showed plainly that they were not cowed so, if that is what the Boche was after, he quite missed his guess.

At 3.30, I went over to the office and found your *remplaçant*. He seemed much shaken by last night's occurrence and told me frankly that, if it happened again, he felt he should go to pieces. He was plain frightened and explained he had had a fit of trembling that nothing could stop. What a pitiful thing for a *man*!

Had dinner alone and a solitary *demi-tasse* in the Hall where I was joined by the Monperts. You know the Captain is in the French anti-aircraft service and is at Headquarters as soon as a raid is signalled. Therefore his information is apt to be correct. He told me about the Gotha that was captured yesterday. Its crew

declared they had no idea they were above Paris and had dropped their bombs haphazard. I thought, from the significant spots they hit, that they were able to aim.

I hope you had a pleasant crossing. I know it was a safe one.

LETTER V.

Paris, February 2, 1918.

This morning I walked up the rue de Clichy to the rue d'Athenes—directly across from the Casino de Paris—where a bomb did a freakish thing. It guttered two houses but, oddly enough, they were on opposite sides of the street. When I got there, workmen were already tearing down the shaky walls that threatened to tumble on the passers-by. Martin Greene of the *World* and Raymond Carroll of the *Philadelphia Ledger* were just outside the Casino when the bomb struck and a piece of shrapnel hit Carroll on the head. Fortunately, he was wearing a stiff hat. He and Greene picked up two women—one of whom was wounded—put them in a taxicab in which they drove away under the care of a policeman.

I have been asked to work at the Atelier du Blessé Franco-Américain du Grand Palais and this afternoon I went to a directors' meeting of the Oeuvre with Mrs. Lincoln Eyre. Poor child! *She* had a hard experience the night of the raid. Bombs fell on the Boul' Miche', three minutes walk from her apartment and, being at her window, she saw the explosions. The one that struck l'École des Mines killed two men. Two others

landed in her neighborhood and did much damage. I have asked Germaine Eyre to come and stop with me if she is frightened. Mathilde told me that two bombs had fallen in the Nation quarter on the dormitories of the school where she has her little girl. Luckily the children had just been hurried out of the building.

I remained at the directors' meeting at the Grand Palais till 3.30 and then drove to the Comtesse de Béarn's in the rue Saint Dominique, which in this section is a queer narrow little street filled with small shops. Tucked away in the midst of them stands the Béarn house, one of the show places of Paris, built by the Comtesse some years before the war. It cost a lot of money but Madame's father is one of the richest men in France.

Among other things, the house has a Salle des Fêtes comfortably seating 400 people and which is modelled after a Byzantine mosque. Around the upper part of the room run a series of little balconies hung with wonderful Oriental rugs. The balustrades are made of various colored stone-porphry, malachite, lapis lazuli; and on the left Dagnan Bouverët's celebrated "Last Supper" has been built into the wall. It is a beautiful painting though rather chilling in a Salle des Fêtes where it kills any leaning towards levity.

At one end of the room is a deep stage, which yesterday had a set of dark pine trees also gloomy in effect. The lights were so dim it was difficult to read one's program which was composed entirely of Gabriel Fauré's composition. Fauré, the head of the Paris Conservatoire, was down to play accompaniments for Rose Féart of the Opera and also to take part in a duet for two pianos.

The room was freezing cold—it had not been warmed all winter—and the furnace was not even lighted for this concert which was a fashionable charity affair. We all sat huddled in our wraps and furs and amused ourselves between numbers by watching our very visible breath. Fauré came out wrapped in his fur-lined overcoat and looked grey and pinched with cold. He shivered as he played one accompaniment and then he fled incontinently—the icy temperature too much for his old bones. Alfred Cortot took his place and, as he plays exquisitely, no one regretted the substitution.

The concert was a fine one but the cold depressed the performers and they were not at their best, especially the 'cellist whom I heard later complaining that his hands were so frozen he could not bow properly. In the wings, too, there was dissatisfaction. Mme. de Béarn had neglected to provide chairs for the artists to sit on and, as they had all given their services for nothing, there was grumbling at this lack of consideration. However, I enjoyed the music and my fur coat kept me from suffering as much as some of the people about me.

LETTER VI.

London, February 2, 1918.

The darkness of Paris holds more than a candle to the blackness of London; it is positively dazzling at night by comparison. The intense gloom into which we were precipitated on our arrival last night was more than depressing; it was stifling! Riding from Waterloo to the hotel in a wheezy taxi, that ran on

gasoline till it got started and then on a mixture of parafin, I got my first impression of London by night in wartime. So impenetrable was the darkness that I did not know when we were crossing Waterloo Bridge. Then the curious sensation that there were thousands of people near you, but invisible.

The Strand was crowded with a double row of pedestrians four to six abreast walking slowly, talking in low tones. The occasional coarse laugh of a girl or the raucous hail of a soldier to his mate revealed the presence of the crowd and its composition—even without the aid of frequent glimmers of light as the shaded doors of the “pubs” opened to admit or exude customers—for it was not yet 9.30 P. M. closing time. A few carefully hooded lights indicated the theatres, which formerly presented blazing façades. It was not till I got inside the inner lobby of the hotel that I saw light for the first time since reaching London.

Last night's raid was a pretty serious affair. The number of dead and injured is large. Bombs dropped near several of the big hotels, shattering the windows; in some cases damaging the exterior of the buildings and throwing the guests into a panic. Don Martin of the *Herald*, whom I met today, had barely reached his room when a bomb fell and exploded just outside his window. He was thrown across the room which was filled with broken glass. The saddest of the tragedies was the collapse of a building in the cellars of which scores of people had taken refuge. A bomb ripped open the front walls and the weight of material and machinery on the upper floors caused the entire mass to drop upon the terrified women and children in the cellars. Then the gas and water pipes burst, adding

additional horrors to the disaster. The scene of the catastrophe, which is close to one of London's largest and best known theatres, was today barred to the public by police, while firemen and soldiers were digging in the ruins getting out more bodies each hour. It is not far from the office of the *Sun*, which will be my headquarters for some months.

Your letters indicate the raid on Paris was even more destructive than that on London and, as I telegraphed you, your wire telling me none of the bombs fell near you, was a tremendous relief.

LETTER VII.

Paris, February 4, 1918.

I am trying to picture you in London and how you are getting on. Reading about the food restrictions and privations, I realize that you are up against the real thing and that the Saint James meals which you hated so bitterly, are Gargantuan feasts compared to those you are now enjoying.

Today I took the Métro to the Place d'Italie to see where one of the bombs was dropped Wednesday night. On the corner of the Place stands a six story apartment house that was completely disembowelled. Through the paneless windows you see the wreckage: furniture, beds, kitchen utensils, curtains; all in one grand hash. There was loss of life here. On several of the shop doors have been pasted black bordered *lettres de faire part* announcing that the deceased had met his or her death at the hands of the Boches. A quiet crowd—of the poor class—stands patiently on the pavement opposite,

looking up at the shattered windows and saying not a word. There is no sign of fear on their faces—their features are simply set a little more grimly, with the determination to suffer to the end; but that end *must* be the crushing of the Hun.

Returning, I took a tram to the Châtelet and walked home along the quays. I entered the Louvre at the first gate and found that the carved stone *reliefs* over each door of the palace were being padded with sand-bags, to scatter the shock in case of future raids. The Arc du Caroussel is to be protected by a wooden hoarding and sandbags and the Arc de Triomphe is being similarly treated. The wonderful windows of the Sainte Chapelle are to be taken down and stored for safety; also the rose windows of Notre Dame. In the Champs Élysées, men are at work boxing up the “chevaux de Marly,” the stone horses at the entrance to the Place de la Concorde, also their mates at the Tuileries gates. All these are to be protected by the same sandbags but, at the rate at which the workmen are progressing, the Germans will have time to make dozens of raids on Paris before they finish. It is time this city took some precautions for her treasures. She has been too *insouciant* heretofore.

In the Métro lines that come up to the surface at some of the stations, the electric lamps in the cars have been painted blue and the passengers look ghastly, as though they had been disinterred after three days' burial. Here in the hotel, the lights that give on the street or courts have also been “blued” with a resultant cool moonlight effect. Over the Opera subway station I notice a large illuminated sign: “*Refuge*.” I suppose all late promenaders will rush down here for safety at the next Hun

visit. Hereafter the *sirène* will no longer sound the alarm. Cannon are to be mounted on the Eiffel Tower and the moment an enemy plane is sighted they will boom out and their noise will be heard across all Paris.

Mrs. Eyre has decided to come to the hotel to live. Eyre does not want his wife to remain in the apartment alone while he is away with the American troops.

I am still waiting for your first letter to know how you spent the days before you reached London. To think this same trip once took only eight hours!

LETTER VIII.

Paris, February 7, 1918.

This has been a gorgeous day. The sun was really shining as it used to in the Paris of old days. I went to Mrs. S—'s for luncheon. Afterwards we went for a walk; inspected the Grande Armée ruins again; wandered along the Avenue du Bois and brought up at the Porte Dauphine about four. We had tea at what used to be the Pavillon Chinois, now called the Pavillon Dauphine. It was so warm we sat out of doors and, though the trees above us were leafless, we had the sensation of eating *al fresco*. There was nice hot buttered toast made of white bread and spread thick with *confitures*. Doesn't your mouth water?

LETTER IX.

London, February 7, 1918.

Today I went to Bow Street police court to register as an alien and secure the papers which every non-British born person, who comes to the United Kingdom

these days, must possess. To be classified as an "alien" in London is in itself somewhat of a shock. It cost me three photographs of myself, ten shillings and the giving of references, which will be investigated by the police. Officialdom is very fond of your photographs and anyone who is compelled to travel these days had better order them by the gross. Welliver went to Bow Street with me as he had to declare his intention of sailing for the United States, which was duly put on record and will be checked up when he goes on board the steamer at Liverpool.

I see, according to the Paris despatches in today's papers, that you are to be further rationed. You are to get no butter in the hotels and restaurants, sweets and cakes to be restricted in quantity and quality and the supply of meat curtailed. We will be fellow sufferers. Living is sufficient of a problem now but, after February 25, it will be still more difficult. Those who have been getting the better of the food restrictions by occasionally eating in restaurants, where food coupons have not been demanded, will now have that avenue of relief closed. The new regulations require meat coupons to be detached from the food cards whether the meat is purchased, cooked and "ready to serve" in hotel or restaurant, or whether bought uncooked from the family butcher. Those who have been having meat daily or twice a day and sympathising with the householder who could get only the rationed weekly amount for himself and family, will have no advantage in the future.

They may be even worse off, for the portions in the restaurants are already small enough and under the new regulations promise to be "out of sight." What is

served here as a steak would make you laugh if you were not hungry. It is a joke compared with what we have been accustomed to see appear on the table. Can you envisage four ounces of uncooked meat and then see it after it has been over the fire and is served in the center of a large platter surrounded by a thin barrier of discouraged looking vegetables? Or a few green leaves in a huge bowl masquerading as an order of salad? One scans the menu for filling food these days. The appetite no longer needs tempting.

I had your letters telling how calmly Paris takes its almost nightly raids and one from M—, saying the people are panic-stricken and fleeing from the city. He writes he slept two nights at Saint Germain which he found crowded with people afraid to remain at night in their Paris homes. Quite a contrast between your version and his!

CHAPTER II

Bolo Pasha on Trial—An Aristocrat in Appearance, a Spy and Traitor by Profession—All Paris in Court Room—London's Behavior During an Air Raid—Evil Smelling Panic Stricken Crowds from East End Rush into Tubes for Protection—Foul Noises and Sights—Dodging Hun Eggs—How to Get Home—The "Savages" Carry On—A Paris Première Under War Conditions—The William Nelson Cromwell Oeuvre—Its Splendid Work for French *Mutilés*.

LETTER X.

Paris, February 9, 1918.

Your *remplaçant* is at the Bolo trial every day and I am going to try to have a peep at it before it is ended. People seem to think the Pasha is condemned beforehand and that matters look black for him. Bertelli was on the stand yesterday and testified that Bolo had lent him money once when he was ill but that he had returned it. He also declared that Hearst was a much-maligned man, being an ardent Francophile at heart. I wonder!

Last night I dined early and went to the Gymnase where Mrs. Eyre had invited me to the play. As usual, I arrived ahead of time; the doors were not yet open although the papers had announced that the performance would begin at 8.15. The French have a passion for keeping you waiting in the outer lobby at concerts and theatres as if to imbue you with the feeling that an honor was being done you in permitting you to attend

one of their places of amusement. This, even though you pay exorbitant prices for your seats.

Mrs. Eyre arrived about ten minutes after I did and together we cooled our heels in the draughty vestibule till the powers that be were pleased to let us in. We had excellent orchestra chairs and there were all sorts of queer and interesting people around us. It was a *première* and most of the house was filled by invitation. There were critics and *cocottes*; officers and *petites dames*; dressmakers and actors out of a job.

One wonderful creature sat in a box just above us. She *had* been a raving beauty, with limpid blue eyes and artificial auburn hair and she was covered with magnificent jewels and exquisitely dressed in bronze tulle that exactly matched her locks. She must have been an expensive proposition and I wondered who had to pay her bills. As the evening wore on, she began to look tired and her makeup grew shiny. What a task to keep always beautiful!

The play was a poorly constructed thing called "Kiki." Its chief value was that it served as a vehicle for your friend Spinelli who, though a delightful music-hall artist, lacks finish as a comedienne. Signoret, the leading man, played in that quiet finished way that French actors possess to perfection and Marcelle Praince, was the beautiful woman used as a foil to Spinelli's piquant ugliness. I wonder what financial inducement made her leave the Français? For I am sure this play will not be a success.

At the end of the evening came the usual tragedy: the rush for the Métro. Little Mrs. Eyre timed us with her wrist watch. She was nervous and wanted to go so as not to miss the last train, but couldn't tear

herself away from the play which was just ending on an interesting situation. But Métros wait for no man, so we left and tore down the Boulevards full tilt to the Porte Saint Martin. It was raining and the street was pitch black. As there was no tram in sight, we plunged into the subway that was packed to suffocation. Turkish baths are fine for the complexion but I prefer to take mine in private.

LETTER XI.

Paris, February 14, 1918.

Today is the feast of Saint Valentine but, according to the description of your London bills of fare, I know *you* are not feasting. How different the two cities in which we now live! You are subject to real restrictions, while here one can get anything if he has money enough to pay for it. Witness the menu I offered the Lamberts when they came to lunch today: *hors d'œuvres, cervelle au beurre noir*, roast veal, spaghetti and fried potatoes, delicious *pâté de foie gras* in porto jelly with escarolle salad, baked apple (the hotel waxed generous) and a "managarious" chocolate soufflé cake which I bought at Chiboust's. Our coffee we had in the Hall and cheese we eschewed by mutual consent. But alas and alack! After the 24th, they say there will be no more feasting in Paris, as you see by the new list of restrictions just published. I shan't mind doing without things but—just to show how strong I am, I went to Boissier's yesterday and bought me another kilo of candy.

On the 24th, all the pastry shops are to close and tea

rooms will no longer be able to serve bread, toast, cake or sandwiches of any kind. Milk will be taboo, also sugar and one will have to be satisfied with saccharine. The Mirabeau, *rendez-vous* of the fast smart set, has been making ready for this ordinance. There you pay three francs for tea, which includes tea, dates, prunes, roasted chestnuts and oranges. What a barbarous combination for the time-honored "five o'clock"!

By this time, Bolo is probably in the hands of his judges and I am sure there is great tension in the air this afternoon at the Palais de Justice. I was glad of my experience there yesterday. I lunched at 11.30 and, by taking a taxi, was in my seat by 12.15. There was some delay in the corridor outside the courtroom and much scrutinizing of passes and cards of admission.

When I got in, the place was already crowded with women who had friends at court. They overflowed everywhere and were even sitting in the seats reserved for the lawyers. The Anglo-American Press Association had its own bench and I had no trouble in finding the *Sun* seat. The *Daily Express* man came shortly after I did and I recalled to his memory the meeting we had on the dark corner just around from the Opéra Comique the night before you sailed for England.

A strange woman insisted on occupying one of the press seats, though obviously she had no business there, and nothing would dislodge her till along came two dirty, unkempt newspapermen—the kind I insist are typical—and roughly challenged her to her right to the seat. She was ousted. Then came my turn.

"*Qui est cette femme?*" demanded one of your colleagues with the haughty air of a would-be *grand seigneur*.

I showed him my card and informed him who I was, whereupon he wilted, apologized and looked very uncomfortable, telling me his name and asking to be remembered to you. I found him an unpleasant sort of fellow, smelling bad and with shocking manners. The man with him had a sandy moustache and wore a monocle, but I don't know his name. Later came another chap with nicotine stained fingers and an equally unkempt appearance and he squeezed himself into a non-existent space, reposing on my knees most of the time. As he did not take a single note and amused himself by scribbling *billets* which he passed back and forth in front of me, I was glad when he and his companions departed.

I was deeply interested in Bolo who sat where I could see him distinctly. The Pasha has a certain amount of conventional good looks—well shaped head, regular features and the air of a man of the world. His clothes are impeccable and all afternoon he sat stroking his long, silky moustache with his slender, tapering fingers. He has the aristocrat's hand though he comes from the *bas peuple*.

Bolo sat apparently unmoved and impassive during Lieutenant Mornet's scathing arraignment, which showed that he had more than the average amount of nerve. It took strength of will to be so outwardly calm when he must have had constantly before his vision the firing squad at Vincennes. His face grew paler as the argument for the prosecution went on and, towards the end, he looked a bit sweaty and shiny. But never for a moment did he lose his equanimity and his lips wore a steady mocking smile that must have been difficult to maintain. Only when the session was over and he left

the courtroom did I notice that his step was a trifle halting and tired. It must have been a tremendous ordeal to hear himself called "traitor" and "spy" and never to blench.

Beside him, Porchère, his tool, is a nonentity who looked uncomfortable, as though he would like to be at home away from all this mess. His chin quivered constantly and he wept frequently while trying to shrink down into his seat and make himself inconspicuous whenever Mornet stormed out his denunciations of him. I think he stands in no danger of the extreme penalty.

Mornet, the Prosecuting Attorney, is another Esau. He has forests of hair, his eyebrows are brushes, hair sprouts from his nostrils and ears and his beard is a veritable tangle. Somehow he lacks the fire of eloquence that is the birthright of so many Frenchmen. He did not hold his audience tense but, when he ended with a dramatic pause, saying:

"I ask that you order the shooting of Bolo!" the room broke into applause.

LETTER XII.

London, February 16, 1918.

As I write, an air raid is on and the guns are pounding away as though London were a battlefield. This is the third successive night the Huns have come over, taking advantage of the moonlight and favorable air conditions. It is after midnight and the streets are empty—the 'buses and taxis having disappeared since 11 o'clock. But not altogether deserted, however, for as I looked out of the darkened window of the office

a few minutes ago, I heard the sound of a shrill whistle and saw a messenger boy on a bicycle come along Fleet Street. He was having the time of his life despite the Hun bombs and the anti-aircraft guns which were spitting shells into the sky at a tremendous rate. The fact that bits of shrapnel were falling into the street had no effect on his youthful spirits. He had the broad moonlit street all to himself and was swerving from one side to the other, doing all the stunts of which a boy and a bicycle are capable.

Tonight's raid caught me in the theatre. Shortly before the final curtain, word was passed through the house that a raid warning was out, but few persons left immediately. When we did come out the streets were, if anything, darker than usual; crowds of people were hurrying towards the Tube stations and in front of the theatre two "bobbies" repeated monotonously: "Take cover." I went to the Leicester Square Tube station to see how the foreign dwellers in Soho were taking the warning. They had the scare good and hard and were jamming and crushing into the entrances, blocking the exits and filling every passageway: a heaving, apprehensive-eyed mass of smelly men, women and children.

The dangerous and inconvenient effects of their behavior are that they prevent those who are trying to get home from reaching the trains. Most of them buy penny tickets and as many as possible descend to the lower levels where they pack the platforms to suffocation or sit all the way down the emergency stairways. The result is that passengers can neither board nor leave trains. But as the frightened fugitives have

bought tickets, they cannot be ejected nor compelled to get on trains, were such a measure either desirable or practicable under the conditions.

The night was bright moonlight and, while the anti-aircraft guns were cracking busily over the southern part of the city, no evidence of the Huns could be seen in the sky. I thought I would have ample time to walk to the office before they came, if they arrived, at all. Outside the theatre district I encountered very few people—a few hurrying Strandwards, including Americans making for the hotels. I took a short cut through Covent Garden. It was deserted except for two porters on the steps of the National Sporting Club and a little group of men and women standing under the massive stone arcade in front of the picturesque Tavistock Hotel, the interior of which always recalls Dickens' tales of the taverns of this neighborhood.

I left the shelter of the arcade and crossed the cobble pavement, gaining the protection of the stone market sheds. By this time the defense guns were putting up such a heavy barrage that bits of shrapnel were falling quite promiscuously. Curiously enough, it did not occur to me until I had left Covent Garden and reached the new Gaiety Theatre that, while the walls of the market sheds were heavy and of stone, the roofs were of glass!

A few persons were still hurrying citywards and I turned in that direction. As I was passing between the Temple and the Law Courts, a series of heavy explosions to the northward told of German bombs dropped. This was immediately followed by an increased fury on the part of the anti-aircraft guns and broken shrapnel jingled on the pavements. However, the office was but

a few steps further on and I did not stop until I reached its friendly doorway, which I found occupied by two special policemen who looked reprovingly at me; a woman who was unable to continue on her way homeward and a couple of Fleet Street hangers-on.

On Sunday, the second of the three nights the Huns came over, I had a much better opportunity of realizing what are the conditions down in the Tubes during a raid. After dinner I went out to Gloucester Road to call on the Daverns. At that hour the life of London was flowing in its customary Sunday evening placidity. The usual groups of people stood on the platforms of the Underground. At Victoria, soldiers just returning from France on leave filled the cars with their equipment and rejoicings at reaching "Blighty." Some of the men had been met by their womenfolk. When I left the Underground station, everything was quite normal.

The Daverns had asked among others some musical people and we were having such a good time that no one in the studio heard the policemen's warning whistles. Without any preliminary notice the impromptu musicale was rudely interrupted shortly after 10 o'clock by the outburst of the anti-aircraft guns. The racket outside was in striking contrast to the momentary stillness in the studio. We looked at each other in silence, then came the flood of exclamations: "Will they reach this part of London?" "Do you think the guns will turn them back?" "How are we to get home?"

Seriously, this last question bulked largest in the minds of most of us for, with the beginning of the defensive firing, all traffic in the Tubes stops, all telephone and telegraphic communication ceases and all

'buses and taxis are supposed, at least, to get off the streets. And most of us lived miles from Gloucester Road. We sat round and listened to the crack of the guns until almost midnight. Then the welcome signal: "All Clear!" started us pell-mell for the Tube station in the faint hope that trains might be running—otherwise it meant extremely long walks for almost all of us.

We were in luck for, on reaching the station which was still crowded with timorous refugees, we found the trains had started. There was no one to sell or collect tickets and the lifts were not running. We pushed into the crowd and descended a long winding staircase, all in darkness, till we reached the train level. Here we found hundreds of people on the platforms; some waiting for trains, others still fearing to mount to the surface.

There were many who bore the unmistakable signs of living in the East End—they had fled this far in their terror. Soldiers and young girls, arm in arm, pushed through the mass singing maudlin songs; while wild-eyed mothers, shawls over their heads, huddled against the walls, their babies held wearily in their arms. Children of all ages sat on the cold stone platform, many of them fast asleep, their backs against the wall, until awakened by someone stumbling against their outstretched feet.

The further eastward the train took us, the greater the crush of people and the more disagreeable their collective personality. At Piccadilly Circus a mob tried to board the train but there was room but for few. By this time I had decided it would be worth while remaining on the train until it reached the East End

to see conditions there. I am now quite satisfied and shall not repeat the experiment. The sickening odors and filth of the platforms; the sensation of being a helpless part of an evil-smelling mass that slowly coiled its way up what seemed hundreds of steps; the close contact of body and breath; the curses and the whimpers; an occasional feminine shriek; the wail of a child; a drunken outburst of song—and all this in almost complete darkness! What a relief to be vomited out of the black-hole into the fresh air! Even the long walk to the hotel did not free me from my odorous memories.

It was in quite different surroundings that the first raid, that of Saturday, found me. I had gone to the Savage Club on the Adelphi Terrace. It was the night of the Club's weekly dinner; gatherings that have long been celebrated in London's life. But the war is responsible for many changes, none more marked than in these dinners. The gay irresponsibility that carried them on from early evening until any hour Sunday morning, has disappeared. As one of the attendants at the little bar, where formerly the wild and high spirits gathered before dinner, mournfully said:

"Them good old times have gone."

We had finished eating and the entertainment, which has always been the feature of these evenings, was on, when the crash of the guns told us the Hun had arrived. The scattering reports rapidly grew into a fusillade.

"An air raid is on, Brother Savages," said the Chairman. "What is your pleasure?"

"Carry on!" shouted members and guests and the entertainment proceeded.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, February 18, 1918.

At 10.30 last night the *alerte* sounded and then the cannon on the Eiffel Tower began a tremendous booming which lasted just one half hour. I could hear scurrying feet up and down the corridors and stairs and excited voices: "*Les Zeppelins!*"

Need I tell you that I did not get up? However, it was early and, as I had just put out my light, I was awake. I lay and listened to the guns and wondered whether they were of the slightest service in such an emergency. The alarm was a false one but I suppose in the streets the excitement must have been keen.

M— seems to be pretty much of a fool to write you such an alarmist letter. Don't believe him when he says that Paris is panic-stricken. The people who are rushing to the Riviera are the same idle mob you see dressed up to the nines in certain places of amusement and who have such bad consciences they are afraid to die. Paris is better off without them and they are but a drop in the bucket. The real people are "carrying on" and have not the slightest intention of fleeing.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, February 19, 1918.

You are getting your baptism of fire these moonlit nights and I know you are standing the bombing parties without a quiver. The *Mail* this morning says that a London hotel was hit last night and that several guests were injured or killed. Now there's just about

one chance in a million that this hotel was the Waldorf, so I'm not going to worry about you.

The Paris papers are publishing stories that our raid on Sunday night was due to a French aviator getting lost in the air and who, being out of rockets, was unable to disclose his identity. The real story is that a Hun reconnoissance machine came over Paris. It carried no bombs but simply wanted to spy out the lay of the land for future attacks. In a few days we will see which version is correct. I hear that our Hall and cellar, or *cave*, were crowded on Sunday night with the hotel denizens who evidently like to suffer in company. Some night I shall go down just to have a glimpse of the various "*costumes de cave*."

Mrs. Eyre told me yesterday that she had gone down into her cellar for safety during the last raid and that several suspicious-looking individuals had also sought refuge there from the street. The law says that cellars marked "*Abri*" must be kept open so that people from the outside may seek shelter there during a raid. It is a good precaution in many ways but it leaves a clear field to thieves—especially as the *concierge* is not in her *loge*, being in the cellar with the rest of the tenants.

Today, I went to the Grand Palais. As you know, I go there three times a week to the Oeuvre du Blessé-Franco-Américain, founded by William Nelson Cromwell and having as its President, Mme. Nicolas Elias-co. We teach French *mutilés* how to make a living and, while they are learning a trade, they are paid so much a day for the work they turn out. The Oeuvre looks to the future of the maimed *poilu* and takes care of his present as well. A lot of American and French

women have signed with the Oeuvre and work with the soldiers.

Arriving at noon, I was the first of the staff to show up and, slipping into my long all-covering apron, set to work stuffing fracture pillows with the poilus. An hour later arrived Mrs. S—, another of our workers, accompanied by two American physicians in khaki who looked over the *mutilés*, examined their injured hands and feet and made several none-too-intelligent comments on their condition. One of the medicos, who had lunched not wisely but too well, confided to me that, if he had the money, he would set up champagne for every soldier as he came out of the trenches and let him get gloriously drunk. Fortunate that, with such bibulous tastes, he has not John Rockefeller's income.

By three o'clock, as most of our workers were on deck, I stopped stuffing pillows and went into the private office on my real job—for I am chief stenog. of the Oeuvre. I did a lot of letters from French to English and back again, taking many of them from dictation. I was not through till after six and the back of my neck pained like a toothache. But that is so insignificant compared to the real suffering rampant just now in the world.

CHAPTER III

American Officers' Club in London—Pershing Opposes Plan to Infiltrate American Troops into British Units—Lord Beresford and Lord Chaplin Reminisce—Ireland Jeers at England's Stupidity—Paris Boulevards under Rain of Bombs—Weird Costumes of Guests as They Flee to Cellars of Paris Hotels—Author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" First American Victim in London Raids—The Laugh is on the Censor—Irvine Cobb at Simpson's Has a Hangnail from a Deer—Tragedy in the Paris Métro—*Les Apaches* Attack Women in Darkness during Raids.

LETTER XV.

London, February 21, 1918.

You remember I wrote you I had been made a member of the American Officers' Club. Last night I went to the weekly Club dinner and had a jolly evening. At first sight, it seemed almost as if all the higher officers of the A. E. F. were in London and in the Club. There were Generals Bliss, Crozier and Bailey and innumerable Colonels and Majors. Also a number of British and Canadian officers of high rank. Needless to say, in such a gathering, the talk of the probable German offensive was plentiful. There also was discussed a plan which has been submitted to Washington, by which American troops will first come into actual fighting as small units infiltrated into the British Army. Pershing is opposed to it. I won't try to give you the details of the proposed arrangement. It would be both unwise

and untimely. Besides, should the censor open this letter and it contained such information you, in all probability, would never read it.

Harry Brittain, who organized the Club for the comfort and enjoyment of American officers in London, had a place for me at his table and I had the rare good fortune to be seated next to Lord Chaplin, that fine type of the real Englishman. As Henry Chaplin, his name is fixed in English politics contemporaneous with those of Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill and the Marquis of Hartington. Today, he is a robust, red-cheeked, vigorous Briton of 80, who lives most of the time on his estates, takes a prominent part in advancing the progress of horse and cattle raising and agriculture, and nourishes a bitter hatred for the policies of Lord Rhondda, the Food Controller. Lord Chaplin declares that enough beef to feed England for months was sacrificed by regulations which encouraged the killing of cattle in the early autumn, before they had consumed all the natural green fodder available. The fodder was wasted, he says, and the cattle sent to market weighing on an average 100 pounds less each than they would have, had they been fed on the fodder six weeks longer.

When he ceased to fulminate against the Food Controller, my companion related with great relish some incidents of his first and only visit to the United States. It was just before the Civil War and, when in New York, he and his friends stayed at the Hotel Brevoort. He was tremendously interested when I told him the old hotel still had its vogue and described the Saturday and Sunday night crowds from Greenwich Village which jammed the basement, and the European

flavor that pervaded the diningrooms above. From his description, the hotel today must present much the same appearance externally that it did when he mounted the steps leading from the street to the office, almost sixty years ago. White walls and green blinds were vivid in his memory. But what he was most keen about was the food.

"The biggest oysters I have ever seen and the most luscious. Never have I looked upon or tasted their equal since," he said. "The wonderful game: bear steaks, venison, wild fowl, especially the duck. And the enormous bills of fare, offering a choice of so many dishes that it was difficult to make a selection."

The excellence of the tenderloin of beef that he ate at the Brevoort still lingered in the memory of Lord Chaplin.

"Quite a contrast to these days," he sighed mournfully. "I was in the habit of frequently spending the week-end with my daughter and her family in the country," he said, "but since she told me that it was often difficult, with the meat coupons for the week to get a joint large enough for family and servants, I have not felt as free as formerly to spend my week-ends with her."

Lord Beresford, formerly and better known as Lord "Charles," was also at the same table. Hearing Lord Chaplin talk about New York, he contributed some of his recollections. I recalled to his memory that the last time I had seen him in New York was in 1899, at the time of America's cup races. We were in a party on a chartered steamboat that had just left her pier to go down the bay and put us on board the *Erin*, Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht. There was a dense fog

and we had barely been under way more than five minutes when we crashed into the side of a Staten Island ferryboat. Fortunately, both boats were moving very slowly and we drifted apart, our only apparent damage being a broken flagpole and smashed forward gunwale. The captain of our boat was for continuing his trip down the bay, but Lord Charles had the hatch cover removed and lowered himself down into the hold. When he emerged with dirty face and clothes, he ordered the captain to put back to his pier as the boat was leaking forward.

"Yes, I remember," chuckled Lord Charles. "She was a dirty sea tub in her insides and not accustomed to having Admirals of the British Navy prying about."

Brittain and the members of the Pilgrims who originated and carried out the idea of providing a Club for American officers in London, deserve great credit. It was Brittain who secured from Lord Leaconfield the use of his house in Chesterfield Gardens. Many of the pictures remain on the walls and much of the furniture is in the rooms. But butlers' pantries and dressingrooms have been turned into bathrooms and the great hall is now the office of the Club.

LETTER XVI.

London, March 4, 1918.

By the time you read this I may be in that ever troublesome island which, with Great Britain forms the United Kingdom. The Sinn Feiners are again active, martial law has been proclaimed in certain parts of Ireland, the malcontents are laughing and jeering at

English law, methods and soldiers. The strapping young men of the countryside, who ought to be fighting the Huns, are giving most of their time to defying the authorities and the open season for potting at representatives of the law is on. When arrests are made, the day of the magistrate's hearing is like a local holiday. Men and women from miles around flock into town, crowd the courtroom and interrupt the proceedings by jeering and singing.

The other day, seventeen young fellows arrested in connection with gun raids and shooting at policemen were brought up for a preliminary hearing in a small town in one of the districts now under martial law. The accused began shouting and singing the moment they entered the courtroom, in which manifestation practically all the spectators joined. After trying in vain to secure a semblance of order, the magistrate ordered the prisoners remanded for a further hearing. As this was what the young men and their friends desired, they all cheered him vociferously. The police had a difficult job in getting the prisoners safely back to jail; the crowds in the street doing everything but make an open attack. All Southern Ireland is laughing at this example of what it considers Irish cleverness outwitting English stupidity. There is an impression that more serious trouble is impending, that the steps taken by the Government are only preliminary to more drastic measures. If this prove to be the case, there will be considerable news to be had in Ireland; but whether the censor will let it out is another matter. I asked a well-known Irish Member of Parliament today, what was the real cause that kept England and Ireland from

reaching a better understanding and he replied, with a twinkle in his eye: "Principally Irish." But he comes from a county where they joke as they shoot.

If I do cross the Irish Sea, there will be some compensation found in the food. Over there things are practically unrationed compared with England, and unlimited Irish bacon, hams, fresh butter and eggs and tender chickens can all be had for the price. The Irish are not only living better than the English but are making heaps of money selling their produce. Whereas we, here in London, welcome the announcement by the Food Controller that we "may purchase and eat offal" without the surrender of any of our precious meat coupons! Sounds rather horrid, doesn't it? until you understand that it is the matter-of-fact English way of stating that such delicacies as kidneys, liver, sweetbreads and other products of the "innards" of all animals slaughtered for food purposes are non-couponable. The order will help the English breakfast table which, since eggs and butter have become scarce, has been a more or less apologetic affair.

I see you are to have candy taken from you in Paris. Hope you have put aside a few kilos of "Boissier's Best." What is called candy or "sweets" here, is a pretty poor imitation of the real thing. It could never have found its way across the counters of the Mirror shops, to say nothing of Page and Shaw.

I went to the special view of the exhibition of war photographs at the Grafton Galleries. They tell the story of the British Army's part in the War—from the English Channel to far distant Mesopotamia and Palestine. Colored by the new process, the soldiers and those

particular parts of the earth where they were fighting, are thus brought photographically to London, in the hues and tones of their environment. The shell-plowed clay of Flanders, over which the Tanks are lumbering at the close of a hard day's fighting; the rivers and vegetation of Egypt; a vast stretch of desert being crossed by a British column; a camel corps threading its way through an oasis; General Maude's entrance into Bagdad; General Allenby, his staff and Allied officers standing under the shadow of the Tower of David, as his proclamation is read to the people of Jerusalem; these are a few of the photographs. And wherever the camera took a record, there was the khaki of the British Army and the grin of the British Tommy. The photographs, of course, are all enlargements and vary in size from several feet square to the monster that fills the entire side of one of the rooms of the Galleries.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, March 9, 1918.

The Boches came to us last night at 8.30, much earlier than their usual wont and this time there was no moon to guide them. Sitting in the hotel hall with some people, I was the first to hear the "Whee-e-e-e" of the *sirène*. A second later came the booming of the anti-aircraft cannon. As it was too early for bedtime, in a jiffy the lobby was filled with anxious males and females, most of the latter clutching handbags containing their jewels and valuable papers. The bombing went on for over three hours, but at a quarter to midnight I was so sleepy I went to bed.

This morning I saw some of the damage. At the corner of the rue de Richelieu and the Boulevards, the entire front of the Café d'Angleterre had been blown in. Several people dining there had been badly cut by flying glass. On the rue de Richelieu, just outside the restaurant, a bomb had made a huge hole into which a taxi, coming along a second after the explosion, plunged, turned turtle and although the chauffeur and his three fares were shaken up they were quite unhurt.

The taxi was still there this morning, looking like some queer monster turned over on its back from which position it had been unable to right itself. Opposite the *café*, the Hotel de Russie is suffering from a bad case of broken panes and, directly across the street, the Café Cardinal has had all its windows shattered. The High Life Tailor, Duval's restaurant and the London Bank were similarly damaged. At the corner of the rue Geoffroy-Marie and the rue du Faubourg Montmartre an incendiary bomb was dropped. Here a six-story house was completely razed to the ground. When the alarm sounded, most of the tenants took refuge in the cellar and the collapse of the building penned them in their shelter. There they still are, though a big gang of men is digging feverishly to get them out; but it will be hours before they can be extricated.

The suburbs suffered greatly from the raid as many of the Huns, unable to get through the barrage, let fall their bombs wherever they happened to be. Montrouge, Argenteuil and Vincennes reaped the result. Thursday, the Boches tried twice to get to Paris: once at nine in the morning; later, at six P. M. They did not succeed and bombed Compiègne in revenge.

LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1918.

The Irish trip is off. Could not get official permission to enter the disturbed areas and it was hardly worth while to cross the submarine-infested Irish Sea to secure what information could be obtained in Dublin and the peaceful districts, if any sections of Ireland can thus be correctly described. I rather regret not going for several reasons. Change of air and surroundings would be welcome; for they eat, drink and are merry in Dublin; the lights shine in the streets at night as they have no fear of the Boche bombs there. This last, in itself, would be an inducement as the raiders have been very active, coming over for several nights in succession.

Among the victims was Mrs. Lena Gilbert Ford, the first American killed in the raids on London. She was the author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and other patriotic and sentimental songs. The circumstances of her death are particularly pathetic. She lived in Maida Vale with her mother, who is quite elderly, and her invalid son. The afternoon of the raid she and a friend, Mrs. May Isabelle Fiske, went to a matinee and later on to tea. Mrs. Fiske had asked Mrs. Ford to take dinner at her apartment. While they were on their way to Mrs. Fiske's home, the preliminary warning of the raid was announced. Mrs. Ford, declaring that her mother was greatly affected by the visits of the Boches, insisted on going home instead of continuing with her friend. Mrs. Fiske tried to persuade her to stay for dinner urging that, in case she could not get a taxi, she might be caught in the crush in the Tube

which always accompanies a raid. Persuasion was useless, however, and Mrs. Ford started for home.

One of the first bombs dropped by the Huns an hour or so later, struck her house and demolished it. Her mother and son were dug out of the ruins later in the evening, living but badly injured, and taken to the hospital. Mrs. Ford's body has not yet been recovered; it is buried beneath a mass of débris. No bombs fell within a mile of Mrs. Fiske's home. I remember meeting Mrs. Ford a number of years ago at Elmira, N. Y., her home town. Lena Gilbert Brown—she was then not married—was the foremost spirit among the younger crowd. She had beauty, an unusually quick and clever mind and utterly disregarded criticism.

On the previous night, I was at the theatre when the warning was given. Coming out into the darkness, one's eyes instinctively sought the sky. The sight was almost worth while braving the dangers of the raid. The heavens were criss-crossed with great pencils of light streaming upward from the searchlights located in the London suburbs and in the city itself. I started counting them and had reached more than twenty, when the rays from the lights in the southern part of the metropolis, which had been sweeping the sky, hesitated then all centered on one spot.

This spot appeared to me to be just over Leicester Square through which I was then walking. Simultaneously, the barrage broke loose; it was very heavy, indicating that the guns were quite near. The other searchlights promptly focussed on the same spot then, while the first held the original area under surveillance, they methodically swept the sky surrounding it. The spectacle was a beautiful one, the long rays of light

traversing the heavens, searching for the elusive Huns. Several heavy reports indicated bombs had been dropped, but they were some distance away.

When I reached the hotel nobody, apparently, had felt safe in remaining in their rooms. The corridors and lounge were crowded with people, including a number of Y. M. C. A. workers and American soldiers from the Eagle Hut opposite. The flimsy wooden buildings of the Hut offered no protection against missiles from above, as did the hotel. From time to time, people came dashing in from the street, where they had been dodging the shrapnel. It was far after midnight before the "All Clear" signal was sounded.

Our seeking refuge in London is not so picturesque a proceeding as you are seeing in Paris. In this hotel, at least, there is no nightly pilgrimage to the cellar of the guests arrayed in whatever garments they can most quickly clutch. But the frequency of the raids on Paris and the nearness to your hotel of the bombs, make me very uneasy and I am greatly worried as to your safety. Your letters, besides assuring me that you are up to the time of writing safe, also give me far more information as to the extent and consequences of the raids than I would possess otherwise. What appears in the newspapers is very fragmentary and vague—for a reason, of course.

The Huns are surely keeping busy over and around this "Tight Little Island." You will not find the submarine activity commented upon in the newspapers or the details or numbers of the sinkings recorded there. But in the Irish Sea and around the Northern and Southern coasts, the destruction of shipping has been terrific. In one week, nine large ships were sunk in the

Irish Sea. A man who came over from Ireland the other day, told me that the people of one Irish town saw no less than three ships sunk in one day within a few miles of land. Two of them were new ships making their first trips from Belfast, where they had been built. Sailings of trans-Atlantic steamships have been postponed and even the Channel service interrupted by the U-boats. Many vessels with cargoes of foodstuffs coming from America have been sent down when almost in sight of port.

One result of this submarine activity has been the irregularity of mails from the United States and also from the Continent. When your letters do not come on time, I know the Channel service is responsible. Weeks pass without any letters or newspapers arriving from New York. The other day we did get mail from New York and, incidentally, I had to laugh at the discomfort of some persons in the censor's bureau. As you know, the censorship is far more strict in England than in France. Every letter is opened and examined. Our New York office apparently had held back all letters addressed to you and to me, because it did not know how long I would be in London. Finally, someone put the accumulation of more than two months in three large envelopes and mailed them. There were about 40 inclosures. The censor examined each one then sealed it with the official notification "Opened by the Censor." When I went through them, I found in the entire lot but one personal letter for me and the two I forwarded to you. The others, which the censor had painstakingly read, were appeals for contributions, circulars and a number of notices from dressmakers and shops.

LETTER XIX.

London, March 11, 1918.

I have been surprised to find after dining at several of the best known restaurants that, beneath its pall, London still retains much of its characteristic night life. This is only the case, however, in the big hotels where, although no food or drink can be served after 9 o'clock, there is music and plenty of light until 11.30. The thirsty ones evade the regulations by ordering fresh supplies just before the unwelcome hour strikes. What impresses me most, just fresh from Paris, is the spirit of gaiety that prevails and the fact that the women for the most part are attired in elaborate evening dresses and much jewelry and the great majority of the men not in uniform wear evening clothes. Quite a contrast to Paris, where even in the smartest restaurants we have not seen for these many months a décolleté frock or an expansive shirt front.

Once inside the Ritz, Carlton, Savoy or Piccadilly and having put out of mind the darkened streets through which you have come, it does not seem possible that at any moment an air raid warning may plunge the brilliant scene into impenetrable gloom. Bombs have been dropped quite close to all these hotels, yet the people come night after night dressed as in pre-war days and apparently unaffected by the possibilities the night may hold. Their attitude is not one of careless indifference, rather that of studied defiance of the Huns' attempts to terrorize them. To be sure, they are representatives of but one class of Londoners. What another section of the population feels is shown by the wild rush for

the deep-level Tube stations by the poorer and foreign-born classes when the first warning of a possible air raid is sounded. These are the two extremes—the great mass of Londoners remain in their homes, unmoved by the alarm.

But if you enjoy light music, modishly dressed companions, wines and liquors of the same quality as in pre-war days, the same cannot be said of the food. By paying exorbitant prices in certain restaurants you can select your dishes from a menu which, if limited in variety, offers delicate and luxurious fare. Most of the diners, however, eat the table d'hôte at a fixed price and here one sees and tastes the difference between the meals of today and yesterday.

Last night I went with the Ricards to the Piccadilly, which formerly served an excellent dinner for seven shillings and sixpence. Now the price is ten shillings and sixpence (about \$2.50), and in quantity and quality it would have been put to shame by many a 75 cent New York table d'hôte. First there were *hors d'oeuvres*, consisting of a tiny spoonful of a salad of boiled beef and potatoes; a shrinking sardine and a mouthful of red cabbage. Then a soup—mutton broth—of which Ricard's criticism was that not even one infinitesimal constituent part had ever borne the slightest relationship to a sheep. A small piece of fish, cold; an almost smaller bit of chicken, no salad and a baked apple.

After dinner a more animated spirit prevailed. The bulk of the diners congregated about small tables in the lounge and lobby. An orchestra and a soprano furnished music in the interludes of which there was much circulation between tables, friends greeting friends; new acquaintances being formed and good-byes being said,

for every morning many of the British officers you see in the restaurants at night, leave Victoria to return to the trenches.

There was a considerable sprinkling of American uniforms and the French horizon blue was also in evidence. In England, a uniform is no bar to being served with alcoholic beverages, a circumstance that appeared to be highly appreciated by the officers who have but recently arrived from the United States. The mass of white shoulders, somber colored uniforms and the black and white of the men's evening clothes was huddled close together under a constantly ascending cloud of smoke; for all the men and half the women seemed to be engaged in exhaling it.

The food topic is the staple topic of conversation. How to "wangle," or get the better of the regulations, has taken the place among women of gossip about clothes and servants. Men talk confidentially of this or that restaurant where they are served meat without giving up coupons, or about once famous eating places that have gone off, owing to the rationing.

Yesterday was one of the two weekly meatless days and I had hard luck in my choice of restaurants. At lunch, the soup—of vegetables only—omelette and macaroni were tasteless. For dinner, I determined to go to Simpson's—"Simpson's in the Strand"—famous for its roasts and fish, hoping that, even if it were meatless, my dinner would not be insipid. Vain hope! The soup was flour and water in equal proportions. The fish pie, once popular among Simpson's patrons, was a heavy conglomeration of soggy white fish and "goosey" potatoes which had been heated some hours before it was served. And the apple tart—very little apple and

certainly nothing tart in its flavor. I felt quite depressed in mind and body until later in the evening at the Smoker of the United States Navy League, I heard Irvin Cobb tell a story.

He said he too had dined at Simpson's that evening; in fact, he had "just partaken of a 'fast' there." He said it being a meatless day, and game not being classified as meat, he had ordered a slice of venison. A careful barber with his best razor had skilfully cut a hangnail from the deer in question and it had been cooked and served to him in the center of a large platter.

LETTER XX.

Paris, March 12, 1918.

Another iron rain from the skies last night: the severest visitation we have yet had. The Ministère de la Guerre was hit, causing loss of life. A bomb fell in the rue de Grenelle, another in the rue Constantine, others in the Boulevard du Temple section. One must have dropped quite close to the hotel for, when it struck, all the windows rattled. There was the same scurrying of frightened females—and a few males, too—and the rush to the cellar.

The costumes are weird and varied. One middle-aged woman and her young companion, who live on our side of the house, are petrified with fear at the raids. The older one wears deep mourning with the conventional long black veil. When the *alerte* sounds, she does not take time to dress but rushes down in her nightgown, her hat—which she never forgets—askew,

and swathed in the folds of her crape *voile*. In her hands she carried her shoes and stockings, a red flannel petticoat and the balance of her underwear. The stockings she invariably loses on the stairs and when she reaches the cellar she proceeds with the rest of her toilet. This she performs behind the heater to the intense joy of the heaterman, whom she cannot see but who sees her and mimics her movements to an appreciative audience.

The English Red Cross girls, of whom there are always droves in this their Headquarters, appear in flannel pajamas, sometimes in slippers, often with bare feet, their hair braided or hanging loose. Women with pretensions to looks have invested in fetching *négligés* and boudoir caps and seem to enjoy the chance of displaying themselves in becoming *déshabillé*. The men don't look so dishevelled as the women, probably because undisturbed by thoughts of hair and complexion.

The other night a woman in the hotel was in the midst of a shampoo when the *alerte* sounded. During the day, she wears an imposing grey wig elaborately marcelled and this she clapped over her wet hair so as to make a proper appearance in the *cave*. Little streams of water would trickle down into her eyes despite her efforts to make it seem that this was the normal way for feminine locks to act in the hour of panic.

The hall boys have orders to lug the big wicker chairs into the cellar and many of the guests have already adopted favorite seats and glare when anyone tries to preempt their place. One foursome always settles down for a rubber of bridge and other groups keep up their courage by telling stories or nibbling at fruit or biscuits.

These things would be funny if there were not the tragedies outside. Last night, at the Buttes Chaumont Station, the people in the streets sought refuge in the Métro. Because of the outward opening gates, hundreds of them surged into the entrance and could not get in for a moment. There was a resultant crush and women and children were trampled underfoot. When the pushing crowd finally did get in, those already downstairs were shoved onto the third rail—the current had not been turned off—and electrocuted. The worst of the situation was that the Apaches came out in full force. They elbowed through the crowds and let fly small ballons filled with asphyxiating gas. Then they robbed those they could and, when they met with resistance, used their knives. On the street, these brutes stopped many taxis, threatened the fares and broke the cab windows, cut women's handbags from their wrists and reaped a harvest picking pockets. I had an idea all these wretches had been sent to the front but a new crop seems to have sprung up. It makes going out at night somewhat of an adventure.

This morning the papers announce that the outward-opening Métro doors are to be removed to avoid further panic. There is also talk of closing the theatres at night and playing only matinées. It wouldn't be a bad idea, for most of them are already suffering from lack of patronage.

CHAPTER IV

Lloyd George Momentarily Loses His Head and Control of Commons—Searching for a Friend's Home in "Darkest London"—Doris Keane and 1,000 Nights of Romance—Paris Shaken by Explosion—American Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. to the Rescue—Hundreds of Thousands of Women Taking Places of Men in War Material Production—Making TNT and Handling It as if It Were Corn Starch—Doing Men's Work in Front of Blazing Furnaces and Over Sizzling Oil Baths—Visit to Birmingham Munitions Area—A Ride in a Frolicking "He" Tank—The First Shells from Big Bertha Fall on the *Ville Lumière*—Crowds in Street Believe They Come from Invisible Avions.

LETTER XXI.

London, March 13, 1918.

If ever I entertained any doubts as to whether you would like to live in London under present conditions, there is now no uncertainty in my mind after my experiences tonight. As I wrote you, Mrs. MacConnell, had asked me to dinner. She lives in an outlying part of the city but not in the suburbs. Not being familiar with the neighborhood, and alive to the difficulty of finding a house for the first time in a strange locality with no lights to guide me, I made an early start.

Taking the Hampstead Tube, I came to the surface to find that fog had added, if that were possible, to the blackness of the surroundings. I asked my way of three different persons each of whom gave me conflicting directions. I followed the advice of one and, after

ten minutes' walk, asked a woman who appeared in the gloom if I was on the right track. She told me "No," and gave me new directions, to follow which I had to return to the Tube station and begin all over again. This time I plunged into a narrow street in which there were no lights at all, and found myself on a bridge which, from the sounds beneath, I recognized as crossing some railroad tracks. At the far end of the bridge I found a "bobby" who told me I was going in the right direction but that there were turnings both to the right and to the left before I reached the road I sought. It was pure blind luck that, when I ran against another "bobby" in the dark, he told me I had groped correctly and had arrived on the road.

The house I was bound for, however, was about half a mile further along; for it seems that I had been directed to one end of the road and Mrs. MacConnell lives near the other. I was not told on which side it was. I did not meet a person in my walk and was wondering how I would be able to distinguish the house when I did arrive. I entered the front gardens of several houses to try to learn the numbers but could see nothing. I was about to ring a bell and make inquiries, when I saw a faint light at the door of the next house. Going up to it I discovered that, by the numbers, I wanted to go seven houses further along the road. I touched the gate posts of each house, counting as I went, and finally reached my destination. Mrs. MacConnell had been thoughtful and a bright light revealing the number on the transom corroborated my count.

Yesterday I went to the House of Commons and saw an unexpected dramatic incident. Lloyd George com-

pletely lost his head when pressed by the Opposition, which is growing stronger, for an answer to a certain question. His reply brought forth an outburst, not only from his opponents but from a large number of his own followers. The Prime Minister, for a time, could not control the House. The papers make a great feature of the incident, but in Government circles tonight it is said the difficulty will be ironed out and that there is no danger of a split in the Coalition forces.

Before going to Westminster, I had dropped in at one of the concerts organized for the wounded soldiers. It was at the Criterion and was a moving sight. Some five hundred men in the blue or grey hospital uniforms, most of whom had lost a leg or an arm, some both arms, sang like school boys the lively choruses of many of the songs. I talked with several of the men and found them cheery and anything but downhearted. The problem of the future of these thousands of maimed men will be a stupendous task for the British Government which is not showing much practical activity in preparing to meet it.

LETTER XXII.

London, March 14, 1918.

After a silence of four days three letters from you came this morning. I read the latest one first, as that was dated the day following the big raid on Paris. It was a tremendous relief to learn that you had been in no danger. From the censored accounts published here, that panic in the Métro station must have been frightful. What you say of the destruction caused by the

bombs and the frequency of the raids on Paris is all very alarming. Quite frankly, I wish you were not there. There seems to be good reason to connect this renewed aerial activity of the Huns with their military and diplomatic program.

Clémenceau came to London two days ago and has been in close conference with Lloyd George and other British Ministers. The night before he arrived, there were rumors floating around the House of Commons that Germany had sent to the Allies a new version of the peace terms she is willing to accept. In Fleet Street, as was to be expected, reports were even more definite, the substance of the terms being a matter of comment—but not for publication. Whether Clémenceau's visit, which is not publicly known yet, had to do with such a tentative on the part of Berlin or was in connection with the anticipated German offensive on the Western front, is purely conjectural, outside of the intimate Government circles. At all events, the belief here is the Germans will attack very soon and that their main blow will be delivered against one of the sectors of the British front.

It is no secret that the supplies of munitions sent across the Channel have been tremendously increased recently, in anticipation. And in this connection, it may not be without a certain significance that the Ministry of Munitions is taking a party of newspapermen representing British, Dominion and American papers to the Birmingham area next week, to show them how the enormous quantity of munitions of war is being turned out. Publicity as to the magnitude of England's production just at this time, will have a reassur-

ing effect upon the British public should the Germans, as expected, start a big offensive movement. I have been asked to go on the trip and will do so if nothing unexpected develops. Up to now, there has been a very strict censorship over all information concerning the great munition areas in the north.

Last night I attended the dinner of American University men now in London, about 300 of us, at least two thirds in uniform. Harvard claimed the largest number of men there; Yale and Princeton came next. There were seven University of Pennsylvania men at our table, two members of classes preceding mine. The California Universities were well represented. Cornell had the most demonstrative delegation, though we all did considerable cheering and shouting.

The previous night I went to see Doris Keane in "Romance." It was the one thousandth performance in London—almost a record for this city of long theatrical runs. The new leading man is Basil Sydney, the star's quite recent husband, and she couldn't resist the temptation, in concluding her little speech when the curtain fell, to drag him from the wings to be exhibited as her real "romance."

As all London theatres begin at such early hours that it is almost impossible to dress, dine and be there on time, I went without my dinner and was frightfully hungry when the show was over. I went across to the Trocadero, anticipating a good supper. Alas! such things no longer exist. I could get no meat—nothing hot is served after 9.30 o'clock—and when I ordered a Russian salad was told that it could not be served as it contained meat. I had some eggs, a piece of cheese

and a sample of rhubarb tart. I had the choice of ginger ale, tea or coffee; and the lights were lowered as a gentle hint at 11.30! Do you remember the suppers of pre-war days?

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, March 16, 1918.

We had another noisy day yesterday. At five minutes to two, a grenade factory at La Courneuve blew up and Paris had the shaking of its life. Timid people thought that the Gothas had come in broad daylight; never stopping to think that, had that been the case, the *alerte* would have sounded.

Mrs. S—, Florence H— and I were peacefully drinking coffee in the Hall after lunch when there came a thundering noise, the shivering of breaking glass, a crash, another shock and still another and again the shattering of panes all around. It sounded much worse than the worst air raid. In two minutes the hall of the Saint James was filled with all the inhabitants of the hotel in various stages of fright. Florence rushed to one of the doors leading to the diningroom—the true California instinct born of earthquake experience. Mrs. S— flew to the other door crying for her husband and I was left alone on the couch. I am glad to tell you that I did not move from my seat and that the long ash on my cigarette remained intact.

A few panes of glass broke in our outside vestibule and several windows were smashed. Aside from that, the Saint James was not damaged. But the rest of

Paris was not so fortunate. The Avenue de l'Opéra will keep scores of glaziers busy for days; the Boulevard Malesherbes suffered greatly; nearer the explosion, windows were blown out, walls were cracked and, quite close to the scene of the catastrophe, houses tumbled to the ground as though someone had blown them down with one powerful breath. There were quantities of casualties though, so far, only 30 deaths are reported. There must be hundreds of others.

The American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. ambulances were on the spot within twenty minutes of the explosion and our men did splendid work. The French never seem to get used to our national characteristic of quick initiative. With them, there is always so much formality and red tape before anything can be accomplished—even emergency aid to the injured.

The Red Cross immediately rented 100 rooms in a hotel and installed there some of the people who had been made homeless or who were hurt. They gave them food and clothes and will take care of them until they can straighten themselves out.

Our friend, Monsieur Schwend, was riding in a fiacre near the Madeleine when the explosion happened. The concussion was so severe that the carriage was upset, the driver hurled from his seat while Monsieur was thrown to the pavement and dislocated his thumb.

Someone is sponsor for the theory that strips of paper pasted on window panes will do much to deaden the shock of a heavy impact and that the danger from flying glass is minimized. Consequently, in the past few days Paris shopkeepers have decorated their show windows with strips of heavy yellow paper in various

intricate and charming designs. Some of the shops are most artistic and their owners vie with each other in seeing who can make the most tasteful display. The result gives a quaint, mediæval effect that is delightful.

LETTER XXIV.

Birmingham, March 21, 1918.

These three days in the Birmingham munition area have been eye-openers. Everyone has a general idea of the immensity of the task to supply the millions of the British Army with fighting material; but you must be privileged to see on the spot how it is done to realize and appreciate properly its bigness.

Since we arrived here Monday, I have seen in the making, the smallest and the largest and all the intermediate sizes of war munitions and their component parts. From tiny springs, which are part of the mechanism of the fuses that fit in the nose of shells, to the most powerful naval and land guns; the most formidable tanks; the swiftest and largest airplanes and the greatest army dirigible. I have seen thousands of shells of all sizes in all stages of manufacture, from the rough ingot of steel, undergoing its preliminary heating, to the finished product, loaded and with fuse in place ready for the gun. I have watched the loading of the fuses and shells and have followed the manufacture of TNT—that most powerful of explosives—from raw materials to the stage when it is packed in boxes by girls who handle it with no more apparent care than if they were preparing packages of breakfast food for the wholesale grocers. Its flaky white appear-

ance in the final state helps carry out this illusion. In this plant hundreds of women are employed who, when an air raid alarm is sounded, carry on their delicate and dangerous work in pitch darkness.

I know you will ask what has impressed me most. The answer is not to be found in the list I have just written, but in the word: "Woman." I suppose we have seen so far no less than 20 plants probably employing 150,000 to 200,000 persons and of these, from three-fifths to four-fifths were women. They were doing every job that formerly required a man, except those demanding unusual strength or knowledge covering years of experience. Excessive heat has no terrors for them. I saw women tending reheating ovens, where metal at white heat was swung to the massive hammers and there a woman ran the great machine facing for hours the intense heat and the fumes of burning oil. Others wielded sledges, if not the heaviest, at least heavy enough to make a man unaccustomed to the work cry quits after a few moments. Still others loaded and unloaded the heavy shells, in various stages of completion, from the little trams to the lathes where they were turned and bored out. In great machine shops covering acres of ground, hundreds of women ran the machines. There was about one man to every ten or fifteen women, and his task consisted in first adjusting the piece of work to be done and then being on hand should the machine not function properly. And all such work, you must remember, was previously done only by men.

But it is in what is known as "repetition work" that women excel. This, as the name implies, is making the same thing hundreds of times. The men, I am

told, tire of the monotony of this type of production. Their output is greater for the first hour or so, then falls off, then is accelerated only to be followed by another slowdown. The women keep up a steady production and their daily average output is higher than that of the men. Practically all the inspecting and testing of products is done by women, as is the assembling of their parts. This influx of women into industrial plants has resulted in a great improvement in working conditions and sanitary installations and regulations. Especially does this apply to the organization of canteens where the thousands of workers are provided with well-cooked, nourishing food at cost price. In the extensive works of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, we saw more than 5,000 men and women served in less than half an hour. This is where the Lewis machine gun, which was turned down by our War Department, is made for the British Army.

Yesterday we visited the birthplace of the British Tanks. I had a ride in one. I am therefore qualified to say the most disagreeable things about them. But I will tell you about that later on. What I want to impress upon you first is that Tanks are not being produced now in dozens or scores, but by the hundreds and rushed to France. A comforting thought in view of all the talk anent the German offensive about to burst. Some of the "brass hats" of the British staff have changed their minds as to the value of the Tank as a fighting machine since General Byng's experiment. There were rows and rows of Tanks, male and female; for you know there is sex distinction in these fighting machines. The male Tank is the larger and heavier

armed and armored type; in plain words the more "offensive" creature.

After wandering about in this wilderness of Tanks in various stages of completion, we went to the testing grounds. All the physical characteristics of a battlefield had been reproduced here, including the bottomless mud of Flanders. Trenches, wire entanglements, creek bottoms, valleys and, in the midst, a hill the sides of which were steep and uneven. Here the Tanks manœuvred, wallowing in the mud, lumbering over the trenches, smashing through the wire and ponderously climbing the sides of the hill.

Having attained the summit, they would teeter on the brow, swaying like an elephant reluctant to enter a pool, and then come sliding down the side, landing in the gulley at the bottom with a crash that you would think could not but rip the machinery from its bed-plates and jar every rivet loose. But with much puffing and rattling the Tank crawls out of the ditch and is ready to repeat the performance. I was in a Tank when it went through this stunt. The effect of the jarring and shaking, the smell of the hot oil from the machinery and the concussion as we hit the bottom lingered for some hours. Picture to yourself four men in such close quarters firing the two guns, running the engines and being shelled by the Hun artillery!

At another plant we saw building the biggest bombing airplane so far projected. It stretched across the entire width of the shop and dozens of men and women were working on various parts of it. They swarmed all over the aerial monster, reminding me of *Gulliver's Travels* when the Lilliputians, finding the unconscious sailor on the shore, proceed to tie him with hundreds of

their tiny ropes. Women do practically all the work in making the frames of the planes, gluing them together and covering them with linen. It is surprising how much sewing goes into the construction of an avion.

We went to Coventry, the scene of Lady Godiva's historic ride. I realized why it is called the home of the bicycle. I saw more of them on the streets in an hour than I have for months in London, Paris or New York. Besides, on every side were factories once devoted to the manufacture of bicycles but now turning out munitions. But the signs on the buildings indicated their original industry. We first went to the Coventry Ordnance Works where guns of every description are made. Great long naval guns of all calibres; short fat howitzers for the army, suggesting hideous squatting toads; slender graceful anti-aircraft rapid-firers, filled the shops. The Daimler Automobile Works are largely given over to the manufacture of the fighting types of airplanes. We saw hundreds of them being turned out for use on the Western front where the wastage is something frightful. One gets some idea of it from seeing the output here and reflecting that there are many other plants in England similarly employed.

Before going to the Daimler Works, we had luncheon at the King's Head Hotel the manager of which, by the way, was formerly a waiter at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. The Mayor of Coventry had to welcome us officially and, of course, there were speeches; they are as certain in England as are Brussels sprouts. This particular Mayor, however, was somewhat different from other Mayors to whom we had listened. He did say he had gone to the United States

when a young man and had conducted a bicycle shop in Boston. Whether he had never been entirely able to rid himself of the effects of the years spent at the Hub of American Culture—perhaps he hadn't tried, I can't say—but he began his peroration with these words:

"And now, in the language of the immortal Lady Godiva: 'Thank God! I am nearing my close.' "

LETTER XXV.

Paris, March 23, 1918.

Yesterday afternoon I walked to the *Mairie* and applied for our *cartes d'alimentation* which everyone living in Paris must have beginning April 1st. The woman in charge made me fill in a paper and told me to come on Tuesday bringing with me a "*certificat de domicile*" from the hotel. When I asked the pear-headed Dutch bookkeeper for yours, he tried to prove to me that *you* had no right to a card as you were not then living in the hotel. I pointed out that you had kept your room, that your clothes and belongings were in this room and that your status was that of a man who lodged in the hotel and took his meals elsewhere. I finally got it through his thick head and he reluctantly made it out. Tomorrow I must go to the *Préfecture de Police* and have it stamped officially. We need these cards for sugar and also to get bread in restaurants, for we cannot procure "the staff" after April 1st without a coupon. Life is becoming complicated but interesting.

We had a false alarm raid last night; for the Huns

did not get beyond Creil. But at 8.30 the alarm sounded and there was the general scamper for the cellar. Baroness Romano Avezana had asked me to have coffee in her apartment and I had just finished my first cup when the *sirène* sounded. My hostess—I don't know whether or not she was afraid—insisted that we all go to the cellar and I went down with her to see the "boarders" in their bomb-proof lair. We were led through devious underground passages to the *caves* of the Albany, which the police had decreed was the safest place in these twin hotels.

There I found dozens of people, some sitting on the floor, some crowded onto chairs big enough but for one and now holding two. Mme. Romano Avezana, "His Excellency," and Yolanda found themselves comfortable places against one of the walls and insisted that I sit with them. To be polite, I did so for ten minutes; then the heat and the stifling atmosphere grew unbearable and I groped my way upstairs through the pitch dark halls, went to bed and to sleep.

This morning about seven there was a dull far-off explosion. Being inured to queer sounds, Paris paid no attention to it till about nine—the thuds had been coming at regular fifteen-minute intervals—when the *sirène* sounded the warning "Take Cover." Late risers scrambled out of bed, dressed hastily and sought refuge in their cellars. As it always does during a raid, the Métro stopped, also the trams and 'buses. As most of their employes could not get to work, the big shops remained closed and the city was as silent as it is on a holiday.

I went out for a walk and studied the people. On every street corner there were groups looking up at

the sky trying to see the avions that were dropping the regularly-timed bombs; but the heavens disclosed nothing. There are several theories as to what is happening. One, that the airplanes are so cleverly camouflaged that they are invisible to the naked eye; another, that the planes are not in the usual squadrilla formation, but are coming in relays, one at a time, each one dropping its three bombs and returning to make way for the next. There is absolutely no sign of panic among the people. Men and women joke as they go about their business and every time a bomb falls, each man pulls out his watch to see whether the shot has come at the proper interval. This habit is so universal as to be amusing.

A bomb fell in the Tuileries directly across from our hotel and a little to the left against the embankment wall. I saw there a good sized hole in the ground, the iron railing torn away from the stone coping for about 20 feet and some of the stones hurled from their moorings, also the iron *grille* that closes what looks like a grated window in the wall is dislodged. The ivy has been shorn from the wall as though someone had used a Gillette on it. The damaged spot is already roped off and the police are on guard to keep the curious crowd at a safe distance. At four, the *berloque* sounded the "All Clear" signal and people came out of their cellars. Métros and trams ran again but the bombs continued falling at regular intervals till six-thirty when they gave a parting shot and left Paris in peace for the night.

Don't worry about me. I am perfectly safe and not afraid. There isn't a shell or bomb yet made that is ticketed with my number.

CHAPTER V

The German Drive of March 21—Bombardment of Paris a German Attempt to Break Morale of French People—British Fifth Army Crumpled Up—Paris Watches for Shells from Monster Gun—People in Streets Consult Watches to Time Intervals between Their Arrival—Crowds Begin to Flee from Paris in Fear of Bombardment—Trains Overcrowded and Thousands Wait outside Stations all Day to Get Places—English Newspapers Declare "All Now Depends on the French"—Foch Describes Turning Point in Battle of the Marne—Lord Beaverbrook Praises French Military Genius—Says France can Always Produce Leader and Successful Plan at Critical Moment.

LETTER XXVI.

London, March 24, 1918.

If I did not know how well able you are to take care of yourself and not the sort to be needlessly alarmed, I would be much more worried than I am by the news from Paris. This latest deviltry of the Hun, following so closely his smashing of the British front between Saint Quentin and La Fère, indicates that the strategy of the Imperial Staff is still directed to the capture of Paris as essential to victory. But who was prepared for what appears to be a methodical bombardment of the city by guns with an undreamed-of range of fire! It must be between 60 and 70 miles—for the guns cannot be any nearer than the Forest of Saint Gobain.

Undoubtedly the Germans hope to terrorize the people of Paris at the same time their renewed offensive

threatens it militarily. They have struck again at that section of the front where the French and British armies link up—where they anticipate the liaison is least tenacious. This is the sector, part of which the British took over only in January, extending their lines southward. They may or may not have strengthened it, perhaps not have had time to get thoroughly acquainted with it and to establish defensive lines in the rear. The news from the British Fifth Army, which has borne the brunt of the German attack, is most disheartening. Even the guarded information contained in the official *communiqués* reveals the inability of the British to stop the enemy's advance. We do not know how far the Huns have pushed into our line, but everyone has a feeling it is further than the official reports indicate, and is still going back. I don't believe the Hun attempt to terrorize Paris and create panic conditions behind the lines will succeed. Just the same, I wish you were not there at this moment; though every hour must provide its thrill of interest and excitement.

When I left Birmingham Friday night, the news from the front was very bad. So far as I could judge, the effect of the British reverse on the people in the munition area is to intensify the determination that the war must go on until Allied victory is gained. There is a feeling of dogged resolution; of a purpose not to be affected by the Huns' successes but to carry on despite present disappointments. Just before I left Birmingham I was talking to the head of one of the biggest munition works and remarked that the news from the front was very bad. "Didn't you expect it would be?" he replied. "It means we will have to do the job all over again."

I traveled to London with two British officers returning to their commands from leave. One was going direct to his regiment near Arras, the other to rejoin his at Salonika. The latter envied the former's opportunity to get into quick action. But all men are not made of the same stuff. The train had just started when we heard shouts, women's shrieks and sounds of a scuffle on the platform ahead, opposite the third class carriages. The brakes went on and we came to a standstill. Getting out, we found that two men of a draft of green troops going to France for the first time, had at the last moment jumped from the carriage and bolted. The military police on the platform gave chase and after ten minutes' delay the men were rounded up and the train started. As I looked at the tear-stained faces of the women and children standing on the platform, heard their sobs and recalled today's despatches telling of the terrific carnage inflicted by the German artillery upon the British troops, I could guess what influences had been at work in the minds of those two men.

Fleet Street, which has the habit of receiving and assimilating news of momentous importance without betraying its emotions, was quite stirred up last night. All day, the meagre reports of the progress of the battle west of Saint Quentin kept getting worse. I was having dinner at a Fleet Street restaurant with several newspapermen including the editor of the *Weekly Despatch*, when a man from the latter's office brought him a despatch saying the Germans were bombarding Paris. The news gave us a shock. This was the first we had heard of it and we were all incredulous. It was impossible, we argued, for the Huns to have brought

guns near enough to shell the city. Airplanes, traveling at such a height that they were invisible, must have dropped bombs.

I went to the office of the *Weekly Despatch* and there read later messages stating that the French military authorities were convinced that the shells had been fired from a gun and were not aerial bombs. It seemed unbelievable. While I was still in the office, the night reports from the front arrived and increased the tension of the day's news. They stated that the Germans had actually broken through the British Fifth Army which was in rapid retreat. The German *communiqué* said American regiments and one or more French divisions that had been rushed to Chauny to cover the British right flank had been defeated with heavy loss. If this is true, our troops are for the first time participating in a great battle.

Returning to my office I found a cable from New York saying that, in view of the importance of the battle, the *Evening Sun* would publish a special Sunday edition and asking for a story containing the latest news from the front. It was well on in the morning before I got to bed. Today, as soon as I had had breakfast, I went to the War Office but there was no news—for publication—later than that received last night. A more than usual Sunday quiet rested over London today. There was a tenseness in the air and in the faces of the people one saw in the streets.

I must tell you about my last day in Birmingham. In the morning we motored to the Austin Motor Company's works in Northfield. Before the war this was a small village and the works employed a few hundred men. Now about 30,000 men and women are

at work and a small city has been built to house them. From here we went to the most typical old English town I have seen. Kidderminster—doesn't the name in itself suggest something venerable? Between Northfield and Kidderminster we passed through a beautiful countryside, green and productive. It is called the "black and white country." The walls of the cottages, farms and barns are glistening white, while the wooden framework, all of which shows on the outside surfaces of the buildings, is painted black.

At Kidderminster, we went direct to the Town Hall where the Mayor and Aldermen were waiting to receive us. Peals from a pipe organ welcomed our arrival. The Mayor in scarlet robe and gold chain, his clerk in black robe and white tie—looking very clerical—and the Aldermen wearing their gowns, stood in a semi-circle in the center of the room. Behind the Mayor stood a curious fuzzy-looking little old man, holding in one hand a cushion on which reposed the keys of the town or some emblems of civic authority and in the other the Mayor's top hat, which was adorned with a gilt band. The Mayor had not got very far into his speech of welcome, which one might have concluded had been written by the solemn-visaged clerk judging from the beatific expression of his face as the sentences rolled forth, when it was apparent someone had blundered.

We were all thought to be American newspapermen. The address expressed the gratification Kidderminster felt in welcoming representatives of the Great Ally across the seas and the Mayor spoke of the Kidderminster men who had gone to the States and made good. It was embarrassing to the few Americans, as

all the London and a dozen or so of the Dominion newspapers were represented in the party.

We later gathered an idea of how Kidderminster had devoted its entire industrial equipment to war work, when we visited carpet-weaving works, yarn factories, machine-shops—and even found men and women turning out war material in barns and cellars. But the women who stayed at home attending to their duties had also done their part and an exhibition of their simple offerings was spread on tables in the Town Hall; knitted scarves and socks, ear warmers and gloves, with the prayers of their makers woven into them.

An undervest to keep *one* British soldier warm had been made from the backs of old kid gloves contributed by the women of the town. One could not help but admire the spirit that prompted the making of this pathetic contribution—to keep warm one soldier among millions. To complete the picture of Kidderminster, the Mayor waved good-bye to us as we left the town. But it was from the front of his shop and not from the steps of the Town Hall and he had exchanged his robe of office for a long white apron.

LETTER XXVII.

Paris, March 24, 1918.

It is now 3.30 P. M. and the *berloque* has just sounded. I, like thousands of other Parisians, had forgotten that we had been "*en alerte*" since seven o'clock this morning—so quickly do we get used to war conditions. For, as you now know, Paris has become part of the front and for two days has been

bombarded by the new monster cannon that is able to throw a shell 75 miles. Isn't that a wonderful invention? Clever devils the Boches!

All fear seems to be lost in involuntary admiration of this new scientific discovery. I wrote you about the desultory explosions we heard all day yesterday. Everyone thought it must be a queer kind of avion that could sail so high up in the sky as to be invisible and yet able to drop bombs at regular fifteen-minute intervals. It was only when the *Temps* came out in the evening with the official *communiqué* that we knew what had really happened and that now Paris had the honor of being shelled just like the towns nearer the front.

Most people were inclined to treat the *communiqué* as a *canard*; Major G— was loud in his protestations that such a powerful cannon could not exist and we went to bed not knowing exactly what to believe. At 8.30 in the evening came the *alerte* again and there was the usual rush to the cellar. The Eyres came in a little later, disgruntled. They had dined with Grundy and Eyre had taken a box at the Folies Bergère. They were just entering the theatre when the *alerte* sounded; the doors were flung wide open and the audience ordered to disperse. The night before the Eyres had tried to go to the Casino de Paris but their plans were similarly frustrated. Eyre is disgusted; for he came to Paris for a holiday and hoped to see some amusing shows.

The *berloque* rang about 10.30 and we turned in. As I say, we were disturbed again this morning at 7; but I refused to get up and took another forty winks till 8.30 when breakfast arrived. Bernardine brought

the tray but told me most of the people were breakfasting in the diningroom for fear of bombs and so as to be ready to dive into the sheltering *cave*.

I saw the Eyres later in the day. He declares he is going to take his wife out of Paris when he goes back to the front. He says this city is not a safe place for a woman. He also told me it would be a good plan to draw all one's money out of the bank in case the offensive turned against us and banks suddenly closed. Have you any suggestion to make on the subject? I will do whatever you think wisest but, personally, I am not at all alarmed.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, March 25, 1918.

I dined at the Schwends last night and we had our usual delicious dinner. The recent bombings and bombardments have quite demoralized my two nice French friends—they can think of nothing and talk of nothing but the raids. After dinner, Madame asked permission to get into her *costume de cave* in case of an *alerte* later in the evening. She put on a heavy winter dress, explaining that it is chilly in the cellar and she did not want to take cold. Then she packed all her jewels and papers—letters written by her son who was killed at the front—in a handbag and was ready for a possible attack by the Hun. She got it, too, about 1 A. M. at which hour the *alerte* sounded. I heard it, made a face at the Boches, rolled over and went to sleep again.

But I can imagine the Schwends' perturbation, their

hasty scrambling into proper clothes and their nimble descent into the *abri*. There is one compensation in the enforced imprisonment in the cellar. The S—'s naïvely informed me they had made some desirable and agreeable acquaintances there—people living in the same house, but whom they had never met before.

Acting on your advice I did not stay out late last night but left the rue Daubigny soon after dinner, reaching the hotel sharp at 9.30. On my way from the Opéra Station, I found the streets crowded—most of the people joking and laughing and all of them peering curiously up at the sky trying to locate the Hun who, by all rights of full moon and quiet skies ought to be making his appearance. But nothing happened till Paris was sound asleep.

At seven this morning the first shell fell into Paris; then at fifteen-minute intervals two more. Since then I have heard nothing. Perhaps it is because I do not listen for the "boo-m-m-m" but I have an idea the gun has been put out of commission. The Government has decided that during bombardments Paris life shall go on as usual. "*La vie continue*." The Métro, which was stopped all day Saturday, will run as heretofore as will the trams; shops must be kept open, also the Bourse, which had some idea of closing for the time being.

LETTER XXIX.

Paris, March 26, 1918.

Today I've so many things to say that I scarcely know where to begin. So, suppose that I tell you that Lincoln Eyre, Thomas Johnson and Floyd Gibbons

with their respective wives, left Paris this morning in a big army car for the safer haven of Dijon. Gibbons, alarmed when he heard of the long-distance shelling of Paris, came to town this morning in a touring car put at his disposal by the Army authorities and induced Eyre and Johnson to come with him and escort their wives to safety.

They departed a little after eight and should arrive at their destination this evening. Whether or not they will be able to find accommodations in Dijon is another question; for every town in France beyond the war zone is filled to the gunwales. I am glad you were not here to ask me to desert my post. I am afraid I should have balked; for I want to remain in Paris, come what may, especially now that things are nearing a crisis. Real people don't run away at the firing of a few shells or the dropping of a bomb or two.

Having heard that thousands upon thousands were leaving Paris and that the stations were crammed with would-be travelers, I went to the Gare d'Orsay this morning. Sure enough, I found a line of gendarmes barring the entrance to the station and the *consigne* was: "No more tickets sold today. The trains are full." Inquiring people were told: "Come tomorrow at six A. M. and *perhaps* you can buy tickets then."

No more luggage was taken and the platforms and the vestibules of the station were piled with baggage waiting to be checked. I think all the cabs and taxis in Paris drove up while I was standing there, filled with anxious-faced men and women bringing trunks and mountains of hand luggage. They were all told to drive to the Gare d'Austerlitz but I know they found disappointment awaiting them there. It is ostensibly

the Easter crowd off for its holiday but it is really all the people who think the Allied-defense is a failure and that the Boches will be in Paris in a few days.

There were hundreds of travelers waiting to check their luggage. Each man stood beside his own trunk and pushed it to the weighing machine. Porters there were none and if you wanted to be waited on, you did it yourself. Quite near me—I stood on a bench just outside looking down at the people—I saw a frail English woman of the middle class with two nice lads; one of fifteen, the other about ten. They had two big trunks and no truck on which to put them. Each time the crowd surged forward, they strained and tugged at their luggage and managed to push it a foot or so further on. I spoke to them and found they did not know a word of French, that they were on their way to join the husband and father in Spain and that they had had the hardest kind of a time since they left England five days before.

Because of their ignorance of the language they were bewildered on every hand and no one seemed to care to help them. They had stood yesterday from five P. M. till ten waiting to check their luggage and then, at that hour, the man stopped checking so they went back to their hotel, returning this morning at eight and had been there ever since till I found them at 11.30.

I asked a gendarme to let me through to interpret for them and he agreed. By giving the weigher a franc he promised to put their luggage through for them on the night train but he said the Spanish frontier was closed and that he could only check to La Hendaye, where they would have to wait till it opened again. I

got them their receipt, bought them seats in the train and left them quite astounded at having found an unknown somebody who had helped them in this land of strange tongue and customs.

LETTER XXX.

London, March 27, 1918.

News from the great battle is increasingly gloomy, and the English confidence that the British troops will be able to check the German onrush has appreciably weakened. The enemy is pushing nearer Amiens and Paris and the headlines in today's London papers reflect the uneasiness felt equally by the public and in official circles. "The French to the Rescue," says one; while another goes still further and declares: "All now depends on the French."

There is also a decided change regarding a "Generalissimo" for the Allied Armies. Newspapers and military men who but a few weeks ago protested vehemently against the proposition, declaring British armies would never be put under the direction of a foreign general—he could only be a Frenchman—are either silent or reluctantly acknowledging the necessity of such action. The Northcliffe press, which has advocated such a step ever since last December, is emphasizing the immediate need of a unified command.

One hears that a hurried council of the heads of State and military chiefs has been held somewhere in Northern France and an agreement reached that will put all the Allied Armies on the Western Front, including the Americans who are now apparently coming

in, under the direction of a Generalissimo and a General Staff. It has been no secret that Clémenceau's action months ago, detaching General Foch from his then command, was to have him in readiness when the British ceased their opposition to the unified command.

I have a clear mental picture of Foch as I saw him last September on the anniversary of the battle of the Marne. Standing under the apple trees near the Château of C—, which was stormed and taken three times by the French and as often by the Germans before it remained in the hands of the poilus, and overlooking the Marais de Saint Gond, Foch described the decisive part the army under his command had taken in the great struggle. Speaking in a low voice—yet every word distinctly heard by all of us surrounding him—he told of the three days of fighting; of Grossetti marching the Moroccan division under fire from one flank of the army to the other; of the hour when, while the Germans' wings continued to menace him their center began to weaken and his realization that the time he had fought for had arrived—the moment to give the command to advance. He described the attack of the poilus and turning his gaze from the battlefield he faced Joffre and Premier Ribot who were standing at his side and said quietly:

“The enemy began his retreat. The battle was won.”

It was a wonderful moment. I shall never forget it. Joffre in brilliant uniform, massive and imperturbable, blinked assent; Ribot, tall, thin, clad in the black frock coat of the French statesman, nervously waved his hands with the gesture: “*Enfin!*” The handsome bearded Gouraud, his one sleeve empty because of the arm lost at Gallipoli; the rugged-featured Mangin, the

bulldog of the French army; Castelnau, aristocratic in his bearing and a dozen other Generals of high rank in gold, blue and red surrounded the slender figure of Foch who spoke as though he were delivering a lecture on military strategy in a classroom.

To get back again from the Marne to London, I had a talk with Lord Beaverbrook, the head of the British Ministry of Propaganda. What he said was extremely interesting and significant, and reflected the conviction felt here that the French will save the day and give the British time to catch their breath and come back again. He said the French were a great military nation and could always be relied on to produce a leader and develop a successful plan of campaign at the critical moment. Being a Canadian, he could not refrain from criticising the British High Command for not profiting by its previous experiences in the war. I asked him why, under the circumstances, the British army chiefs had stubbornly opposed the idea of a unified command for the Allied Armies. His answer was:

"Why, indeed?"

Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions, yesterday received all the correspondents who were on the Birmingham trip. He told us that the British Army would hardly miss the great quantity of munitions and guns lost in the retreat—that the reserves in France were enormous. Fresh supplies were being rushed across the Channel while the factories in the munition areas were speeding up, turning out powder, shells and guns faster than required. Guns and material we had seen in Birmingham, he said, were already in France.

You tell me so many people, including some we know, are leaving Paris but say nothing about your

own intentions. It seems to me I can discern you have no idea of going; in fact, you are determined to remain. You must use your own judgment but don't take too many chances and stay too long, should conditions become more serious. The shell that dropped in the Tuileries Gardens came uncomfortably close to the hotel. No wonder the rush to the cellar is becoming more frequent and popular. Good luck and take care of yourself. I do wish I could be with you.

CHAPTER VI

Foch is Generalissimo—French Admiral Tells of His Fleet “Covered With Dust” that Went into the Channel in August, 1914—American Wounded Begin to Arrive from Front—France Applauds Pershing’s Offer Placing His Forces at Foch’s Disposal—The “Horror” of Saint Gervais—German Shell Strikes Church Crowded with Good Friday Worshippers—Women and Children Blown into Fragments as They Prayed—Parisians Chase Shells as They Fall—Thousands of British Wounded from Big Battle Throw London into Gloom—British Precipitate Evacuation of Montdidier Almost Caused Disaster—Paris Preparing for Asphyxiating Gas Bombs from German Raiders—A Spiritual Exaltation.

LETTER XXXI.

Paris, March 28, 1918.

As to the result of the big offensive, I have not a doubt in my mind that the Germans will be beaten. I am as calm as though there were no war going on and even though the Huns were at the Porte Maillot, I should know what they couldn’t get any nearer. You saw the effect on the line as soon as the poilu took his stand beside the Tommy. There is no one like the poilu for soldiering qualities—even if he doesn’t keep himself as spic and span as some of the other Allies.

I heard from good authority that the single command had gone into effect last night at midnight. Lloyd George gave peremptory orders to the British High Command to that end and now Foch is Generalissimo. That is a cheering thought, and the English

who have been bragging how much they have done for France and how much better prepared they were than the French, have learned to their cost that it is not so. I heard a report that, because of General Gough's rapid retreat, there is the devil to pay.

I met Mr. D— on the street today. He told me he had had a talk with an American army man who assured him the big gun was one that had been hidden in a house five miles from Paris and had been fired from there by German spies. Can you imagine a more impossible story? As if the people in the neighborhood would not have discovered its whereabouts and made short shrift of it!

Outwardly Paris remains calm. There are thousands who are running away but they are not all the people. Some of us will "stay put" no matter what comes.

There is in this hotel Admiral Rouyer of the French Navy. He is the man who received orders on August 2, 1914, to go out to meet the German Fleet if it tried to enter the Channel. Most of the French Fleet was in the Mediterranean according to agreement with the English; so Rouyer had only a few antiquated cruisers and gunboats "covered with dust," as he says, to keep the Huns at bay. For two days he did not know whether or no the English were going to come into the war, but on the third day a fine big British battleship steamed up to Rouyer's flotilla and told him England was going to stand by France.

The Admiral, his wife and I have become good friends. Madame is a fine musician and we often have little concerts at night when she plays my accompaniments. Today, after lunch, Rouyer came and sat down

beside me and, after telling me news from the front asked if I intended to remain in Paris. I told him I most certainly did; whereupon he declared that as long as I remained his wife would stay; that when I went she would go and added that, if he were obliged to leave on official business, he was going to ask my permission to put her under my protection. I smiled, thinking he was paying me a pretty Gallic compliment. Whereupon he added:

"Madame, I am speaking seriously. I have been watching you and have come to the conclusion that you are a woman who does not lose her head in a crisis and to show my perfect confidence in you, I am going to place my wife in your care."

Flattering, isn't it? especially as Madame is at least sixty.

LETTER XXXII.

Paris, March 29, 1918.

By the day's news you will see that your alarms for my safety were unfounded. The French are holding the Huns and there is no danger that they will break through. I did what you told me to, however: went to the American Express Company and cashed your cheque, leaving a small balance to your credit. I took out all my own money except 200 francs and will put back the sums as soon as the situation is a little more clearly defined.

I think the big gun has begun firing again. At any rate, sounds of falling shells, at twenty-minute intervals, have been heard since three o'clock. No one pays any attention and life goes on just the same. Paris is

much more occupied in reading the daily afternoon *communiqué* and all the newsstands are besieged by mobs wanting to buy *L'Intransigeant*. What they find in it is encouraging and though all faces are grave none of them are panic-stricken. Probably all the cowards have left town—for the travel rush continues.

This morning when I went out it was pouring as it always does on Good Friday. After the Bank I went to the *Mairie* again for our food cards. There was some further hitch and I was told to come again tomorrow. If I don't get the cards by Sunday, I can't get any bread after April 1st. I came home and locked up my "*beaucoup francs*" and then went to Mrs. Taylor's for lunch. There was another American woman there and after we had eaten we sat down and made 1,250 compresses for the Red Cross. They have sent out an urgent call for help as there are so many wounded to be looked after.

One hundred and twenty Americans were brought into the American Hospital at Neuilly on Monday and more are coming in every day. I was so glad to see Pershing's offer to place the entire American Army at the disposal of Foch. It will hearten up France which has so anxiously looked forward to the United States' co-operation and has not been able to hide its disappointment that we have done nothing as yet.

I have no intention of going away, and I beg you not to worry about me. I was told that Whitney Warren expects to get an interview with Clémenceau today and that he is going to ask the *Président du Conseil* to send a message to the American people in his—Clémenceau's—name. This is it:

"Don't worry—but hurry!"

LETTER XXXIII.

Paris, March 30, 1918.

Of course you read of the terrible catastrophe yesterday to the church of Saint Gervais, how a bomb fell upon the side of the building on a vulnerable spot of the masonry, loosened a supporting pillar which crashed in, bringing down part of the vaulted arch and crushing to death seventy-five people and injuring ninety. Can you imagine anything more sadistically fiendish than to hit a church on Good Friday where women and children were praying for their loved ones at the front and reliving the agony of Christ on this, the anniversary of his death!

Commandant Monpert, who was on the spot five minutes after the news of the accident reached the anti-aircraft headquarters, told me some of the things he had seen there. He said he picked up a little child's hand; a tiny arm clean severed from the trunk and broken just above the elbow; against a pillar he saw plastered a thick strand of blood-matted hair and on the stone floor something strange and dark which, when he stooped to pick it up, he found was a face which in same curious manner had become detached from the rest of the head. He helped carry out about twenty dead bodies and, though unnerved by these horrors, remained till Clémenceau and Poincaré arrived with the rest of officialdom to take note of the casualties. The cannon boomed all afternoon but this was its most serious damage. All the lovely windows of Saint Gervais are shattered and the church is terribly wrecked. Monpert said the entire inside was a thick welter of

blood and powdered plaster in which you walked ankle deep.

It was raining this morning but as soon as I read the papers I determined to go out and see things for myself. First, I went to the *Mairie* for the food cards but there was such a mob there that I came away without waiting in line. Being then in the Louvre district I thought I would walk to Saint Gervais. While I was paddling along the rue de Rivoli in the pelting downpour, a shell fell with a deafening noise. I knew it must be near and followed the crowd all running in one direction.

In two minutes I reached the rue St. Denis and the rue des Lombards and found that the *obus* had hit No. 22 in the latter street. The roof and the two top floors were completely wrecked, leaving the exposed rooms yawning in the grey day. Under the eaves were a series of storerooms and it looked odd to see neat packages and trunks and bags all set in orderly array and disclosed to view like a doll's house with the front wall taken out. On one floor the plumbing of the toilet was intact and the chain swung lazily to and fro, set in motion by the impact of the shell. There were no injured people in these houses for these were workmen's quarters and the tenants were away for the day.

The Halles district seems to be the particular target for all sorts of Boche bombs and shells. In the middle of the rue des Lombards a carter was peacefully unloading his farm truck from a high wain. His horse, a splendid Norman percheron, turned astonished eyes on the mob surging around him and then went on munching a wisp of hay. The street was packed with

people but no one was terrified. All around me I heard mutterings of:

"Chameaux!"

"Cochons!"

"Bandits!"

"Assassins!"

And there was the universally expressed determination to hold out to the end. If that is the spirit, the bombardment is a good thing; for there are many defeatists in Paris who have been doing only too successful work.

During my walk I noticed that all the cellar gratings and openings in the sidewalk were being plastered up by workmen and a man on the street explained that this was owing to a Government order, as asphyxiating gasses in bombs were expected to be dropped by the Germans ere long.

I went to Mrs. Taylor's for lunch. On my way there, shells fell now and then and none of them were very far away from me; but I didn't scare. My hostess had a touch of ptomaine poisoning so I left her early and again tried the *Mairie*. Same crowd. Then I wandered along the quays towards Saint Gervais, determined to see it this time. At the Pont d'Arcole I found that a shell had ripped off about ten feet of the parapet, sent the second hand bookstalls tumbling into the Seine and shattered glass all over the neighborhood. The river was full of dead fish floating on the surface and the indefatigable fishermen were having a beautiful time scooping them up with nets.

A *sergeant de ville* told me this particular shell had fallen at 12.30. It was one of those I heard on my way to lunch. The next two fell almost in the identical

spot but landed in the river. While I was talking to the *sergeant*, Big Bertha laid another egg with much cackling but, although I saw smoke across the Seine, I could not quite locate the place. No one paid much attention, neither did your wife.

I was disappointed at Saint Gervais to find the church roped off from the crowd and the damaged part of the building on the side facing way from the street. It was still pouring; my rubbers leaked and the water was slushing about in my shoes. But I liked being out in the rain. I tried the *Mairie* again on my way home. Same result. I'll go again Monday or Tuesday and I think the hotel will furnish me with bread in the meantime.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, March 31, 1918.

Easter—and London went to church with thoughts of the women and children killed in Paris by the Boche shell as they knelt in worship on Good Friday. The name of the church where the tragedy occurred has been suppressed by the censor but I understand it is in the Louvre quarter. When I get your letter tomorrow I know all the information will be there. This latest exploit of the Hun has affected the British people very much as did the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the murder of Nurse Cavell. Another crime on the long list for which Germany must answer.

Tonight's news from the front is not very encouraging. The Germans are now within eight miles of Amiens and their heavy artillery will soon command

the main line of the railroad from Paris. One cause of the Hun's rapid advance here, I was told tonight, is that in its hurried retreat to the northwest, the British evacuated Montdidier before the French, who were coming up, could get there to take over its defense. The Huns marched into the city without meeting any opposition and when the French did arrive they had to take positions to the westward and try to hold back the German thrust. All the luck seems to be with the Huns. Take the weather for instance. Conditions have been perfect for offensive movements. They have been able to keep bringing up their guns and supplies on the heels of the infantry. On the other hand, every British jump-off has been accompanied by heavy rains and has died down in the mud of Flanders or Picardy, as the case might be.

Every evening now, there is a saddening sight which draws thousands of people to Charing Cross and the Strand. The wounded are arriving in large numbers from the battlefront and a steady stream of ambulances emerges from the station, distributing its burden of suffering to the different hospitals. In each car there are usually four men lying wrapped in bandages, the electric light inside the ambulances revealing the occupants to the silent and oftentimes weeping spectators. The wounded, for the most part, lie motionless on their stretchers with their eyes closed. Occasionally, one not so seriously hurt raises his head and shoulders and shouts or, if possible, waves a greeting. The grin on his face is eloquent of his joy in getting back to "Blighty," even in an ambulance.

Very serious cases are accompanied by nurses who sit in the middle of the smooth-running cars, sometimes

with a hand on the brow of each of the two men in her charge. As a rule, the train bringing the wounded from Dover arrives while it is still light, but occasionally it is much later. Then the passage of the ambulances through the blackness of the Strand brings with it a sobering influence upon the rather boisterous and often rowdyish throngs that surge along both sides of the street. The wounded and their reddened bandages are illuminated against the outside gloom as though in a shrine, and war, which had seemed so far away for the moment, is brought back sharply to the consciousness of the promenaders.

These wounded men have caused London to realize that the fighting is not so far distant. There are many cases of men wounded in the early morning in Picardy, reaching a London hospital and sleeping there the same night. Some of the less seriously injured who are able to talk about the German attack, say the enemy losses were tremendous. Wave after wave was mowed down, still the grey masses were thrown forward until, by sheer weight of numbers, they swept back the British lines. The British artillery raked the columns advancing in the open until the men were ready to drop from the exhaustion of firing. Back of the lines the roads are indescribably congested by fresh troops and supplies going up, while flowing in the opposite direction is a torrent of wounded and refugees from the districts again falling into the enemy's hands. These unfortunate people, who had gone back to their homes when the Germans retreated to the Hindenburg line, have again lost everything that was theirs in the world.

I have had luck with my meat coupons. Certain restaurants are not so particular as others in collecting

them and I succeeded yesterday and today in persuading waiters to accept two that were supposedly good only in the week previous. I am therefore still the proud possessor of my full allowance for this week. But as I have asked Alix and her husband to dine with me at the Piccadilly Hotel Grill tomorrow night, bang will go three of them and in the remaining four days of this week I shall be entitled to eat meat but once and then only four ounces.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, March 31, 1918.

It seems to have percolated even through the bestial Boche brain that the massacre of women and children on Good Friday was too much for civilization to stomach. So Easter is calm and peaceful and the big gun is silent. After the damage it did in the past two days—there it goes again!—I spoke too soon. That is the first shot of the day and I suppose they have calculated that the churches are empty at this hour and they can safely bombard “the fortress of Paris” without too much shame to themselves.

Its effect will probably be to drive out of town the remainder of the cowards. I understand perfectly how persons with children, or invalids or old people should want to go where they are in safety, but I don’t see how able-bodied men and women who have no one dependent on them can bear to leave Paris in these thrilling days. I wouldn’t go for worlds and I am more thankful every minute that mine is the privilege of being here in these historic hours. It will be a memory to treasure.

The Saint James is rapidly thinning out. I don't seem to know exactly who has gone; but the dining-room and the Hall are comparatively deserted and there is a fresh exodus every day.

I read your letter this morning on my way up the Champs Élysées to church. I am glad you are beginning to realize that I mean to stick. How could you have thought otherwise—after knowing me all these years! I shall stick even if the Germans get within a mile of Paris and I won't promise that I shan't stick even then.

I am still in my wonderful state of spiritual exaltation. It left me for a moment the other day after getting your letter, but yesterday and today it is back tenfold. It is a marvelous sensation; more beautiful than anything I have ever known—more beautiful even than the intoxication that comes with the joy of fulfilment of a passionate love. So don't feel worried or blue about me. I am having the greatest experience of my life. There goes another shell! They are firing at shorter intervals today—probably to make up for the time they missed this morning.

All the pneumatic clocks stopped yesterday at ten minutes to four. A shell fell in the building where they are regulated. It seems funny to be dependent on my wrist watch; I am so accustomed simply to raise my eyes and find the correct time on the wall above me. I wound up your alarm clock and that helps some. I also noticed this morning that the work of sealing up all the cellar openings is going on rapidly. The Hotel Crillon has bricked up all those giving on the street; the American Red Cross has used a thick coating of plaster. Further along the rue de Rivoli the gratings

opening into the pavement have been closed by sand bags which are cemented down on all four sides and which look like little *prie-dieux*. There must be some real reason for fearing the gas attacks but I think it is only a *canard*.

I wish you might have seen the Champs Élysées today. The Avenue was heavenly. The trees are all out and over everything is the sheen of shimmering green. Few people were to be seen and the streets were comfortably empty. Have you read that people are now forbidden to leave Paris by motor? The cars are being held up ready to be requisitioned for transporting provisions or troops should the necessity arise.

LETTER XXXVI.

Paris, April 1, 1918.

At four today the phantom gun sent off its first shot. I wonder why it begins so late? Yesterday it did the same thing. One of its shots fell in an empty plot of ground and did not explode; the other fell on the roof of 18, rue Favart. Only the width of this very narrow street stood between the shell and a terrible catastrophe. The Opéra Comique directly across the way was having a holiday matinée and the house was full of women and children. It would have been another "glorious German victory" had the obus struck twenty feet to the left. As it was, it went through the roof, demolished the top story and pierced the other floors without doing much damage. The funny part—for there is always a funny side—is that it hit the offices of *La Voix Nationale*, a Radico-Socialist paper of the reddest

type. I wonder whether its policy will still be for victory without indemnity!

Miss A— is beginning to get cold feet and I expect she will follow the V—'s example and decamp in a few days. And yet she is supposed to be "on the job" and workers of her kind are signed for a certain time and are supposed to take the good with the bad. I know nothing on earth would make me leave my post: guns, gas, fear of approaching Germans. I'd stick and I wouldn't care what sort of medicine I was forced to take at the end. Am I a fool, or aren't these just the plain ordinary duties of a worker in these warlike days?

LETTER XXXVII.

Paris, April 3, 1918.

I have written you several times about the exalted spiritual state that has come to me in these days when many people think danger threatens. I could not express it properly but today I found a passage in May Sinclair's *The Tree of Heaven* that seemed to me to describe my emotions perfectly. I want to quote the words for I know they will interest you.

"It is absolutely real. I mean it has to do with absolute reality. With God. It hasn't to do with having courage; it's another state of mind altogether. You're not ashamed of it next day. It isn't excitement; you're not excited. It isn't a tingling of your nerves; they don't tingle. It's all curiously quiet and steady. Your body and its nerves aren't in it at all. Your body may be moving violently, with other bodies moving violently around you; but *you're* still. But suppose it is your

nerves. Why should they tingle just at that particular moment, the moment that makes *animals* afraid? Why should you be so extraordinarily happy? Why should the moment of danger be always the "exquisite" moment? Why not the moment of safety?

"Doesn't it look as if danger were the point of contact with reality, and death the closest point? Actually you lay hold on eternal life, and you know it.

"Another thing—it always comes with that little shock of recognition. It's happened before, and when you get near to it again you know what it is. You keep on wanting to get near it, wanting it to happen again. You may lose it next minute, but you know."

That seems to express what I feel and perhaps I can make you understand why I am not afraid. I know that it is God within me and I am absolutely happy. I would not have been deprived of the experiences of the past ten days for worlds for they have brought me up with a turn before the real meaning of life. I *believe* and I am in a state of beatitude. The war does queer things to all of us and it has done this queer thing to me.

CHAPTER VII

England's Final Effort to Drain Her Man Power to Fight Germany—Robbing the Cradle and the Grave to Feed the Holocaust—Signs of the Scarcity of Men in England Significant—Bernard Shaw Says Haig Is "The Best Writer"—Conscription Proposed for Ireland—Search for the "Lounge Lizards" in London—Exodus from Paris Estimated from 600,000 to 1,000,000—Parisians Begin to Look Weary and War Worn—Haig's Message to Army that "With our Backs to the Wall each of Us Must Fight to the End" Shock's British Public—Most Critical Moment Since September, 1914—Americans Preparing to Get into Battle.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, April 8, 1918.

Tomorrow Great Britain begins her final effort to raise more men and still more men to fight the Hun. This time men up to 50 years are included among those liable for military service. The wastage of life in the present fighting is frightfully heavy and one hears rumors that the British divisions in France are by no means as many or as strong in the number of effective fighting men as Lloyd George recently gave Parliament and the country to understand.

For the past ten days thousands upon thousands of soldiers who have been forming part of the Home Army have been rushed across the Channel to fill the gaps made by the thousands who have fallen. Their places must be taken by those who will be called up by this latest man-power bill. Professional and busi-

ness men who have reached the age when Englishmen begin to consider retiring from active pursuits and lads still in their school years are included. Old and young, men well past middle age and boys will put on their country's uniform to do their bit for the Empire. The need of calling up these classes, which even the most unbridled imagination in time of peace would not have admitted as a possibility, has made a deep impression in England. It has driven home the realization of the desperate nature of the struggle. It is calling up the nation's last reserves to enter the fire of battle, as one commentator put it: "robbing the cradle and the grave to feed the holocaust."

Sometimes the appreciation of serious conditions is brought home by circumstances that seem ludicrously incongruous. This happened to me the other night when I went to see *Pamela*, a musical play in which Lily Elsie is supposed to be the bright particular star. *Pamela*, by the way, is so reminiscent of the *Lilac Domino* in plot, such as there is, grouping and character of the principal parts and in the music, that I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not in the Alhambra instead of the Palace. As I watched the show, I suddenly realized that there were but six men in the chorus to about forty girls. These six could not be classed as young, and when they endeavored to dance with the "Merry, Merry" girlies, the exhibition was pitiable. Decrepit is the only word that fits the description, cruel as it sounds.

Managers have usually boasted of the number of pretty girls in their shows. If this war continues, it is possible press agents may be driven to lay stress on the number of able-bodied men. An entire generation is

being wiped out. In the munition areas and in manufacturing centers only do you see any considerable number of young men, excepting of course in London. There seem to be plenty of them here, in and out of uniform, many more than you see in Paris. In the agricultural districts only old men and boys are working in the fields.

I heard today that the cross-Channel services have been suspended, all the boats being requisitioned for the transportation of troops. General Maurice, in his weekly talk to newspapermen, was of the opinion that a renewal of the German offensive might be expected any day. He did not take a very optimistic view of the outlook.

This morning I had an agreeable surprise. When I came downstairs and handed my key to the girl behind the desk at the Waldorf, she took from the mail box for my room a white envelope.

"Here's your sugar, Mr. Snyder," she said as she gave it to me.

It was my allowance for the week. I had quite forgotten that the new regulation was in effect, and in future I would get no sugar in the restaurants and would have to carry my supply with me. The next thing, we will have to carry our own bread, I suppose. The other day, having had no luncheon, I felt hungry at tea time and ordered **two** poached eggs and some toast with my tea.

"You will get a slice of toast under your eggs; we cannot serve you with any more bread than that," the waitress told me.

The bread, while dark and heavy, is not bad at all. Am sorry the Paris bread is as awful as you and every-

one else is agreed. As to hot water, there is an abundant supply day and night in the Waldorf and in all the other large hotels. I sympathize with you, having hot water Saturday and Sunday only and cold baths the other five days of the week.

The irrepressibility of Bernard Shaw rises superior to the horrors of war. I asked a number of English authors if they would say who, in their opinion, during the past twelve months was the most interesting writer and what was the most striking note struck in the publications for that period. I wanted the information for a symposium to appear in the literary supplement of the *Sun*. Here is Shaw's reply:

"Sir Douglas Haig is the best writer in the past twelve months. Wilson is a back number."

LETTER XXXIX.

Paris, April 9, 1918.

The cannon has boomed twice this morning but I do not know whether it made a bull's-eye. The V—s have not yet gone. They were unable to get accommodations at Arcachon or at Aix and are now wiring other towns to see if they can be taken in. All the provinces are packed with fugitives. The stations are still crowded with nervous souls who want to get away, and a seething mob struggles to pass the cordon of *gendarmes* at the entrances; entreating, pleading, cajoling and even trying bribery to get through into the big station room where is the ticket office. Not many of them succeeded. I am told that 500,000 people have left town since the great offensive began. That does

not seem possible though the streets are practically empty and even the Métro has not its usual crowds. You can get a seat at almost any hour of the day now. That, more than anything else, will show you that the times are abnormal. The taxi drivers, who for months have been too haughty for words, now drive slowly along the curbs and with a smile ask if you don't want to ride.

The hotel is well-nigh empty and if it were not that it is the headquarters of the British Red Cross I am afraid it would have to shut up shop. The headwaiter has gone for a long vacation. May he stay away forever! You know he is an Austrian who had the *flair* to have himself naturalized French two months before the war began. He was terrified of the bombs and was always the first to appear in the Hall with a frightened pasty white face. He knows his own people and what to expect of them. I hear there are only twelve people left at the Regina, that the Brighton is closing, that the Meurice is deserted and that many hotels will be forced to shut their doors.

LETTER XL.

London, April 10, 1918.

Today, our wedding anniversary, finds me in London where we were married, and you in Paris where first we met. It's hard luck, this separation and on today of all days. Two letters from you this morning somewhat softened the regret I feel in not being able to be with you. I hope you got at least one from me, also a telegram I sent yesterday and that you had a

spree of some kind to celebrate the day. I didn't, for I have been busy from morning until now, almost midnight, and I won't be through for several hours. The nearest approach to joy bells for me was that, on my way to Pall Mall this afternoon, I walked by Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields where the event occurred—how many years ago did you say?

No let up in big news. Yesterday there was a very solemn moment in the House of Commons when Lloyd George told Parliament in plain words of the extremely serious situation confronting the Allies. He did not despair of eventual victory but admitted that the Allies must make a supreme effort to avert disaster. The heavy losses and the continual yielding of ground have had a markedly depressing effect on everyone. The smashing of the Portuguese sector on the river Lys has contributed to the gloom, though the British units held firm on the flanks and prevented the Germans from widening the breach they had made in the front. The Germans claim to have taken 6,000 of the Portuguese prisoners.

I have heard many stories concerning the lack of discipline and reliability of these troops; also the fear expressed that they were a weak link in the defensive chain. One very amusing yarn related to a recent series of small raids carried on by the Portuguese and the Huns. It would appear, from the stories, that a few Germans captured by the Portuguese were released after undergoing rather harsh treatment. Placards fixed on their backs announced that future prisoners would be dealt with in a similar manner.

The next night the Germans came over and took quite a number of prisoners. These men came back

across No Man's Land the following day with this notice fastened to their tunics by the Huns: "When we want any of these, we'll come and get them." They had been even more harshly treated than the earlier victims of Portuguese ingenuity.

The Premier at the same time explained why the calling up of more and older men for the army was necessary. There is an awful howl being raised in most of the newspapers over the number of physically fit young men who are to be found in Government offices and protected industries. "These must be rooted out from their 'cushy' jobs which they hold because of pull," declares the Northcliffe press, "and sent to the front before the men of 50 included in the new conscription measure are taken away from their families and businesses." This declaration is echoed in one form or another by almost all the other newspapers. The *embusqués* are called the "Cyrils and Percys hiding in the home woods," by the more violent of the papers. Broadway's designation of "lounge-lizards" with Raymond Carroll's addition of "Chopin-lizards" would fit many. What an opportunity this would have been for W. S. Gilbert's satirical pen.

The application of conscription to Ireland is also occupying a big place in the public mind. There is hardly a dissenting voice lifted in England against the enforcement of some sort of compulsory service in Ireland, but the Government is severely criticised in many quarters for putting itself in the position of seeming to extend Home Rule in one hand as a sop for conscription which it puts forward in the other. Shrewd political observers are already saying the move is a

blunder and the result will be that Ireland will get neither Home Rule nor conscription.

Submarines are keeping up their activity around all the coasts. I learned yesterday at the United States Naval Headquarters that the U-53 had been identified in attacks on six ships in the Irish Sea within a week. This is the German submarine that sank five ships off Nantucket in the summer of 1916, while you were at 'Sconset, not so very far distant.

LETTER XLI.

Paris, April 10, 1918.

Today, for the first time in weeks, I feel depressed. There is no reason for it so far as I can see except, perhaps, the new British retreat. It does seem a pity that they can't hold. What has come over their fighting spirit? they who are so quick to say that they are the only true sportsmen of the world and that they are fighting France's battle for her. It doesn't look that way when France has to send constant reinforcements after every attack. Poor France! She has so much to bear and she does it so gallantly. I have not the slightest fear for the outcome: my faith never wavers but my heart aches for the blood shed in streams by this country to give courage and help to her Allies.

This afternoon I wandered down to the quays on the left bank and browsed among the bookstalls. I felt the atmosphere of depression that hovers over the city just now. The people looked sad and careworn as though they realized that the whole war was on their shoulders

and, though they are willing to bear it, the burden is heavy at times. The streets are quite empty. One begins to notice the effect of the exodus. Yesterday I heard the number put at 1,000,000. Before that, it was 100,000; 500,000; 600,000 and 800,000. I think 600,000 would be nearer right.

Tomorrow night the small diningroom is to be closed and we are all to sit in the big *salle à manger*. That is a sensible move, for the guests are gradually getting less and less. Much of the personnel is being discharged; even the nice telephone girl is being let out.

From home letters I see that New York exaggerates our perils and the country is convinced that we in Paris are in daily danger of death. If they only knew how little we have to suffer! There is only one barbarity to which we are subjected and that is the bread. It has suddenly become awful—a thousand times worse than it was last July when we thought it uneatable. The flour is not good at present and will probably remain poor till the next harvest.

There are three "*saucisses*" or Caquot balloons anchored in the Tuileries these days and three on the Champs Élysées near the Grand Palais. They are to be used in connection with the air raids the next time they occur. They are painted bright yellow with brown veilings and with the little sandbags that are their ballast and which look for all the world like their feet, they give the illusion of fat, juicy caterpillars. Standing beside each balloon is the chassis of a motor car which carries a spool on which is wound thousands of feet of steel wire. Some people say that this wire is to be used to form a network to catch the Gothas.

Others, that it is merely the cable that holds the balloon to the ground. A black Malagash soldier mounts guard with his gun and marches up and down to keep away persons afflicted with abnormal curiosity.

LETTER XLII.

Paris, April 13, 1918.

We were shelled all day yesterday and one *obus* fell in the rue Miromesnil quite near the Ministère de la Guerre. Then we had an *alerte* last evening and, though it lasted only 20 minutes, quite a lot of damage was done. The first bombs fell before the warning sounded and were all dropped at the beginning of the rue de Rivoli on a big cheap furniture shop called Au Bûcheron. The mischief of it was that the bombs smashed the gas mains, ignited the gas and three houses were burned. Fortunately the gas caught fire instead of exploding else the damage would have been greater. You could see the flames shooting up to a great height and the illumination was visible for blocks. The Saint Paul Métro station was hit and today trains did not make this stop. Another bomb fell in the court of a house in the rue Charles Quint and one in the rue Charlemagne; in both places people were hurt by falling plaster and shattered glass; but there were no deaths. Today we have had no bombardment and, as it is pouring, the chances of a raid are slim. I did not go into the cellar last night and my shocking example nerved several people to remaining in the Hall with me.

Tomorrow we shall be deprived of heat and hot water. Brrr! I don't like the idea of cold baths

though I can take them without a shiver. Six months at least must elapse before we can be comfortable again, although hot water on Saturday and Sunday is some consolation.

LETTER XLIII.

London, April 13, 1918.

The British public had a shock this morning when it read Sir Douglas Haig's message to the army in France. Now as never before, the man in the street realizes the momentous issues depending upon the result of the great battle. Not since Nelson's immortal signal: "England expects every man to do his duty," has Britain been so thrilled as it was by Haig's:

"There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. **WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL**, and believing in the justice of our cause, **EACH OF US MUST FIGHT TO THE END**. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depends alike on the conduct of each of us at this critical moment."

It was apparent from the official and unofficial reports from the battlefield yesterday that the situation was critical, but no one was prepared for Haig's solemn statement of its extreme gravity. No one believes the British commander would have taken so serious a view of what the decision of the battle would mean unless the situation justified it and his declaration has made his countrymen think of possibilities to which they have hitherto given little or no serious attention. The British can always be depended upon to fight to the

last man when they have their backs to the wall, and the French are coming up to their assistance. I hear the Americans also are moving up to the front lines.

Not since the first months of the struggle has England been keyed up to such tense emotion as at this moment. Now, as in 1914, the Channel ports are threatened by the Huns. Unless the British Army holds fast, the Germans will extend their gains on the Lys and towards Amiens and, if successful in breaking through, will achieve their long sought for aim—the dislocation of the French and British armies. This would make necessary a swinging back of the entire British line north of the Somme, uncovering the coast as far south as the mouth of the Somme and leaving Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne at the mercy of the Germans. It would mean that the small portion of Belgium so far preserved from the Hun would be overrun and all communication between England and the Continent shifted to Hâvre and the ports westward. The possibility of the Germans installing at Calais and Boulogne such long range guns as are now bombarding Paris, is not disregarded. Dover, Folkstone and the southeast coast of England would be exposed to their shells.

Men spoke today, it seemed, in lower tones than usual and their faces were grave and troubled as they discussed the latest news from the front. There was an air of apprehensive expectancy noticeable about the Government departments. It is said the contingency of the Allied army having to retire to the south of Paris has been discussed by the military chiefs and plans made for provisioning and munitioning the British Army through new bases on the west and south coast of France, if necessary. I was told today that since

March 25, the British had rushed 200,000 fresh troops to France; that for ten days every boat on the Channel had been devoted solely to the transportation of men, munitions and supplies, all passenger service being suspended.

Yesterday I heard the conclusions of the Dublin Convention expounded by its chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett. It was hoped the deliberations of this body, which continued for months with a great amount of secrecy surrounding the sittings, would furnish a basis for the settlement of the Irish question. Sir Horace did not appear to be very optimistic that Home Rule would be materially advanced as a result of the Convention. This impression may be due, however, more to his halting manner of presenting the case than to its merits. He was obviously ill at ease in analyzing the Convention's conclusions to some fifty newspapermen who had been called together for the purpose by the Ministry of Information. Besides, he was embarrassed by the delay in arrival of copies of the report.

Plunkett is a tired-looking, rather fragile man of 65 with a straggling grey beard. He is retiring by nature and dislikes the limelight. See him for the first time and you would not carry away any impression of distinction. Yet he is acclaimed and honored wherever men debate the future of Ireland as one of the few Irishmen who think for Ireland instead of announcing their willingness to die for her. He has been working for her salvation for over thirty years without ceasing. Prior to 1889, when he returned to Ireland from the United States and began to labor for the agricultural regeneration of Ireland, he had a cattle ranch in Wyoming and still retains a home in California.

LETTER XLIV.

London, April 16, 1918.

We have been having a touch of filthy weather. Yesterday it snowed, hailed, rained and blew a miniature blizzard. Today it has rained steadily and there is a rawness in the air that chills to the bone. The open grate fire blazes and splutters merrily as though there was no such thing as a coal shortage, and makes the office a welcome refuge from the streets. You would enjoy such extravagance after the cold Paris hotel. I wish for more urgent reasons you were here.

I heard today that the American correspondents have been brought from Neufchâteau to Paris, preliminary to going down to some sector of the front. This would indicate that the American troops are going in at last. One hears two questions on every side: "Will the French arrive in time to hold the British front?" and "When will the Americans begin fighting?" The British are battling heroically but the weight of the German push appears too much for them to check.

Yesterday I went to a luncheon at the House of Commons, given by the Ministry of Information for the delegation of labor leaders and social workers who have just arrived from New York. One of them, who described himself as proud of being a son of the "greatest State in the Union—Iowa," declared the Middle West was ablaze with enthusiasm and determination to win the war. One was tempted to ask him: "And why the Middle West only?" Several of the labor leaders made good, straight from the shoulder talks. A. J. Balfour, who welcomed the delegation in

behalf of the British Government, seemed to be ill at ease and the hesitancy and disconnectedness of his remarks were not what one would expect from so brilliant a statesman. There are times when he is polished, logical and lucid and when his delivery flows smoothly and convincingly.

I sat next to Lord Pirrie, who as Shipping Controller has on his shoulders the enormous task of repairing the losses inflicted upon the British Merchant Marine by the German submarines. Incidentally, it is his job to get ships quickly to transport food supplies to England and avert an aggravation of the present shortage from which all suffer more or less. Despite his heavy responsibilities, he was very cheery but as silent as a clam on the subject of ship building. He was in Lipton's party which came to New York to see *Shamrock I* try to lift the America's cup. Even then, he was looked upon as one of Britain's greatest ship builders, being Managing Director of the great Belfast firm of Harland and Wolff, of which company he is now chairman.

In the delegation are five or six women, including Mrs. William Astor Chanler. They came over in the *Carmania*, of which you have a fond memory; and had the usual experiences of trans-Atlantic voyagers these days. They were attacked by a submarine; of this everyone was positive, and our enthusiastic friend from Iowa asserted the torpedo missed the ship by not more than eight feet. Whose eye was regarded as sufficiently expert and accurate to gauge this distance, he did not reveal. Two nights later, when they were in Birmingham inspecting the munition plants, the German airships raided the city and dropped bombs close enough for the delegates to hear the explosions. These

interesting experiences the censor will not permit us to cable to the United States.

Last night *Twin Beds* had its first London production and was very well received. It has changed its name and some of the lines are cut, but it is practically the same as when we saw it in New York. The hit of the evening was made by Helen Raymond, whom I did not remember having seen in New York, in the part of the jealous wife formerly played by Ray Cox. She sent the audience into convulsions of laughter—quite upset the British gravity. She got splendid notices, the *Times* critic going so far as to say that she has the possibilities of becoming another Ada Rehan! *Twin Beds* is the seventh or eighth American play now on the London theatrical boards. There is very little evidence of English productiveness; the war appears to have choked it.

Many of the theatres are presenting *révues* or musical pieces, which cannot be considered as serious work. *Dear Brutus* is a striking exception. Before going to the theatre I had dinner at the Piccadilly with Carl Ricard. Each of us, after contributing a meat coupon, was served with a delicious slice of roast American ham. The flavor recalled those wonderful Virginia hams Tillie May Forney had at her suppers and also the paraphrase she always quoted on those occasions: "*A nut* is as good as a feast."

CHAPTER VIII

Resentment Among Certain Class of British Army Officers at the Appointment of Foch as Generalissimo—Gen. Maurice's Intemperate Comparison between Foch and Blücher at Waterloo—British Retirement in Ypres Sector Deceived Germans—Censors Consider a Newspaper "Beat" a Thing of Evil that Must Be Scotched—German Newspapers' Absurd Stories about Panic and Anarchy in Paris—Heroism of a French Regiment at Concy—Attack of British on Submarine Nests at Zeebrugge and Ostend—Meeting the Attacking Warships at Dover after the Dash—Pershing in London—Arrival of a New York Division in England.

LETTER XLV.

London, April 18, 1918.

The ill-concealed resentment and soreness felt by a certain class of British officers over the adoption of the unified command on the Western front and the naming of Foch as Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, found vent in ill-timed and choleric remarks made yesterday by General Sir E. Maurice to the correspondents. Maurice, who is Director of Military Operations at the British War Office, delivers a weekly lecture to the newspapermen on the progress and strategy of the war. Formerly his talk was for the American correspondents alone, but now representatives of English, Dominion and newspapers of the Allied countries all meet at the same time. He is one of the group at the War Office which opposed the unity of command and succeeded in nullifying Lloyd George's efforts to this end,

begun in Paris last December and supported by Northcliffe.

The *Morning Post* and the *Globe* which are the mouthpieces of this group, declared it was unthinkable that the British Army should be put under the direction of a foreign General. It could only be a Frenchman, they said, and argued that the selection of a man for this great post would rest in the hands of the French Premier, who, they insisted, might be thrown out of office by the Chamber of Deputies. His successor could then appoint another Generalissimo, perhaps one with political ambitions, who might use the British Army to further the designs of a Ministry with which the British Cabinet might not be in full accord.

Maurice on several occasions seemed to go out of his way to disparage the plan. Since the smashing of the British Fifth Army the last week in March, which brought about the unity of command, he has, however, been silent on the subject. Yesterday when he met the correspondents it was obvious he was in a bad temper. He had returned from the front the night before and talked in a decidedly pessimistic strain. He intimated that the British armies have been bearing the entire weight of the German attack to the point of exhaustion and can only be extricated from their perilous position by quick relief from some outside force. He recounted the critical moment at Waterloo when, as the battle swayed back and forth, Wellington began to pray for "night or Blücher." Maurice caustically remarked:

"Will Blücher now arrive in time?"

He compared the British Army in Flanders to the British at Waterloo—undergoing a terrific hammering, but added: "All is not lost *provided* Blücher is march-

ing to the battlefield." His innuendo that Foch is not coming to Haig's relief as quickly as he might, was unmistakably clear and created a very disagreeable impression.

Maurice also declared that the French Army on the Western front was larger than the British but said nothing about the almost three times as long line the French hold. As the British War Office figures show something more than seven million men enrolled in the Army and Navy, Maurice's remarks cause one to ask where are all these millions of men if their force on the Western front is less than the French who are estimated to have in line some two million and a quarter men? Unless I am very much mistaken, Maurice's remarks will have an unfortunate effect in Paris and Washington.

Maurice also told us the British had made a considerable retirement in the Ypres sector, of which the Germans were yet unaware, and indicated on the map their present position. They have given up practically all the ground they gained last year in the desperate fighting north and east of Ypres, including Paschendaele, which cost thousands of lives. This move, he intimated, was for the purpose of averting the possibility of the Germans driving through and dividing the British armies, forcing the part to the north to retreat to the coast and opening a gap through which the Huns could advance in the direction of Calais and Boulogne. Maurice pledged us not to use the information he gave us until the retirement was mentioned in the official despatches. Last night the German *communiqué* announced the British retreat around Ypres as a great victory. As a matter of fact, they did not discover the withdrawal

had taken place until two days after it had been effected.

The nervous strain under which so many here are living was illustrated the other day in a police court case. The wife of a high officer in the Army and a Lord Lieutenant of one of the Irish counties, was fined \$50 for "disseminating false and misleading reports of a mischievous nature, having to do with His Majesty's Army." It appears she went to a London sub post-office and wrote a telegram to her husband in Ireland stating that the Germans were marching on Calais; that Dover and Folkestone were being evacuated. Of course the censor stopped the telegram and Scotland Yard detectives were put on the job. The woman was hailed to court. Her explanation sounds quite natural under the circumstances. She had been told the rumor by a servant in her sister's household. Her son is in one of the divisions fighting where the Germans would have broken through had the report been true. The fear that he had been killed swept her off her mental balance and she wrote the message in a nervous panic, her lawyer urged in court.

Speaking of the censors, the arbitrary suppression of newspaper cables is more drastic now than at any time during the war excepting the first few months. Under the regulations, it is difficult to learn whether one's messages go through or not, and the result of much hard labor frequently gets no further than the "hut" in Whitehall where all newspaper despatches are passed upon before being sent to the cable offices. Sometimes you are informed days afterwards that your cable of such and such a date was not allowed to go through, but as a rule you remain in absolute ignorance of the fate of your despatches. When you have ex-

traordinarily good luck and dig up some exclusive news, not given out in official quarters, your message is not only suppressed but you are likely to receive, as I did recently, a note from the Chief Censor stating that your "efforts to secure and transmit such information as contained in your despatch of ——— date, is in violation and contrary to the provisions of the Defence Of the Realm Act, and renders you liable to summary punishment."

When you get such a warning you know you are now on DORA's list of suspects and your despatches will be more closely watched in the future. A second or third offense and you are personally summoned to explain your sins. After that, if you continue to transgress, almost anything may happen to you, for the power wielded by DORA, which is the popular and economical abbreviation of Defense Of the Realm Act, is almost illimitable.

It is an exasperating and discouraging condition of things for, to the average censor, a "beat" is a thing of evil and must be scotched on general principles. His tea time and the hour for dinner cannot be interfered with even though a mass of despatches for America and the Continent are awaiting inspection and will arrive too late for tomorrow's papers unless expedited. Sometimes three or four hours elapse between the time a message is handed in at the censor's office and the hour it reaches the cable company. Frequently this means that your labor has been in vain and the cable tolls wasted, for the despatch arrives in New York too late for the last edition. By the next day it has lost much of its value, for even flowers do not fade so quickly as do some kinds of news.

LETTER XLVI.

Paris, April 20, 1918.

You ask me how I would feel if I knew that London were being bombed every day. Do you really want to know? Candidly, I should not worry a bit for I should be convinced that *you* were in no danger and that you were amply able to take care of yourself. That's the way I wish you would feel about me who am absolutely safe. We had peace from the big gun for two days but yesterday she took another pop at us.

Mme. Gros is not leaving Paris. Edmond tells her there is no danger but, if there is, he will inform her in time and she will have to get out. I know positively that General Foch has made his wife and family remain, saying that Paris was perfectly safe; also General Lebouc, with whose wife I had tea this afternoon. If these two men are content to have their families in this city, it seems to me I have no reason for running away. I shall hear through the Leboucs if trouble comes and I then promise to get out—if that will set your mind at rest.

Mrs. Johnson, writing from Dijon, says that there are rumors that shells are falling in Paris in front of the Continental Hotel and other equally well-known places. The German papers print the most fantastic reports about the demoralization of Paris. The city is in a state of revolution; Clémenceau and Poincaré dare not show their faces on the streets for fear of the mob; the Place de l'Opéra is the daily meeting place of anarchists and revolutionaries who hurl down curses on the political leaders who have brought the country to

such a pass; the Boulevards are filled with fleeing hordes rushing madly from the danger city; 400 shells a day are falling; the Obelisk of the Place de la Concorde has been removed and hidden in a safe place; the American secret police has taken over the policing of the city; panic-stricken crowds huddle in the underground stations of the Métro sleeping there at night and cooking their meals along the stone quays by day. But the crowning touch is the report that Annamite soldiers dressed as women are in charge of machine guns ready to train them on the masses in case of a too serious uprising. Doesn't it all sound absurd? And yet, in the provinces, people really believe that Paris is in ruins and we are in a dreadful way. If you only knew how quiet and peaceful it is here and how little heed we give to Big Bertha and her braying.

At tea with the Leboucs today, Madame got out her husband's letters and read us extracts. The General has written her every day since the war began and she has a wonderful first hand document of military events that later on will make a most interesting book. The letters read this afternoon were all about this last offensive. Lebouc was the liaison General between the French and British armies and he had made all preparations and established positions for retirement, feeling sure the Germans would attack close to his command. Instead, they attacked a little further along and the Fifth British Army suddenly began to retreat leaving a great open space on Lebouc's flank. To close this gap he was obliged to retreat without it being known by the Huns and he put a single regiment into Coucy, telling the men they must hold till the retreat was accomplished. You have read what marvelous things

this regiment accomplished and how they kept the Boches at bay. Five hundred cavalry were also thrown into the gap and it was they who stopped the oncoming Germans. When the Huns found themselves balked, they were so furious that they scratched and bit their adversaries, whose corpses were found after the battle with such wounds on them. The cavalry had no artillery and fought *corps à corps*. Lebouc says it was a marvelous thing that will go down into history.

LETTER XLVII.

London, April 25, 1918.

You will not receive your usual letter that should have been written last night. I have just returned from Dover, where I saw the men and ships which made the brilliant attack on Zeebrugge and Ostend. London was aroused and thrilled yesterday afternoon when the newspapers published the first reports of the daring raid of the British Navy on these submarine nests. The U-boats have been very active recently and an attempt was made to bottle them up in their bases on the Belgian coast. It seems to have been partly successful, as two old ships filled with concrete were sunk in the Channel at Zeebrugge. At Ostend, unfortunately, owing to weather conditions and inability of the attacking flotilla to find its bearings, the ships which were intended to close the harbor were sunk to the side of the Channel, leaving it free for the passage of submarines. The coolness and bravery of the British sailors and marines running their ships under a storm of shell fire inside the harbor and alongside the mole

at Zeebrugge will live in the annals of the Navy. They went through the Inferno, undeterred by the harvest of death, did the work they set out to do and came back to Dover jubilant.

The Admiralty telephoned late yesterday afternoon that it was sending a special train to Dover, on which the American correspondents would be welcome. I had less than 20 minutes to get to Victoria. When we reached Dover, some of the ships that had participated in the attack had already returned, others came in later in the evening. The *Vindictive*, a 3,000-ton cruiser of the old type, which was the flagship of the expedition, was the worst battered-up mass of steel that I have ever seen afloat. She was riddled by shells, her funnels partly shot away and her upper works and decks a litter of wreckage. Her dead, who were numerous, were being removed when we got there. The destroyers which had gone into the harbor with the *Vindictive*, had not fared so badly but bore many marks of the accuracy of the German fire. Next to the *Vindictive*, two river steamers which in peaceful times carried Liverpool people on the Mersey, played the most glorious part in the attack. They were crowded with marines and, although much more vulnerable than naval ships, they pushed in alongside the flagship and landed their men on the mole.

Pershing was in London Monday and Tuesday, going back to France early Wednesday morning. No mention of his presence was made in the newspapers and the censor has stopped all despatches referring to his visit from going to the United States. Likewise, no mention can be made of the arrival at an English port—unnamed—of a convoy which brought some

15,000 American troops. We are now rushing the men over so fast, in response to the call for help that followed the smashing of the Allied front in March, that the French ports available cannot accommodate all the troopships. So the men are being landed in England, given a few days rest and then sent across the Channel. Pershing's visit was in connection with their arrival and arrangements for subsequent convoys. I understand, from now on, every effort to augment the man power of the Allies by American divisions is to be made and our soldiers will be coming across by hundreds of thousands every month, despite the submarines. Both French and English frankly admit they rely on America to turn the weight of man power.

The men who have just landed form the first contingent of our Draft Army. I met a civilian who came over on this convoy; he is on some mission for the government. He said to me the division might well be called "The Foreign Legion," as it comprises men born under almost every flag in the world, but now all serving under the Stars and Stripes. He added: "They all come from New York."

Tuesday night I went to the Savoy for dinner. There was a flower sale on there in the afternoon and evening and Alix was among the women who exchanged posies for bank notes, for the benefit of wounded soldiers. An associate of Ricard's made it the occasion of a dinner party to encourage Alix in her raids on pocket-books. While we were at table, I was surprised to see Pershing, accompanied by General Harbord, his Chief of Staff, and Colonel Boyd, his aide, come into the diningroom and take a table off in one corner. He had kept out of public view very successfully but, as

he was leaving in the morning, perhaps there was no further reason for keeping secret his presence in London.

I pointed him out to Alix, who immediately went over to their table and convinced them their duty was to buy some of her roses. She is a very enthusiastic American despite the many years she has lived on this side, and was highly elated over her chat with the American Commander-in-Chief.

Tuesday is a meatless day and therefore usually to be avoided when giving dinners; but our host with the aid of the headwaiter had surmounted all food difficulties. This is what we enjoyed: *potage Bortsch*; lobster Cardinal; a most succulent vegetable dish, quite the most savory I have ever tasted, called *Moussaka de légumes Oriental*, in which sweet corn, green peppers, green beans, rice, peas, chili peppers and tomatoes were baked with cheese in a casserole; luscious asparagus; a vanilla soufflé and then, as the inevitable English savory, grilled mushrooms. No meat, you will note, yet the hardships of the food regulations were forgotten on this particular meatless occasion.

After dinner we sat in the Lounge listening to the music until "closing time," 10.30, arrived. The band played ragtime and waltzes that made everyone want to dance; but public dancing is no longer possible at any of the hotels. A great many dances are being given at private houses and the number is increasing. There are more dancing schools opening every day. The *thé dansants* and evening affairs at the Empress Rooms and Murray's night dances are jammed. But only in private houses can the dance go on later than the closing hour, as fixed by the lighting regulations for

all hotels, inns and places of public gatherings and accommodation. A certain part of London's population including shoals of officers back on leave and girls in the uniforms of the "WAACS," "WRENS," and other auxiliary organizations, seem to have developed the dance habit to a violent stage. "It's no longer a recreation, but a malady with them," is the unkind comment of the non-dancers.

LETTER XLVIII.

London, April 26, 1918.

For the second consecutive night, the Huns are raiding England in the air. The Kaiser is perhaps fuming and biting his nails over the little affair at Zeebrugge and wants revenge. At any rate, something is going on overhead as I write. The guns have been cracking nervously for some time but I have not as yet heard the dull boom, that announces the explosion of a Hun egg, politely dropped from above. When the warning signals were heard, there ensued a mad dash of 'buses and taxis through the gloom of Fleet Street in the rush to reach garages before the enemy arrived. The house-keeper and his family made a hurried descent from the top floor and are now either in the basement or under the arches of the courtyard back of the building, which leads into the Temple at the head of King's Bench Walk. Excited voices coming up the stairway, when I went into the corridor to look from the back windows towards South London, indicated some night wayfarers had taken refuge in the entrance hall below.

As you know, all telephone and telegraphic service

ceases when a raid is signalled. This is due partly to the fact that the operating rooms and switchboards of the systems are located on the top floors of the Post Office Building. The matter of light and the strain on the nerves of the operators are also factors. I had called for a cable messenger to take a despatch to the censor's office and he was waiting here when the guns began. He squirmed and fidgetted for a few moments and then piped up: "Please, sir, may I run over to Marconi House? There are a lot of our boys there." I thought it was a strange request for, if he was afraid to stay here, it surely was quite as dangerous or more so to chance the falling shrapnel in the streets on his way to Marconi House. But it wasn't fear that actuated the youngster. He confessed that the boys had a grand time playing in a large underground room when they were caught there in a raid. I told him the safest place for the moment was to stay here and gave him some illustrated papers. He is now fast asleep curled up in a large chair and, as he is about as big as a minute, he is almost lost between its arms.

This morning I went to the tailor's to see about some clothes I had been measured for some three or four weeks ago. I found they had been so swamped by rush orders for uniforms from officers going to the front and from others who had lost their entire outfits in the March retreat, that civilian orders could not be touched. Besides, they had lost some of their most valuable workmen who had been called up by the latest raking out of man power for the army. Perhaps in two or three weeks' time I may get my things. Just contrast such conditions with the time when it was the proud boast of many London tailors that, in an

emergency, twenty-four or, at most, thirty-six hours was sufficient to turn out a suit from the first measurement to the final try-on and delivery.

These raid warnings on two nights in succession make the special constables mournfully realize that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." These "specials" include men from every rank of life: financiers, business men, barristers, solicitors, professional men, artists, actors, shopkeepers, artisans, laborers, "Duke's sons," etc., who for recognized reasons, principally age or health, are not in the army or navy. They have enrolled themselves for this voluntary service which they perform in addition to their daily labors.

Usually they are on duty from four to six hours a day, supplementing the regular police force which has been greatly reduced by the war. In nearly every case this entails a great personal sacrifice of sleep and rest. An air raid, however, demands extra duty and many of the "specials" go direct from their posts to their offices or workshops without sleep, rest or even a wash-up. Some of London's best known citizens are "specials" and, because of the unexpected calls to which they are subject, the "special" is excused from ordinary social amenities. He is forgiven if he fails to keep an engagement and when a "special" gives a dinner himself, if he is wise, he always secures in advance a substitute to act as host in an emergency. I frequently stop to have a chat with those on duty in front of the Law Courts, on my way from the office to the Waldorf. One of them, a barrister, who lives in the Temple, thinks it quite a joke to keep watch over his own premises—from the outside. I generally find them these wet, dismal nights under the portico of the Law Courts

opposite the entrance to the Outer Temple. The barrister "special" regaled us on one occasion with tales of the old days when the "bobbies" frequently had to assist the convivial residents inside the gates on their return from evenings spent in the inns and taverns along Fleet Street or in the dark courts that honeycomb the neighborhood.

"Now we are here to keep the peace where once we joyously broke it," he concluded.

CHAPTER IX

Whitehall Palace Used for the First Time in 300 Years for a Banquet—Americans the Guests—Passport Annoyances—Lloyd George Routs His Opponents of the "Old Gang" at the War Office and Throws Them into Confusion by Refuting Gen. Maurice's Charges—British Government's Plans to Entertain American Soldiers and Sailors—American Night at National Sporting Club—London Sees for First Time a Full Regiment of U. S. Troops in Fighting Trim Marching to Buckingham Palace—Reviewed by King George.

LETTER XLIX.

London, April 30, 1918.

You will begin to think food rationing has had such an effect that I can think of and write to you about nothing but eating. It is quite true that food has become in London one of the most prolific and often a most violent subject of discussion. When we eat better than usual we want to boast about it and when we fare worse, we insist upon denouncing the food and everything connected with it. On Sunday I went to a luncheon given in the old Whitehall Palace, now the Army and Navy Museum, by the Ministry of Information to the members of the delegation of American labor representatives.

The luncheon was held in the old banqueting hall on the upper floor, where no such function had been given for almost three hundred years. Why, does not appear plain, unless the Jameses and Georges did not care to be gay in the hall where the unfortunate Charles bared

his neck before stepping through the window to the executioner's block. We sat at a long table stretched between the lines of guns, old arms and cases containing relics of Britain's Army and Navy.

When the lunch began we discovered at least one reason why, irrespective of royal objections to eating there, we also had a grievance. Whether because of tradition or danger of fire to the irreplaceable exhibits in the Palace, the luncheon consisted of nothing but cold dishes, a series of little discs of fish, eggs, game and meat in jelly and a dab of vegetable salad with each. The portions were so minute that one forkful or two per course was the maximum. The coffee was guilty of being warm but no smoking was permitted. We did receive pamphlets telling the history of the Palace and a great deal of interesting information.

On the table, as decorations, were large cards with reproductions in old English script of such menus as were served in the days of the "Merrie Monarch." While I ate the samples of food *en gelée*, I read on these cards that, "in the period of Charles I, 1625-1649, the guests at Whitehall dined on menus similar to this:

Marrowbones

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Roast leg of mutton | Carp |
| Loin of veal | Fowls, Pullets, Larks |
| Tarts | Neat's tongue |
| Anchovies | Prawns |
| Cheese | |

At the foot of this appetizing bill of fare was the following consoling information:

"Rank and Fashion began dinner at 1 P. M. but the guests often stayed playing cards, drinking, smoking, seeing conjurer's tricks until seven or eight o'clock."

Early dinners in those days, however, were not due to visits of Gothas and Zeppelins.

And in the face of such a menu we sat eating and drinking trifles. Who says the British have no sense of humor? To make things worse the hall was frigid and the speeches long. "And we had on top of cold food, twenty-five minutes of Harry Brittain," wailed one English journalist as he started for home to get something to eat.

By way of contrast, this morning, I found in the Eagle Hut of the Y. M. C. A. a number of American soldiers who had been on the transport *Orsona*, sunk by a submarine in the Irish Sea. They had just arrived in London and were for the moment forgetting their trials by devouring huge quantities of real wheat cakes and maple syrup. A smiling white-capped man was baking them *en gros* on a big gas-burning griddle, such as is a familiar sight in America. He told me he had "browned the wheats" long before the Childs' restaurants had appeared on Broadway. I had some of the cakes and they were excellent. Broadway had nothing on the Eagle Hut product. The men from the *Orsona* attributed their escape from the sinking transport to the regular boat drills and practice in abandoning ship, which they carried out on their own initiative and under the direction of their officers during the voyage.

LETTER L.

London, May 2, 1918.

May Day passed off without a ripple on the sea of labor. The British workingman is too busy at the

moment making munitions with which to kill the German workingman to permit thoughts of the *Internationale* to interfere with his task. There were the usual meetings in Hyde Park but nothing extraordinary occurred. Work in the munition plants was so speeded up last month that in three weeks the men and women of Great Britain performed the miracle of completely replacing the guns and stores of shells lost in the German victories. There are not wanting indications, however, that when the war is over and won, the British workingman will demand that his sacrifices be recognized and repaid on his terms. He will never consent to return to conditions such as existed before the war. He will insist upon better food and more of it; a home and not a hovel in which to raise his family; better educational facilities and a voice in the conduct of the industries in which he labors.

I went to Burlington House yesterday to the private view of the pictures in the Annual Exhibition. As was to be expected, the war continues to furnish the inspiration for the majority of the canvases shown. Caton Woodville has an enormous battle picture, depicting the capture of a German field battery by a British battalion. He faithfully expresses the intensity and fierceness of the fighting in the faces of the combatants and in their postures; the attitudes of the dead lying plentifully scattered about, testifying to the riot of battle in which they succumbed. One detail impressed me as very curious and very interesting, if accurate. The German officer commanding the battery, as he fights in the heart of the *mêlée*, is wearing unsoiled white gloves. Pictures of tanks and aviators in action, artillery coming up on the gallop with horses rearing and plunging,

trench fighting, hospital scenes with the wounded and the immaculate nurses, infantry charging over No Man's Land, and spirited sketches of the battleships and cruisers of the Navy, depict for future generations phases of the Great War.

Two paintings appealed to me as being out of the ordinary. One, "The Bolshevik," an unkempt, black-bearded orator, posed in front of a blood-red banner, his arms outstretched as he raves and gesticulates before a group of Russian soldiers. His dirty hands are clawing at the air; his face is transfigured by passion and from his mouth trickles saliva that besprinkles his long, ragged beard. The painter is a young man, David Jagger, whom I have met at the Davern's studio on several of their Sunday nights. His personality exudes gloom, as his pictures express unrestrained license.

The second painting is that of a young girl whose face reveals a knowledge and experience of life's passions, lying prostrate before a Christ whose feet she embraces while his arms are extended in a gesture of forgiveness. She is attired in the gaudy draperies of a ballet dancer and, as she lies prostrate, she displays all the secrets of the "*dessous*." In a way, the picture suggests, as much as anything else, the morning after a Covent Garden ball; but it remained for a prim young Englishwoman, armed with a lorgnette, to utter the original comment that she thought "the fast young person in the picture had turned Roman Catholic."

I have been endeavoring to secure the services of a correspondent in Holland who can get news of the Americans taken prisoner by the Germans. They have made a good start, according to their claims of the number of our men captured near Pont-à-Mousson. The

Dutch newspapermen, as neutrals; have been permitted occasionally to visit camps of French and British prisoners and there is no reason to believe they will not be able to get information about the Americans. More convoys have arrived safely, crowded with American troops which are being hurried across England, sometimes not having more than one day in the rest camp.

You had better attend to your passport at once as, under present conditions, you can't tell how soon it may be extremely useful. The old passports are not to be renewed. Applications for new ones will be forwarded to Washington, and if applicants' reasons for wishing to remain abroad are considered good, the new document will be issued. If not, return to the U. S. before July 1 or become a sort of civilian A. W. O. L., liable to detention, examination and deportation. It seems to me the authorities have sought a way to send back a number of undesirables, both men and women who have gotten to Paris and London, particularly the former, under the pretence of engaging in Army Welfare or Relief Work, hospital and ambulance services; but who are leading a hectic life in the pursuit of pleasure.

LETTER LI.

London, May 9, 1918.

This afternoon I went to the House of Commons and heard the debate in which Lloyd George won handsomely his first open battle with those of his political opponents who attempted to make capital out of the British defeat in March. Incidentally, the "Old Gang" at the War Office, who fought the unity of command

up to the last ditch, tying the Premier's hands since last December, supported the attack launched by his Parliamentary adversaries. General Maurice of the mischievous "Will Blücher arrive in time?" comparison, was the instrument in the hands of the Prime Minister's foes.

A few days after the "Blücher" episode, Maurice disappeared from the comfortable berth of Director of Operations at the War Office, which he had held for quite a time. Tuesday morning several of London's newspapers, notably one, which is the severest of the Premier's critics, published a letter written by Maurice in which he accused Lloyd George and Bonar Law of intentionally creating a false impression in Parliament and in the country of the strength of the British forces on the Western front and of misrepresenting the number of white divisions on service in the Near East. In plain words, Maurice accused the Government of lying to cover up juggling with military measures for political considerations. He intimated the army chiefs had insisted upon the need of reinforcements and had protested against the taking over from the French of the sector south of Saint Quentin to La Fère and that the overruling of their judgment by the Government had been responsible for the smashing of Gough's Army. His contentions, if upheld, would have whitewashed the Generals concerned in the retreat.

This afternoon the Premier routed his foes and threw the Old Guard into confusion by declaring that the figures on which he based his statements as to the strength and distribution of the British Army were furnished by General Maurice's own department. He explained his efforts to secure a unified command and

expressed his regret that the great sacrifices of March had been necessary to demonstrate to certain persons its necessity if the Allies were to win the war.

It is notorious that, at the meeting of the Inter-Allied Conference in December, England's attitude alone prevented Foch being then named Generalissimo. Colonel House brought President Wilson's support to the plan, but we had but a few divisions then in France and were not justified in speaking very forcibly and Great Britain won a reluctant consent to a further continuation of the experiment of the separate direction. As a serious menace to the Government's continuance in power, today's attack in Commons fizzled out like a wet fire-cracker. It did, however, reveal the extent to which the dissatisfied politicians are ready to go to turn Lloyd George out.

Last night I attended a different sort of debate. It was held at the National Sporting Club and the arguments used were four-ounce gloves. It, too, had its international aspect; for it was called "American Night." Admiral Sims, Captain Nat Twining, his Chief of Staff, General Biddle, many U. S. naval and army officers; the Attorney General, Sir Frederick E. Smith or "F. E." as he is referred to familiarly, a number of British officers and a score of journalists were the guests at dinner at the Club of "Jimmy" White, real estate promoter in business and now promoter of good fellowship between England and America. White, who is bubbling over with enthusiasm and initiative, believes the good feeling between the two nations can be strengthened by bringing together the soldiers and sailors of the two countries in sporting events. The Ministries of Information and Propa-

ganda have smiled on the project and a representative committee has been appointed of which White is the active individual.

Last night's affair was the first of a weekly series in which men from the U. S. Army and Navy will compete for prizes offered by the Club. The same committee has also arranged for a performance every Sunday night at the Palace Theatre; where any man in Uncle Sam's uniform will be welcome free of charge and at which the leading vaudeville performers, the principals and choruses of the musical plays now running in London, will appear in costume. Elsie Janis, who is soon coming over from France, is to have a night pretty much all to herself.

At the dinner last night White, after criticising the British attitude of aloofness and self-assurance, outlined the scheme, Sims told stories, Biddle expressed the appreciation of the soldiers and sailors of the U. S. and "F. E." made a speech which he will not have the same difficulty to explain that he had in America recently when he complained he had been incorrectly quoted. We then adjourned to the amphitheatre of the Club where we found some hundreds of American soldiers and sailors wildly applauding the fighting which had begun while we were at dinner. Four lively bouts were staged in which Jimmy Wilde, the boxing wizard, and Pedlar Palmer, the old-time champion, took part.

I sat alongside a typical sporting Englishman, a member of the Committee of the Club, who had boxed, hunted and raised dogs all his life. He was desperately worried by the shouts of our boys in the galleries.

"You know," he confided to me, "our audiences at these exhibitions never yell and shout this way during

the bouts. They do applaud the winner when the contest is over but we do not shriek out criticism or encouragement while the fight is on. We are not used to that here."

I told him Americans do not take their sports so calmly, that half the enjoyment lies in the vocal participation in whatever is going on. He shook his head sadly and repeated:

"We're not used to that here."

We had an air raid warning last night but no Huns came to London. Stopped at the coast, I suppose. The Boche appears to be devoting his attention now to Paris. I wish I could get over to see you but it does not seem possible. I have not seen you now for more than three months and do not like this prolonged separation.

LETTER LII.

Paris, May 11, 1918.

You ought to see the Colonne Vendôme these days. It is a mess! You know it was protected against gun and bomb by sand bags and concrete. The constant rains shrunk the bags and they burst, dragging down the concrete and breaking the iron railing around the monument. It took three months to build the protection. It will probably take as long to clear away the débris. The Arc de Triomphe is in the same condition and will doubtless act in the same way.

I told Alvan about your visit to the London Salon and your comment on the German officers in their white gloves in the midst of a bloody battle. He told

me to tell you that, in this last offensive, the Boche officers came "over the top" with pale yellow gloves on their hands and carrying swagger sticks. So you see, the English artist wasn't so far wrong after all. I think they meant to show their contempt for the English and their drive certainly succeeded in pushing back hated Albion.

LETTER LIII.

London, May 11, 1918.

A full regiment of United States' soldiers, 3,300 strong, carrying complete war kit, marched through London's streets today, passed in front of statues of the early Georges and were reviewed by George V in front of Buckingham Palace. It was a unit of the new National Army and the first American military organization to parade through the entrance to the historic Horseguards. The welcome they received could not but impress the men with the sentiment of thankfulness on the part of the multitude, that their presence inspired. Not once, but many times, women in the crowds lining the streets cried out to me: "Thank God the Americans are here!" Last night, the King issued a special note of greeting, copies of which—printed on stationery with the Windsor Castle letterhead and bearing a facsimile of the signature of George V—were distributed to the troops on their arrival this morning. The newspapers called upon Londoners to "Welcome our brothers in arms."

When I walked from the hotel to Trafalgar Square, the buildings were decorated with flags, as though it

was Lord Mayor's Day; with this difference: that the Stars and Stripes were never so profusely displayed. Although the parade was not due for an hour or so, the Square was crowded with people and the police were establishing a line across the entrance to the Mall. Inside Admiralty Arch the Mall stretched in its splendid expanse to distant Buckingham Palace, people three and four deep lining both sides. The elevated gardens back of the residences facing Carlton House Terrace afforded an unequalled position to see the defile of the troops and I joined a group of American officers and civilians including our Consul-General, Robert A. Skinner. Some of the houses have been turned into Convalescent Homes for British officers, many of whom in cots and invalid chairs were out on the terrace. The appearance of the head of the regiment coming through Admiralty Arch was the signal for cheering that lasted until the last company of the three battalions had passed. The men marched splendidly and deserved the ovation. They turned up by old Saint James's Palace to march through Piccadilly and Mayfair before being reviewed by the King.

I made my way towards Buckingham Palace. The Victoria Memorial was literally covered with people, massed on the successive levels until it resembled a swarming beehive. A space around the Memorial and in front of the Palace gates was kept clear by police and troops but the American uniform was all that was necessary to get through the lines. I had got into mine for the first time since returning from the Belgian front and had no trouble in reaching the pavement in front of the gates where the Royal party would stand when the regiment arrived. The King and Queen came

out of the Palace first, followed by Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary and the Duke of Connaught. General Biddle was in the party. The King, who was in the uniform of a Field Marshal, saluted as Colonel Whitman rode up at the head of his regiment. The "dough-boys," who showed some signs of fatigue after their march under the hot sun, straightened up and, with eyes rigidly fixed "right," tramped past.

"A splendid regiment of sturdy young men," the King said to General Biddle who, with Colonel Whitman who had dismounted and joined the reviewing party, was standing at his side.

"Yes, your Majesty, just an average regiment of our new army and there are ten million more men just like them in the United States," Biddle replied.

The band of the Grenadier Guards played the march past and a company of Grenadiers formed the guard of honor. Our men did not compare favorably in physical appearance with the guardsmen, but the latter were all picked men and in light marching order, while the Americans carried the heavy packs and full campaign equipment. Their average height was less than that of the Grenadiers. Colonel Whitman told me afterwards that a large percentage of his men were of foreign birth, many of whom spoke and understood English imperfectly. They had been trained in a southern camp, hurried across the ocean and left for France this evening.

CHAPTER X

Doughboys Enthuse over Air Raid in Paris—Fill Champs Élysées and Place de la Concorde—Peer Skyward to See German Planes—Interesting Three Mile Walk through the Heart of Paris during a Night Attack—A *Prise d'Armes* at the Grand Palais—London Attacked by Gothas—Four Brought down by Anti-Aircraft Guns—All Traffic Stops for Four Hours with Tubes Packed to Suffocation by Panic-Stricken Crowds—Germans Making Another Desperate Effort to Reach Paris—Sending Shoes and Clothes by Letter Mail to Avoid Delay between Paris and London—U-Boats Sinking Many Transports.

LETTER LIV.

Paris, May 16, 1918.

Last night I dined with the F—s and we had *real meat* for dinner even though it was a meatless day. Householders find a way to cheat the law, a thing we poor hotel dwellers never seem able to achieve. After dinner we had a little music and at ten I made my manners and my host took me to the Victor Hugo Métro station. I waited a long time for a train that did not come. Suddenly the telephone rang and a moment later the station master announced:

"The Métro has stopped. There is an *alerte*."

The few passengers slowly sought the exit. A child cried. A bearded man wearing the Legion of Honor said whimsically:

"This will teach us not to go out at night."

Out on the street, the Place Victor Hugo lay white under the rays of a full moon. One by one the blue

tinted street lamps winked and went out. A few taxis scurried along with their fares. The *sirène* whistled mournfully from the Champs Élysées and the thud of the galloping hoofs of horses dragging along the fire apparatus rang sharp on the wooden blocks. I had a three mile walk before me for, as you know, Métro and buses stop as soon as there is an alarm and your feet—"le train numéro 11," as the Parisians call them—are the only means of locomotion.

On the Avenue Victor Hugo I met little groups of people going home. Some were laughing and joking, others were silent; the sudden gleam of an electric torch, flashed upwards, blinding one for a moment. Crossing the street, one met people, lighted candle in hand, going to seek shelter in the nearest *Abri*. I caught a flare of light from an upper window, then the quick clanging of an iron shutter to close out any incriminating gleam. A large black cat rubbed itself against my skirt with a contralto: "Miaou!" Some hurried concierge, forgetting that her pet was abroad, had shut the door upon him.

At the Étoile, the benches were filled with curious watchers, the faint glow of their cigars and cigarettes making bright spots in the gloom. At the Arc de Triomphe, I came upon a group of doughboys and a "Pretty Lady" or two; the latter for the moment having forgotten that their business in life was to amuse their companions. Just now their attention was centered in the starlit sky, bent on discovering airplanes in the blinking planets. I caught disjointed phrases:

"Gee! I'd like to get a shot at them fellers up there!"

"Wait till our machines come over and Kaiser Bill won't have a chance!"

"Say, this beats Brooklyn all to pieces. Ain't no such night show there!"

Overhead the barrage kept up a constant fusillade. There were brilliant flashes from the anti-aircraft *mitrailleuses* and the effect was that of fireworks at a Fourth of July celebration at home.

The Champs Élysées was more crowded but everywhere there was calm. Sandwiched in with the scurrying taxis were the slow moving market wagons on their way to the Halles. The sleepy horses plodded on, not one step faster than on other nights and the driver, sure that his nag would bring him to his destination, slept peacefully on his load of garden truck.

Everywhere I saw American soldiers all peering upward into the sky. At the Rond Point, the sound of the barrage became more intense. By this time, nearly all the French people had disappeared from the streets and all around me I heard English spoken—and more particularly American. Suddenly on the night air came the strains of "Old Kentucky Home" sung by four fresh young voices that lingered lovingly on the barber shop chords. When the song ended, there was a burst of applause from the darkness and the tinkle of a girl's laugh. The barrage fire continued to boom but it was already growing fainter—one heard it almost as in a dream.

The Place de la Concorde was literally lined with Americans in uniform—male and female. They perched along the stone coping and seemed intensely interested in this novel nocturnal experience.

The Huns never got to Paris after all. They dropped a few bombs at Creil and Saint Ouen but I have not heard how much damage they did.

LETTER LV.

Paris, May 17, 1918.

This afternoon I went to a *Prise d'Armes* at the Grand Palais and spent most of my time dissolved in tears. It seemed so terrible to see these young men mutilated and maimed and ruined for life through the brutal caprice of one man. I wondered if the pinning on of a decoration compensated them for all they had lost?

The military band played, there was a great rolling of drums as the Governor of Paris decorated three Generals with the insignia of Grand Officier, lower-ranked officers with the ribbon of Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur and soldiers and *réformés* with the *croix de guerre* and the *médaille militaire*.

Two soldiers in the platoon standing in front of me were overcome by the heat, one very badly, and there wasn't a glass of water to be had in the whole place. These men had been under arms and in full marching equipment since eleven o'clock this morning and the sun beat down cruelly on the glass roof of the Palais.

I gave one *poilu* five francs to get a cab to take him back to quarters for it was obvious he could not possibly walk the distance. Both men who were overcome must have been more than fifty for their hair was white.

You know, perhaps, that the *usines* here have been on strike for some days and that some of the men mobilized there were ordered to return to the front. They refused and called the strike. Clémenceau simply sent them off to the first line trenches. Isn't the "Tiger" adorable?

LETTER LVI.

London, May 18, 1918.

Ireland for the moment has pushed the war news into the background. Wholesale arrests of Sinn Fein leaders have been made, the Government having discovered what it asserts is indubitable evidence that the Irish republicans were conspiring with German agents to bring about an armed insurrection. There is, of course, divided opinion as to the Government's action. Its opponents are intimating that the alleged plot will be used as an additional reason for enforcing conscription in Ireland and that Home Rule will receive a further setback.

Lord Beaverbrook, the Minister of Information, had a conference with the correspondents of the American newspapers and told us without any reservation just how grave the military situation is at the moment. He explained what he hopes to accomplish with the aid of the American correspondents in the way of presenting to the people of the United States the actual facts of the existing conditions. He asked for suggestions that would facilitate such efforts and was told the relaxation of the censorship, access to high government officials who could speak authoritatively and a greater degree of frankness in communicating military and political information some of which, while it might not be permissible to publish, would prevent the correspondents from giving credence to untrustworthy reports. Beaverbrook listened intently to the suggestions, approved them and said he would do his utmost to have them put into practice.

"But," he added, "I fear that each of the suggestions made will be opposed by one or more of the Government departments affected as either impracticable or too radical a departure from the principles on which the branches of the Government have always been conducted."

Beaverbrook, as you know, is a Canadian and has no time for the reactionary methods which permeate every channel of English public life.

As a change from my routine, I went to a garden party at Leighton House, Holland Park; the former home of Sir Frederick Leighton. A musicale and tea were given for the aid of Serbian war sufferers. The beautiful gardens were a cool and restful escape from the hot streets. It was quite pre-war like, the women in thin, light dresses sauntering over the lawn or sitting in wicker chairs under the trees. They far outnumbered the men, most of whom were either in uniform or of a certain age. And, by the way, I found Herbert Sidney there; hadn't seen him for years—not since he painted that portrait of you. He has changed not at all. The house is beautiful inside with its Persian tiling and rich dark wood. In a salon on the ground floor is the sunken pool beside which Leighton posed his models and painted so many of his familiar pictures. I taxied to the American Officers' Club, had dinner and then went to the Palace Theatre where *Very Good, Eddy*, was being introduced to London. It was so very badly done and the people in it so tiresome that I came to the office after having suffered for half an hour.

LETTER LVII.

London, May 19, 1918.

I am writing tonight to the accompaniment of anti-aircraft gun crackings and bomb explosions. The Hun is overhead, reminding London that this Whitsunday holiday is not altogether one of pleasure. What sounded like two bomb explosions quite near, shook the office a few moments ago. There was no preliminary warning, the gunfire being the first notice we had of the raid. Curiously enough, before coming to the office I had been reading Arnold Bennett's *Pretty Lady* in which he vividly describes the experiences of his principal characters, who narrowly escaped death from bombs which fell near Leicester Square. This was in the raid the last day of January when a bomb struck a building not far from the *Sun* office, in which many people had sought refuge, killing a number of women and children.

The firing tonight is heavier than usual. I can hear quite distinctly the sound of the engines of the airplanes and that they are just overhead is indicated by the whistling of the shells as they fly through the air. When you hear the shriek of the shells you know they are not very far away. I also hear the rattle of the shrapnel fragments dropping on the roofs and in the streets. Two heavy explosions at this minute demonstrate that the Boche has not yet been driven away.

All the telephone and telegraph wires are dead. There is no means of communication until the raid is over. Fortunately, I had secured early the night's proofs from the *Mail* and the *Express*. Just to remind

the New York office that, while far from the firing line, London is not entirely free from war vicissitudes, I appended to my last despatch this service message:

"Cables delayed tonight. Air raid now going on above office."

LETTER LVIII.

London, May 20, 1918.

Last night's raid took a heavy toll of victims—39 persons were killed and 165 injured, mostly women and children. The Hun, however, suffered the heaviest losses of any of his attacks on London. Four Gothas were brought down, their crews perishing in their blazing machines. One Gotha fell on the south side of the Thames. Its commander evidently was a veteran in air fighting as the Iron Cross of 1914 was found pinned to his uniform. Another of the Hun machines fell in Regent's Park. The other two in the suburbs.

I dined at the Constitutional Club this evening and overheard a group of members describing their experiences. One, an officer of the Royal Air Force, arrived at the place where the first Gotha fell and saw the bodies of the three Germans comprising its crew, entangled in the wreckage from which it was impossible to extricate them because of the flames. Another member told mournfully of his experiences at Victoria, where he was jammed in a mob of people from 11 o'clock till 3 A. M. before he could start for home. The Tubes were crowded to suffocation for hours and all traffic stopped.

Middleton had been to the theatre and was returning

to the Temple with a young officer of one of the Guards' regiments when the barrage began. Shrapnel fell all around them and an unexploded shell dropped only a few yards away. A policeman threatened to arrest Middleton and his friend because they refused to take cover and then himself went into the middle of the street and, with the aid of his electric torch, searched for pieces of shrapnel.

On my way home I stopped in Aldwych to talk to a "bobby" who told me of having found a quantity of chocolate bars in the street after the Gothas had passed over. He was sure the Huns had dropped the candy and that it was poisoned. As he said he had found it near the big moving picture theatre in Kingsway built by Oscar Hammerstein as the London Opera House, I suggested the chocolate had been dropped by some of those who ran from the theatre when the firing began. He didn't seem to relish the explanation. He had apparently looked forward to telling a sensational story when he reported at Bow Street.

When I reached the Waldorf I found the night porter "all in" as the result of his exertions. He told me of the tumult and confusion, the lifts racing up and down, bringing the guests in all stages of undress from the upper floors to the basement where they sought refuge still lower down in the cellars. This lasted from 11 o'clock till after 3. When the "All Clear" signal was sounded, they returned to their rooms and hardly had they stretched themselves in their beds when a second alarm sent them again rushing to the cellars. This time, the porter told me, their appearance was unprintable—also the language used by some. It was after four when they finally got to bed—but whether they

slept is another question. I had posted my letter to you and was about to start for the hotel, when the second alarm came. I went upstairs to the office and remained there until "All Clear" rang out.

LETTER LIX.

Paris, May 21, 1918.

Yesterday I had a lovely day at Versailles. Being a prompt person, I arrived at the station in time to catch the train ahead of the one I intended to take, but, as the Schwends were there ahead of *me*, it was as well I got there when I did. At Versailles the Square was full of people watching the funeral ceremonies of young Gilbert, the aviator who was killed a few days ago.

Versailles is no longer the immaculate, well-kept place of other days. The grass is long and needs the scythe; many of the fine trees are dead; the ponds have gone dry; all the statues of the fountains have been removed to places of safety and covered with thatched osier roofs—to protect them from bombs, I suppose. Though thousands of people had come out for a day in the country, the park did not seem crowded.

We wandered about in the forest till lunch time and arrived at the Reservoir on the stroke of 12.15 and found a table reserved for us. It was not on the balcony, fortunately, for there the sun beat down through the glass roof and made things uncomfortably hot. Every table was filled and people were waiting in droves for accommodations. We had *hors d'oeuvres*, *filet de sole Polignac*, *jambon d'York* and spinach, veg-

etable salad, fruit, coffee, cigarettes and a bottle of old Burgundy and I don't think the bill was as big as it would have been in a Paris restaurant.

When we had finished we strolled back into the Park and found the Grand Trianon open to the public and a mob waiting to visit the rooms. We preferred to remain out of doors under the blue skies. So we walked along till we came to Marie Antoinette's toy village. The thatched roof of the Maison du Seigneur is full of holes, the Mill has lost its wheel, the Presbytery is crumbling into ruin and everything wears an unkempt air of decay. Isn't it heartbreaking that all this loveliness must perish for want of men to keep it in repair!

We went back to the Reservoir for tea and caught the six o'clock train back to Paris. For a while we had the compartment to ourselves but, as we stopped at every station, we finally gathered twenty people into our coupé built for eight. You may imagine we were over—"complet."

LETTER LX.

Paris, May 23, 1918.

My head aches too much and my throat is too sore today for me to use the machine in writing to you. I couldn't bear the jar. I've had a rotten day but I've got through it all but my letter to you and my dinner. After that, I shall fall into bed again. I'd like to know where I got this devilish grippe, which descended upon me out of a clear sky and has made me miserable for two days. I had a seven o'clock dinner last night, was in bed by 7.30 and lay floating away in the torpor of

fever, coughing my head off and racked with pain. At 10 something, came an *alerte* but I didn't care whether or not bombs fell all about me, I couldn't have moved for a fortune.

The barrage was very heavy and seemed quite near at times. From the street came the far-off cry of "*Lumière!*" and the wail of the *sirène*. I dozed off but woke to hear the *berloque* and half an hour later came a second alarm. The Boches were determined to get through to Paris and two of them succeeded.

Bombs were dropped on the Austerlitz Station and a hangar nearby was completely wrecked. All the glass was broken in the barracks where the Government *pétrol* is stored but fortunately it did not explode. Another bomb fell in the rue de Londres. The barrage kept up for two hours, heavier than I have ever heard it and, all at once, I caught the snarl of a motor directly over the hotel and the booming of the defence guns as plainly as though they had been in my room. I was told today that this was a Hun motor. I did not budge. This time it was 3.30 when the *berloque* sounded, so most of Paris must have had a restless night.

LETTER LXI.

Paris, May 27, 1918.

Big Bertha began her old tune again this morning and evidently she has a twin sister, for shots fell every 12 minutes for a long time, indicating that one gun could not do all the firing because, at that rate, the bore would get too hot. The first shell fell at 5.45 A. M. and kept up pretty well all morning but this afternoon

there has been peace. It doesn't seem possible that the French artillery already can have put the monster out of commission. Probably the resumption of the big offensive is responsible for the hush.

I hear from reliable sources that the reason the Huns have not started their drive before is because they have been so terribly harried by the Allied aviators that they have lost hundreds of tons of ammunition and provisions and many men. England is doing fine things in the air and France has a wonderful new motor, of which the world will soon hear stunning things.

We've got our June bread cards and I gave the *chasseur* two francs for standing in line for them and saving me the trouble. I hear that the meat card is all ready to be printed if a sudden necessity for it arises. The three meatless days are not bad and the hotel gives us much more to eat than on the days when we are allowed meat.

LETTER LXII.

London, May 27, 1918.

London's eyes are fixed anxiously on Paris tonight. The Germans are again trying to reach that goal and their rushing of the Chemin des Dames imposes a severe trial of strength on the Allies. Should the enemy be able to retain the impetus of his attack as successfully as he did in March, he will get very close to the Capital before being checked. The Germans are advancing rapidly towards the Aisne according to our latest despatches and it is not believed here that the line can be held. There is a decided tendency evident to put

confidence in Foch's genius and hope in the American troops who must soon come into action. At the same time, I found in the different government departments today the impression that Foch will not neglect other parts of the front and rush all his reserves to the threatened sector. British opinion has changed greatly since March. It believes Foch will strike at the psychological moment but it is prepared to see the Germans advance further before that time arrives.

An indication of the seriousness of the situation and the probable participation of the American troops was furnished by the working of the cable tonight. There was only a few hours delay in the afternoon, but since eight o'clock it has been increasing steadily and at midnight it is very bad. We usually can tell when the cable acts in this way that communications between our Army Headquarters and Washington are heavy. Alvan must be in the neighborhood of this latest Hun drive, as he was attached to the staff of the First Division.

The negro regiment raised in New York City is somewhere east of Rheims and soon may be engaged in real fighting, somewhat different from the battles of Manhattan's San Juan Hill which, from time to time, broke loose on the West Side. Johnson and Eyre unexpectedly ran across the "colored brethren" from West 59th Street in the trenches some weeks ago and had a talk with Colonel "Bill" Hayward. I heard this from George Hinman who used to be Sousa's manager and is now a captain on Hayward's staff and is in London on leave.

Many thanks for my low shoes which came through as quickly as your letter telling me you had sent them. It was clever of you to mail them by letter post and,

although the value of the stamps on the package shocked the postman, it was much less expensive than buying shoes at the present London prices. Suppose you send me a light weight suit and another pair of shoes in the same way? It will be cheaper and quicker than purchasing them here and I see no more immediate prospect of my getting to Paris than of your being able to come to London. Restrictions on travel across the Channel are more drastic than ever. I see Big Bertha has renewed her bombardment. Are you still determined to stick?

The U-boats are again very busy. Friday night I had the Night Editor of the *Daily Express* to dinner at the Constitutional Club to which, as I wrote you, I have been elected a member for the "duration of the war." We went to his office afterwards and heard of the torpedoing of the transport *Moldavia*. There were American troops on board. The same day a Channel steamer was struck between Fishguard and Cork. Three of its crew who had escaped in a small boat were overhauled by the submarine. The Hun captain after questioning them, tossed a package of letters into the boat, saying: "Mail these to Lloyd George when you get ashore." A sample of Teutonic humor.

There is tremendous wrath in England over the recent bombing of British hospitals in France by Hun aviators. There is not the slightest doubt but that the Germans knew they were attacking hospitals. They raked the buildings with machine guns not once, but several times, killing wounded men and their devoted nurses who refused to leave their helpless patients.

The Constitutional Club, by the way, no longer occupies its building in Northumberland Avenue. That has

been taken over by the Ministry of Munitions. The Club is now in the Thames end of the Hotel Cecil; the part facing the Strand is the headquarters of the Air Board. In the main diningroom, which was formerly the India Room of the Cecil, hang portraits of Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, looking strangely out of place surrounded by the gaudy columns and tiling. Many hotels, clubs and office buildings have been taken over by the Government and you hear of others that are to be requisitioned. There is much criticism of wasteful methods and inefficient administration and of department chiefs who spend part of their time thinking of excuses for taking over more buildings instead of utilizing to advantage what they already have.

Yesterday when I reached the office, I was told that a "Lieutenant Bushievoo" had telephoned he was at the Regent's Palace Hotel, that he was leaving for France at noon and would like to see me before going. I said "Bushievoo" was not a human name, but "Bat," who took the message, insisted that that was the way it was spelled to him over the phone and that it was an American officer who spoke. I went to the hotel but of course found no one with such a name registered. I asked several young American naval aviators standing in the lobby if they knew this "Bushievoo" person and they all said there couldn't be any such animal in their navy. While I was talking, who should come up to me but Warren Bishop's brother-in-law, Jack Dashiell, now a Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval air force. He threw a fit when I told him how an English ear had translated the spelling of his name. Dashiell had landed in Liverpool the night before in charge of a detachment of our airmen. His ship was in a convoy with the *Moldavia*

and close to her when she was sunk. He and his men left Waterloo on the afternoon boat train and he said he would see you as soon as he arrived in Paris. I noticed there were very few men not in uniform traveling on the train.

CHAPTER XI

Allies Facing Most Critical Moment of War—Germans Again Reach the Marne—British Army Officers Pessimistic and Public Stunned—Lloyd George Hurries across Channel to Consult with Foch and Clémenceau—Talk of Possibility of Evacuating Paris—Fears that Socialists and Defeatists May Try to Establish a Commune in Paris—Tea Shops in Paris Serve Tea Only—A Night at the Theatre Interrupted by an *Alerte*—Taxicab Dash through Darkened Streets to Reach Hotel before Bombs Drop.

LETTER LXIII.

London, May 31, 1918.

The outlook tonight is not cheerful with the Germans once more on the Marne and most of the French territory regained since 1914 again in their hands. I do not wish to appear unduly alarmist but you must make your preparations to leave Paris should that step become necessary. In military circles here, the opinion is expressed that unless the Hun is checked now, the Allies, to keep their armies from dislocation, may be faced with the alternative of sacrificing Paris or giving up the Channel ports. No one admits this as probable but its possibility is not being overlooked. The general impression in London is that Foch will fight a great battle before accepting either of these alternatives. In that case, Paris again will hear the guns roaring in her defence and you will be nearer the fighting line than either of us anticipated. I suppose you think I am in a

panic; not that, but I am worried and I do wish to know what you decide to do.

What made me realize the nearness of the Hun was the personal chord that was struck when I heard the enemy had reached Château-Thierry. It seems so close to Paris because of the happy days we spent there and at Chézy. Middleton is ill and I can't leave London even if I could get the requisite papers. I made inquiries at the War Office today and was told that only if I could show the imperative necessity of my going to Paris would they be issued.

This afternoon the Duke of Northumberland, who now meets the correspondents as official representative of the War Office, did not speak in a very hopeful manner as he gave us the latest information from the front. One report was that the Huns had crossed the Marne at Dormans, east of Château-Thierry, but tonight there seems to be some doubt about this. Lloyd George and members of the War Cabinet hurried across the Channel today and a conference with Foch and the military chiefs is to be held, at which a decision probably will be reached as to the Allied policy. Clémenceau, presumably, will be there and his voice is certain to be raised against abandoning Paris. He has inspired not only the French Army by his indomitable spirit but the whole French people and the English as well, and, with Foch at his side, the fate of France could not be in safer hands. There will be no second flight of the Government to Bordeaux with the "Tiger" as Premier.

I had a talk with Robert Dell, the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* who has been expelled from France. The *Guardian's* office is on the floor below that of the *Sun*, and Dell came up to inquire

about a despatch from Washington. He declared Clémenceau expelled him because he sent the true story of the circumstances attending the drawing up and transmission of the Austrian Emperor's peace letter; that he was also in disfavor for what he wrote concerning Poincaré's policy looking to the restoration of Greater Alsace.

He was given 24 hours to arrange his affairs, say good-bye to his family and leave Paris. During these last hours he was accompanied everywhere by an agent of the secret police who left him only when he boarded the Channel steamer. In ordinary times there would be an awful row raised in the English press over the expulsion of a British correspondent but the exigencies of war have steam-rolled the incident and only the barest mention has been made of it. Another factor that undoubtedly had its influence was the Defeatist leanings Dell exhibited in his despatches and his affiliations with the extreme Socialists who are antagonistic to Clémenceau.

I at last got in touch with Austin Brereton and we lunched together yesterday. He is the same hearty, jovial soul and we had a splendid chat. He now lives in the country, comes to London once or twice a week and enjoys all the better health for so doing. He has written a number of books since his *Life of Irving* appeared, among them an interesting volume on the Adelphi section of London with whose houses and history he perhaps is better acquainted than any other man in England.

He told me that Jimmy Bullock, after long years of bachelorhood, in which time he invariably demanded of

his friends: "Why should I perpetuate a race of beings like myself?" had taken unto himself a wife.

Brereton has a yew-embowered cottage, an orchard, a chicken run, a pony and trap and an Irish terrier and declares "that is the life." I am going to him for a week-end when the news lets down a bit.

LETTER LXIV.

Paris, June 1st, 1918.

Looking out on our peaceful little hotel garden, it is hard to realize what terrible things are going on less than fifty miles from Paris. I, personally, have no fear, but I know the gravity of events and that our fate is being played out in these next forty-eight hours. To me the outcome is clear. The Boches will be held where they are but the sacrifice of life must be awful. One hears that Pétain has been relieved of his command and that Castelnau is now at the head of the French troops. There is even talk of a new Generalissimo and the Deputies are most obstreperous, noisily demanding explanations of Clémenceau. The Boches took a shot at the "Tiger" the other day at the front and got General de Vallières instead. Thank God for his escape! France cannot spare the one man able to steer her into safe waters.

We had two *alertes* last night. I heard the beginning of the first and I knew nothing of the second till I read about it in this morning's papers. Johnson was at Cantigny during the American attack there and told me that Jimmy Hopper, one of the correspondents, went over the top with our soldiers. He had no intention

of doing this at first but just kept going a bit further each time till finally, to his amazement, a fat German Major surrendered to him. After he had turned his prisoner over to the guard he went out with an American *brancardier* and helped bring in the wounded.

The Albany opens again tomorrow. The Wagram is sending us its overflow. Our own Saint James is much fuller than it was and no one seems panicky over the new offensive.

LETTER LXV.

London, June 2, 1918.

If I have been worried about you before, it has been nothing compared with what I feel tonight. It is so very difficult to express one's sentiments in an emergency such as this without seeming to be almost a coward, inasmuch as you will say that you are the one who may be in danger and that you are not afraid. It is not altogether a case of fear. If I but knew the actual conditions in Paris and what you plan to do, I perhaps would not be so anxious. But I feel that it is all wrong for you to be there alone. If the moment should arrive, and I fervently hope it will not come, when the Government issues an order to evacuate Paris, I am afraid the panic and confusion will be immense. You probably will have seen some of the refugees now reaching Paris with nothing but what they could carry on their backs. It is the thought that you might be subjected to similar experiences that makes me worry and write so insistently to you for, if the worst comes and the city is seriously threatened, you of course must

not remain. We have a late bulletin saying Big Bertha has been busy today and that an air raid warning is out tonight in Paris.

This week has been a strenuous one for Paris with the successive air raids and the continuous shelling, quite apart from the Hun's advance. You now have fulfilled your oft-expressed wish of living in a period and environment of great happenings. London in comparison with Paris is a quiet backwater in which only the echoes of war are heard, though from this distance we are perhaps better able to see the true perspective of events. Today is typical. It is one of those dreamy do-nothing days for everyone but the newspapers and the government departments. Even most of them are closed, quite a contrast to the Sunday activity in the French government offices. I had a good long sleep after writing you and went to the Club for a late breakfast. Then came to the office where I read the papers trying to extract comfort as well as news out of the reports from the front. There was plenty of the latter and just a bit of the former.

While waiting for the one Sunday paper to appear, I went to the Temple to see Middleton who, I found, was up and sitting at a window in the sunshine. The worst seems to be over but it will be some days before he is able to return to work. As I left the Dr. Ben Jonson building in which he has chambers, the services in the Crusaders' Church in the Temple were beginning and I went in for fifteen minutes. I sat in the back listening to the singing and looking at the effigies of the Crusaders on their tombs. I wondered if the spirit of those militant warriors of old still lived in the hearts of their descendants. They fought for Christendom; the

present generation is fighting for its own liberty. No surrounding could be less suggestive of the threat of war than the old church with the sunlight streaming through the stained glass, the subdued notes of the organ, the reverent hush of the congregation and, outside, the soft breezes swaying the tall plane trees that stand guard over the church. Then but a step from the atmosphere of past centuries into the traffic of the Strand and Fleet Street, and one was confronted by the realities of the present. Perhaps in London, even more than in Paris, the past is closer to the present than in any other city in the world.

Tonight's news was somewhat more reassuring, as the French have held the Germans north of the town of which you and I have such fond recollections—Château-Thierry. Do you remember the bridge on which we stood looking down the Marne? The Huns are now in the part of the town where we had *déjeûner* that day; the French holding only the part on the south bank.

LETTER LXVI.

Paris, June 2, 1918.

You tell me I have not advised you as to whether I intend to store our trunks at the office in case of trouble. If I am obliged to leave Paris—which I have not the faintest intention of doing—I shall send all the luggage to the rue de la Michodière, taking only what I can carry in my two hands. Luggage is almost impossible to transport in time of panic and I would be a fool to try to get ours through.

My friends are very good to me. Madame Lambert sent her husband yesterday afternoon to say that I was to go with them in case things came to a crisis. I thanked him and told him I wanted to remain where I was but that I appreciated their thoughtfulness more than I could say. And so I do. It touches me deeply to think that anyone cares whether I live or die. Mr. Lambert had put his parents-in-law, Mme. Foucart and a Mrs. Roberts on the train for Angers yesterday morning. He and Julie will go down later and open their country house. Lambert says the train was jammed and that people were leaving by the thousands, just as they did at the March offensive. He managed to get the last four seats in the train and never could have got those had he not had a pull. I am going to Julie's this afternoon for tea and we will talk the matter over thoroughly.

I am still firmly convinced that the Germans will never reach Paris and that the worst is already over. You will see, from now on the news will be better every day. Lambert's fear is not that the capital will be taken but that, if the Huns advance still further, they will be able to train their heavy artillery on Paris and bombard the city. The noon *communiqué* is reassuring and I think the advance is halted. See if later events justify my confidence.

I am told we had quite a noisy raid last night. I slept through it peacefully and was the only person in the hotel who got her rest. The others spent two hours in the *cave*. I heard a few guns booming but they did not interfere with my nap. Marie Almirall told me this morning that she had sent the groom up to my room

with a note and orders to wake me, that he knocked at my door at two different times and that he got no response. I hear the barrage was intense and the searchlights in the sky magnificent.

LETTER LXVII.

Paris, June 3, 1918.

The real news was not given out last night; for the danger lies not with the armies at the front but with the Socialists and defeatists here. There are 250,000 workmen in the factories who are all demanding peace. If the spirit moves them they are apt to rise up in their might and try to establish a *commune*. But I think that at heart they are all good Frenchmen and will be just as loyal as they were in 1914, when Paris was in much greater danger than it is today. There is a plan on foot to include Briand in the Ministry but as he and Clémenceau are irreconcilable enemies the "Tiger" will not give way. Briand wants to be named *Ministre des Affaires Étrangères* and Clémenceau will not hear of such a thing. The Deputies were going to question him on Tuesday regarding the latest mishap to the Allied Armies but they have changed their minds. It is time they saw a light.

I have been working at the Oeuvre all afternoon and typed a pile of letters among others, one to Roosevelt. Paris is full of Italians just now. Orlando and Sonnino are here with their suites stopping at the Meurice, which is their Headquarters.

LETTER LXVIII.

Paris, June 4, 1918.

I hope the sight of today's *communiqué* cheered you up a bit and that you are no longer afraid your wife will fall into the hands of the hungry Hun. What would he do with me after he got me, I wonder? Not much, I feel sure. The French are holding all along the line and the march "nach Paris" has been stopped for the present. I have not the slightest fear that it will ever succeed; perhaps that is the reason I can look at the future so confidently. Seriously though, wouldn't you rather have me of this mind than if I were a nervous wreck through worrying about things that will never happen?

Madame Schwend telephoned this morning and I am to meet her at Rumpelmayer's at five. She insists that I go with *her* to Brittany in case of necessity. You see how well looked after I am and how good all my friends are to me.

À propos of Rumpelmayer's, you'd never recognize the tearoom whose wonderful cakes were famous all over Europe. Now all you get there is *thé nature*, which means tea minus cream or sugar. You are entitled to one sliver of lemon and some liquid saccharine and you pay 2 francs 50 for the drink. Mme. Schwend always brings her own sugar in a tiny enamelled box holding just four pieces, while Phil Jobert proudly contributes a small quantity of thin milk which she carries in a raffia-covered perfume bottle. Fortunately, I like my tea "neat," so I'm not at the mercy of these food restrictions.

Last night, Marie Almirall, two Italian officers and I dined at the Ambassadeurs. We sat on the upper terrace under the big chestnut trees and the overhanging foliage gave us the illusion of being in the country. We had *consommé Madrilène*, two cold *langoustes* with *sauce remoulade*, a delicious *pilaff* of rice and chicken, Argenteuil asparagus, *fruits rafraîchis* and coffee with an excellent white wine cup as our tipple and the bill came to 150 francs.

Afterwards we taxied to the Théâtre Michel and saw a Revue that was not very amusing and in which Albert Brasseur played a number of rôles. It made me sad when I remembered the artistic work he used to do with the old *Variétés* Company. Almost at the end of the last act the *sirène* sounded and, as if by telepathy, the entire audience seemed to sense it and by twos and fours quietly got up and left the theatre. Our escorts had engaged a taxi for the *sortie* and we came rolling home on two wheels and without lights. I don't see how the chauffeur ever found his way in the pitch blackness for there was no moon and the street lamps were all out.

LETTER LXIX.

Paris, June 5, 1918.

I am sure you feel still more reassured at the tone of today's news. The German tide seems to be halted and the danger to Paris grows less every hour. The Americans quite covered themselves with glory yesterday before Château-Thierry and the French are delighted that they have made good. Several people have thanked me personally for the bravery of my people as

though I were responsible for the fine conduct of the American Army. Numbers are what count and the sooner we get into the *mêlée* the sooner it will be ended. The Allied troops are tired and stale after four years of combat and our fresh young blood is bound to tell.

Have you heard that General Duchèsne and his division fell back and were responsible for much of the French retreat? In the March offensive this same General was told to send reinforcements to General Lebouc who was then holding an important hill. He failed to do so, whereupon Lebouc wrote to Headquarters saying that Duchèsne was not a good man to put in a responsible position and that, if ever he were taken unawares, he would lose his head. Lebouc was right.

Another military item that may interest you is the new plan the French are using to capture prisoners. Formerly when it was necessary to know what was going on in the enemy's first line trenches, a patrol equipped with rifles and revolvers was sent over. This usually returned with prisoners but the noise of the firing often woke up the entire German line, started the artillery of both sides into action and there was the mischief to pay. Now the men are sent over armed only with trench knives. For every prisoner he brings back, a man receives 1,000 francs. The other day a patrol of 60 men was sent to reconnoiter; each man returned unharmed and bringing with him three prisoners. The Italian Army is using the same system but gives only 500 francs a prisoner. Even at the French rate, the army saves money; for it cost much more than that to work the guns and, besides, the loss of life is less.

LETTER LXX.

London, June 6, 1918.

We have finally been permitted to learn the details of the first attack off the New England coast by German submarines on American shipping. Three steamships and half a dozen sailing vessels sunk, make a respectable total. The news of the sinkings reached New York Sunday afternoon but all despatches from America were held up by the Censor and not published in London until late yesterday—Wednesday—afternoon. American newspaper readers undoubtedly wondered why there was no reference to the sinkings in despatches from London. It will be difficult for them to understand how news of such importance could be so successfully suppressed for three days.

Today I had a talk with Admiral Hall, head of the Intelligence section of the Admiralty. He gave as his belief that one U-boat, or two at the most, did all the damage. That this is the beginning of a strenuous attempt on the part of the German Navy to sink transports carrying troops to France and that we must be prepared to face the possibility of some losses, is his opinion. The U-boats have failed to stop our shipments of troops by their attacks on this side of the ocean and the Admiral thinks that Germany, now fully realizing the threat to her arms contained in the rapidly increasing American Army, has decided to intercept our transports near the ports of departure.

I heard some figures today of the numbers of troops we have been sending over and the total is astounding. In May, more than a quarter of a million of our fight-

ing men were landed in France, an army in itself, and this month, the naval authorities tell me, the figures will reach 300,000. If the present tactics of fighting the submarines continue to increase in effectiveness as they have recently, by the end of September the American Army will be well on the way to the two million mark.

Admiral Hall is one of the most interesting of the men the newspaper correspondents meet in their quest for news. He is a small wiry man with closely cropped grey hair, bright twinkling eyes, ruddy complexion and lips capable of curling with humor or straightening into a rigid line expressive of dogged determination. He has the reputation of being a martinet with his men, commanded one of the battle cruisers in the Jutland fight and is said to know more about the German Navy, its ships, personnel and strategy, than any man outside the Staff of the German High Seas Fleet.

With us, he is genial and democratic and between sentences is either packing his pipe or inhaling deep draughts of strong navy plug. If he is not sitting cross-legged on the fender rail in front of the open fireplace in his office, he is perched on the edge of the table in the center of the big room answering some queries, covering evasion of others with jokes and rarely offering any information unless asked for by a direct question.

The American Army Censor has at last allowed something more than the mere routine *communiqué* to come through for publication. We now know an American machine-gun battalion stopped the Germans from crossing the bridge at Château-Thierry on May 31. There is a decided change noticeable in the sentiments of the British Army with regard to the French.

The Duke of Northumberland today, in talking to the correspondents, praised without reservation the work of the French General Staff and the French soldiers and paid the highest tribute to Foch's leadership. The British now understand that Foch weakened the defence of Paris by sending French divisions north to help hold back the Germans on the Lys and around Mount Kemmel. There is nothing a Britisher takes so ungracefully as to have to acknowledge he is being helped instead of extending his assistance to others.

I received two letters from you today. In the second you tell me a shell fell near the hotel while you were writing. It is fine to retain your coolness and self-possession under such circumstances but I wish you were not called upon so frequently to exercise these qualities. Nothing has been published in London about a shell hitting the Madeleine or shells dropping in the Tuileries and in the Champs Élysées quarter. It is quite understandable why these details are not printed, as such information would quickly reach Berlin if published and could be used to correct the aim of Big Bertha. What will you wager that such information does not reach the German headquarters and direct from Paris at that? I was sorry to hear Floyd Gibbons had been wounded. He must have been nearer the fighting line, from what I hear, than the English and French correspondents are permitted to venture. Our correspondents have been bottled up for so many months that, when they get a chance to go forward they take it. The French and English writers have been at it since 1914 and battles are an old story to them.

Had luncheon today at the American Officers' Club and saw Harry Brittain. He was quite pleased with

himself, as he had been notified that he will be made a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire in the King's Birthday honors, which will be announced Saturday. He well deserves this recognition for, ever since the organization of the Pilgrims in 1902, he has been an energetic worker for Anglo-American fellowship. He was the first honorary Secretary of the British Pilgrims and is now Chairman and attends to most of the work of the organization. It will be "Sir Harry" at the next dinner of the Pilgrims.

From the Club, I went to the American Express Company's office in the Haymarket. I found Cameron Mackenzie there, who told me he was having the greatest difficulty in getting his passport *viséd* and procuring the necessary papers to enable him to get to Paris and then to the American front. He is writing for some of the magazines and weeklies and hopes to connect with a daily paper.

LETTER LXXI.

Paris, June 6, 1918.

Paris feels more optimistic these last two days though we all know that the Boche will make other and strong attempts to break through. H— told me that when he went to the Ministère de la Guerre this morning he was met with radiant smiles, the first he had seen there for many days, all because the Americans have made good. They are now being put in the front line trenches after ten days' intensive training and make fine soldiers.

Marie Almirall said to me last evening that the *Secours Duryea* was preparing to leave Paris in case the order came to evacuate and she wanted to know whether I would go with them. They have three cars and ample provisions. The idea rather appealed to me for I would rather be with my own people in an emergency and I am sure I should see interesting things; so—if we *must* leave Paris I will go with this Oeuvre.

Tomorrow morning I am beginning to work with them; for they are short-handed and have loads to do. I have promised them three mornings a week: Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Monday I go to the Grand Palais and Tuesday and Wednesday I devote to my weekly fashion article for the *Sun*. So henceforth I shall be quite busy.

The big gun has been quiet for two days and we have had no raids in that time. *Cave* dwellers are catching up with their sleep and look rested about the eyes. I do wish you would stop worrying about me. That, and nothing else, makes me uneasy. Otherwise, I am calm and happy.

CHAPTER XII

A Busy Day at the Duryea Oeuvre—American Marines Wounded in Château-Thierry Fight Hit by German Shrapnel from the Front and by French Shrapnel from the Rear—Doughboys at Cantigny Prepare for Battle by Throwing away All Their Personal Possessions—A French Almoner with Machine Gun Holds at Bay Company of Germans—Thousands of American Troops Pouring into England—Curious Jumbles of People at London Dances—Theatrical Performances for American Fighting Men.

LETTER LXXII.

Paris, June 7, 1918.

I have been an "honest working girl" today and quite enjoyed the experience. I got up at seven and by eight thirty had breakfasted and was ready to start. Promptly at 9, Marie and I walked over to the Duryea Entrepôt in the rue Louis-Le-Grand, got the camion and motored to the Porte Dauphine bastion where the packing and unpacking department is situated; because here is where all the cases of clothes for the refugees are sent from America to the Oeuvre. I was set to sorting the shelves on one side of the barrack and got through at 12.30. The morning had gone in a flash and I had had an interesting time.

This afternoon Marie, who drives the Duryea camion, took me with her to the Boulevard de l'Hôpital where are kept all the gasoline and automobile supplies furnished to militarized cars. We got 70

litres of gas and two tires all in case we have to make a quick get-away. With the proverbial official slowness, it took over an hour to get what we wanted and then we drove back to the Oeuvre. When we passed the Gare d'Orléans on our drive home, we saw thousands of fugitives leaving Paris. The platforms were black with people and there was a triple row of vehicles filled with travelers and their luggage. And this is what is going on at all the stations of the city. We shall be much more comfortable when they have all gone for at the last moment there will be that much less panic.

After putting up the car we walked over to the Ritz and picked up Emily Brown who also works for Mrs. Duryea and the three of us had tea at a tea shop in the Place Vendôme. The two girls have now gone to offer their services for night canteen work to the Red Cross, which organization is sending out a hurry call for helpers as it is swamped with work.

Last night Marie gave a dinner party where I met a most interesting man—a French almoner who had gone into the trenches a simple soldier and, through his bravery, had risen to the rank of Captain. He is fine and manly, very good looking and told us some of his experiences without the slightest touch of self-consciousness or boasting. He has several decorations and got his *croix de guerre* with palm because he and his orderly held at bay an entire German company that was marching up a narrow defile and trying to get into the French lines. The two men had a machine-gun with which they kept the Germans back and killed most of them. Then they returned to the French lines, the almoner carrying the machine gun on his back. He wears the *fourragère*, the *Légion d'Honneur*, two palms and

two stars, has been wounded three times and is now being sent to America on a mission, leaving on the 25th. Father Hemmick was also a guest, likewise Emily Brown, Oliver Roosevelt and Mr. Bristead who is attached as interpreter with our army. I was the chaperone and tried to appear dignified though I had on my white tulle dress which has a tendency to make me look frivolous.

We had a raid last night. As everyone started *cave-ward*, I went up to bed and on the way met Mathilde the chambermaid who remarked to me:

"Madame est très drôle!"

To which I replied:

"Probably yes, and perhaps a little mad; but I am like that and what would you?"

Mathilde informed me that if more people were mad in the same way those around them would not be so panic-stricken.

This morning several pieces of shrapnel were picked up in our court and in the little garden, so the avions were very near us. The big gun has been firing today. We usually get a sharp salute at noon and today it came on schedule time. It made a loud boom and I saw the smoke over near the École de Guerre.

LETTER LXXIII.

Paris, June 8, 1918.

Johnson came in last night, covered with dust and looking like a character in a war play. He had been with the American troops at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood and told me about Floyd Gibbons. He

had his left eye shot out and his arm pierced by a machine gun bullet. He is now at the Neuilly Ambulance where he was operated upon. Hartzell, formerly of the *Sun*, was conducting officer of the correspondents at the time. Johnson was with the party when Gibbons was wounded.

The American marines were pretty badly shot up during their engagement and unfortunately were caught between the French and German fire. As a surgeon at Doctor Blake's hospital told me: "We picked German shrapnel out of them in front and French shrapnel out of them in back." The hospitals are jammed with wounded and the other *blessés* are being evacuated from Paris to make room for these latest casualties.

I got to the bastion first this morning and opened up shop. Then I set to work straightening out the shelves devoted to babies' things. As I fingered the tiny garments, I thought of all the stitches of love that had gone into their making by the American mothers who had sent them to France; and contrasted their joy with the anguish of those whose babies would wear the wee clothes this side of the Atlantic.

LETTER LXXIV.

Paris, June 9, 1918.

"The American Army," as I always call A—, has come to town and I am kept unnaturally busy. Yesterday afternoon, while I was doing my *Sun* article in the very event of this military invasion, the groom came up and announced: "Colonel R—." Since then I've been on the jump. A— now wears eagles on his shoul-

ders but they still look terribly new and unused. Naturally, since he only pinned them on last Friday night, despite the fact that he has had his promotion since May 9th.

He looks very well and ruddy though he has been where the bombing and shelling are terrific and often the officers have been obliged to sleep in the open fields. The American losses are frightful. The 18th Infantry at Cantigny lost 60 per cent of its officers and 40 per cent of its men. But we have 500,000 troops in line and they are holding. The French think we incur too many losses but our men prefer to die rather than to retreat. That's the spirit that will win out in the end and that same spirit made the British and the French so wonderful at the beginning of the war. Now they are tired and more careful.

A—, for this letter is to be mostly about him, came down with Ogden Mills, who is a Captain in the Army and both of them are going to the officers' school at Langres. When A—'s Colonelcy came, he was automatically relieved of his job with the 1st Division for that particular detail belongs to a Lieutenant-Colonel. He told me that when he went on a tour of inspection after the battle of Cantigny, he found the place strewn with the queerest things. The Americans were convinced they were never coming out of the engagement alive and when, at 9 o'clock, they were told they were going into action at five the next morning, they threw away everything they owned: new shoes, soap, home letters, photographs, all their small personal possessions till the ground was littered with the mess.

And now to our doings. We dined at the Ambassadeurs and later went to Olympia where our brains were

not addled by too much concentration of thought. This morning I met A— in the Hall and as he had got up too late for breakfast—you can't get any after 9 o'clock—he was hungry. We walked along the quays to Lapérouse, had a delicious luncheon and afterwards got a cab and went to the Scala where I thought we should see some kind of a light musical show. Instead, we stumbled upon a roaring farce called *Amour et Compagnie*, of which A— understood some and most of which, fortunately, he didn't. We had an orangeade at the Café Cardinal on the Boulevards and have just come home. Tonight I think we will dine at the Tour d'Argent and there will be no theatre; for tomorrow I must get up early and go to work.

A— was living at Breteuil when he left the line but the place is being bombed and shelled constantly. He says we are to take over 7 kilometers more of the front. We are evidently coming over strong and if the Boche submarines don't interfere with the transporting of troops we ought to be a prominent factor in the coming battles. We are in for five months of terrible slaughter but everyone is confident we will come out ahead.

LETTER LXXV.

Grand Palais, Paris, June 10, 1918.

As you see, I'm holding down my desk at my Monday job at the Atelier du Blessé Franco-Américain. My "Boss" has not yet come and as I am ahead of time I have a few moments for my daily chat with you. Mme. Eliasco wanted to know whether I would go with

the women here in case of an evacuation of Paris as she expects protection from the French Army authorities. Somehow I prefer the Duryea Oeuvre as there are not so many people there and we will be easier to handle. But "there ain't going to be no evacuation" and I have not a qualm as to the future of Paris. You and I will live to laugh over this scare and to wonder what there really was to be afraid of.

Mrs. Robinson, our Treasurer here, and who also works at the American Ambulance at Neuilly, has been telling me about our Marines lying in the Paris hospitals, and what they have been through. They have been splendid and those who are not seriously wounded are clamoring to go back to the front. Others have died bravely, saying they had done their bit and that they didn't mind going. The American hospitals here are all glutted with wounded and there are not half enough helpers. It makes everyone who does not turn in and do something feel like a slacker. I think next week I shall go out and see whether I can't do my bit. I have my diploma as a nurse's aid and I can at least make beds or feed the helpless or run errands or do a thousand other little things. I have four free afternoons a week and I will gladly give those.

LETTER LXXVI.

London, June 12, 1918.

A fresh convoy of troops has evidently arrived at "some port in England," for this evening there was a great increase in the number of American officers and soldiers in the Strand and Piccadilly. Hundreds

of them were walking about, some in groups taking in the sights of the city, while others already had found playmates among the thousands of young English girls who roam the streets looking for amusement. What impresses one is the youth of these girls, the great majority being under twenty and of a different type from those who infest certain streets at night. They seem to be principally girls employed in munition works and offices, many of them from the provinces, who have no home ties in London which would keep them off the streets after their day's work is finished.

These American soldiers will have a few days relaxation in England and then go to France. I heard today that no less than 80,000 of our men had gone from England across the Channel last week, in addition to the thousands who landed direct at the French ports. More are coming this way now, owing to the submarine danger. Though none of our transports have been sunk, the loss of ships this month has again been above the average. According to Admiral Hall, these long June days are particularly favorable for U-boat operations. When the story is told of the transportation of the hundreds of thousands of American troops, it will be recognized as one of the greatest achievements of the war. Admiral Hall also said today that, in his estimation, the German High Seas Fleet is not likely to come out and seek battle with the Grand Fleet, contrary to the prognostication of Marcel Hutin in the *Écho de Paris*.

Speaking of American soldiers in England, an interesting episode occurred at the Ministry of Information when Sir Randolph Baker outlined to the correspondents a scheme to care for and entertain our

soldiers and sailors who may come here wounded or on leave. He said he also was endeavoring to organize a movement, apart from the usual methods, by which English families of all classes would take one or more Americans into their homes and make them feel they were among friends and not in a strange land. He dilated upon the encouragement of a fraternal feeling and the binding together of the peoples and the two nations.

Then a tall young Australian got up and dropped a fly into the ointment. He asked if anything of a similar nature was being considered for the soldiers of the Dominions: the Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans. It was an awkward moment and Baker squirmed in his seat before rising to reply. Of course, he said, England appreciated the great aid the Dominions had given and recognized the fighting accomplishments of their men, *but* there was a difference. The Americans were coming to a strange country, while the Colonials surely were not strangers in England—she was their motherland—most of them had relatives here, their forefathers had lived here, they were fellow-citizens of the Empire, etc., etc. He was quite red in the face by the time he finished his explanation. It is notorious that the English people have done comparatively little to care for or entertain the Colonials and the men from the Dominions resent the solicitude displayed for Americans while they are ignored. As one of them said bitterly: "We've given our all and England now needs the Yanks. Therefore play up to them."

I had a hard day yesterday and when I finished had put in just about fifteen hours. I envy you, going to

the Paris restaurants and the Bois with the "American Army." When I left the office I was frightfully hungry and thought wistfully of New York—and cold clams, crabmeat and juicy steaks. Nothing doing here in the way of food after 9.30 and I haven't as yet contracted the "box of biscuits in your room" habit. I may fall to that before long. This rationing has some queer effects. The other day I looked at my meat card and saw that apparently I hadn't eaten meat for five days. There were all my coupons and only two days remained of the week. I had not realized that I had been ordering and eating all meatless meals. You may be sure the coupons were not wasted and for two days I ate meat twice a day. Dell, the expelled correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who has lived in Paris for twenty years and knows all the best places to eat, bitterly bewailed the cruel fate that compels him to adjust his appetite to London rationing and cooking, when I met him in a Fleet Street restaurant. We were both very late and had to run the risks of indigestion by gulping our food to finish before lights were turned out at closing hour.

On Saturday, the King and Queen with members of the Royal family drove to Saint Paul's for the service in connection with the celebration of the silver wedding of their Majesties. The procession passed beneath the windows of the *Sun* office. The King and Queen were obviously pleased as they acknowledged the greetings of the people. Queen Mother Alexandra looked not a day older than she did when we saw her driving through the same streets with King Edward the year of their coronation. Her graceful inclination of the head and her gracious smile are still the same.

LETTER LXXVII.

London, June 14, 1918.

Your letter telling me that, should it appear advisable in the opinion of the authorities that Americans and other foreigners get out of Paris, you would leave with the staff of the Secours Duryea, has greatly relieved my mind. Deep in my own convictions, I do not believe it will be necessary but it will be well to be prepared and not be faced by the possibility of making a sudden decision. You must be very busy with your days divided between the Duryea and Nelson Cromwell Oeuvres. I had no idea the American wounded were so numerous though we knew the losses at Cantigny and in the Château-Thierry affair were heavy.

Is it so that you can see the flashes of the guns and hear their roar from the Butte of Montmartre? Your letters give me a far more graphic idea of conditions in Paris than any of the newspaper despatches. The sight of the refugees streaming into the city with, on their backs, the few of their possessions they were able to save, and the flight of the profiteers must exercise a disturbing effect upon the population. I wonder how London would act under similar circumstances? Your going to the Ritz for tea after aiding the refugees sounds paradoxical. What a topsy-turvy world!

There has been much illumination of the sky the last few nights by searchlights but no raid has occurred. Next week will be full moon and we shall probably have Hun visitors again. A number of statues in London are now protected against falling bombs. Charles I, in Trafalgar Square, is being enclosed in a turret of

iron framework filled with sand bags. One of the London evening papers published an amusing skit in which the ghost of "Mr. Dick" was seen watching the workmen and mumbling: "Ah! he is going to lose his head."

One hears stories of bad feeling cropping up between the French and British soldiers; that poilus have shouted "À bas les Anglais!" at passing British regiments. Rightly or wrongly, there exists a feeling that the Aisne defeat was partly due to the fact that French reserves, which should have been in Champagne when the Germans struck, had been sent North to aid the British. There is much criticism heard of the holding of many thousands of soldiers in England for "home defence," ostensibly, but really for political reasons.

Sunday night the first theatrical performance arranged for the entertainment of American soldiers and sailors, was held at the Palace Theatre. It is part of the movement to make our men feel that they are here among friends. Admiral Sims, General Biddle and hundreds of doughboys and "gobs" were there and a fair sprinkling of Canadians and Australians. Sir F. E. Smith, the Attorney General, welcomed the "men from over the seas." The front rows of the balcony were occupied by Army nurses whose white uniforms made a pleasing contrast to the sea of khaki that surrounded them. Our men enjoyed themselves immensely and shouted their approval of every number.

Yesterday two women letter carriers delivered at the *Sun* office the suit of clothes and the second pair of shoes you sent me by letter post. Battershall, who received the packages and signed for them, told me the postwomen were dumfounded at the idea of send-

ing such articles as "letters" and said only a mad American would do such a thing. The packages were well covered by franc postage stamps. In view of the high cost of all wearing apparel, the money was well spent.

Last night I went to a dance at a house in Kensington Palace Green. There was a most curious mixture of people, including a dancing teacher who, I suspect, was responsible for quite a few of the guests. There was continuous dancing, the music being furnished by three men playing piano, banjo and guitar, who sang, or rather, yelled the tune as well as played it. Rather an unusual proceeding in a drawingroom, but it supplied pep and rhythm for dancing. These dances furnish one aspect of life in war time, wherein London differs greatly from Paris.

There were young, middle aged and elderly people among the guests who seemed to know each other in groups and looked askance at the others. Most of the men were in uniform and "had great thirsts," as I heard the butler remark to the footman. The refreshments, consisting of salads, cold salmon, strawberries and champagne cup and lemonade, were not sufficient for them and a side room where Scotch was to be had was so popular as to evoke the butler's comment. I suppose war times have been responsible for curious mixtures in social functions. Somehow the affair reminded me of one of those gatherings so keenly satirized by Dickens.

CHAPTER XIII

Weary and Heartbroken Refugees from War Zone Reach Paris
—Little Children just out of Cradle Victims of German Advance—Praise for Red Cross which Aided Many in Their Flight—One Old Woman Saves Her Dog, Another Her Parrot—Helping a French General—Parisians Sending Valuables from City—The American Ambulance at Neuilly—Distributing Cigarettes to Men who “Cuss” French Matches—American Wounded Cheerful—French *Blessés* Patient—Sleeping Paris from the Butte of Montmartre.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Paris, June 15, 1918.

Yesterday I went to the Gare du Nord to distribute some money Mlle. Rigueur sent me from Philadelphia and which she asked me to use as I thought best. Paris now has hundreds of refugees coming in every day and my idea was to give part of the fund to them. I went to the Gare in the afternoon but as there were no refugees to be found at that hour at the American Canteen, I returned again directly after dinner. This time I had better luck. Waiting on the Métro platform I met six poilus in full accoutrement, evidently going out to the front, and they were so entirely typical of the French army with its stolid courage and “uncomplainingness,” that I loved every one of them. I gave them each five francs and they were so surprised and touchingly grateful that when I explain to Mlle. Rigueur I am sure she will be glad she was able to give them a little happiness before they went away—perhaps to their death.

At the Gare I found several families of refugees having supper at the American Canteen. I selected those with children and, through the kiddies, gave small sums to help them out. One woman with three children—the oldest three and four years old—and a fifteen-days'-old baby at her breast—had been evacuated the day after her little son was born. The American Red Cross took her away in an ambulance and passed her along the road to Paris by easy stages. She told me how good they had been to her and was plainly proud of having been the object of so much importance.

Another woman from Boulogne-sur-Mer, old and almost blind, was one of those to whom I gave a few francs. A ragged creature with two pitiful looking boys hailed from the Pas-de-Calais and looked as though she needed help badly. A kiddie of two, who had been given a new pair of shoes by the Red Cross, screamed his small head off when I tucked five francs into one of the booties. He was so afraid I was trying to take them away from him. Another little man named Joseph, of the mature age of 18 months, smiled and dimpled all over his small dirty face when I handed him a crisp new note. Then he gravely turned "*la belle image*" over to his mother. He had evidently seen her put similar "pictures" into her *bas de laine*.

One woman had a dog, a fox terrier, whom she fed surreptitiously under the table before she touched a mouthful herself. He drank *café au lait* as if he were parched with thirst and his mistress calmly used the tin cup after he had finished with it. You and I, perhaps, can understand her attitude better than would most people who have not known the affection of a dog. Someone had salvaged a parrot who sat gravely

on his perch and kept up a running conversation with the passers-by. His long trip had affected him not at all.

I remained at the Canteen till I was sure there were no other trains of *évacués* arriving that night and then I came home. I had a talk with the big grey haired American in charge of the place who told me he had been in France but ten days and that he never wanted to go home again, so soon had this wonderful city exerted its charm upon him! I still have some money to distribute and will go again some night next week.

This morning on my way to work, I saw a French General in the Métro who got out at Porte Dauphine when I did. He was laden with luggage and left the car with two of his bags, returning to get his *musette*—the bag soldiers sling over their shoulder and into which they put all manner of heavy things. I had hold of it first and told him I wanted to be allowed to carry it for him. He accepted my offer so simply and so graciously that I was delighted; for that was just the spirit in which I tendered my services.

As we walked to his house in the Avenue Bugeaud, we chatted, the General asking whether I lived in the neighborhood. When I told him I resided near the Tuileries and that I was an American he thanked me for the aid my country was bringing to his and for that *I* was giving *him*. I assured him we were both proud to be of service to France and to a Frenchman. He said sadly that it was too bad we could not have come into the struggle six months earlier but he realized the country was not behind Wilson at that time. There was a tag on the *musette* I had slung across my shoulder and I read the name of my companion: General Mallière. When we got to his house, he thanked me

again; we shook hands and I put down the bag which must have weighed close to fifty pounds. My mouth was parched with the exertion but I had not felt that my burden was heavy till I was ready to give it up.

I then went on to the bastion where I was alone all morning. I worked hard; unpacked three big cases, listed every article they contained and put them in their places on the shelves. In one case a can of condensed milk had spilled over a lot of children's clothes and I washed them clean at the hydrant outside. That *was* a job. Marie Almirall came with the camion at noon and insisted that I go home with her. I had planned to eat at the bastion and work all afternoon but I was glad I didn't; for when we got to the hotel we found Colonel Winship had come to take us to *déjeuner*. We made a quick change and drove to Ledoyen's where we lunched *à ravir*.

All the Duryea workers are to get their *carnet rouge*, I among the others, and it will be very useful in case of an emergency. You know how difficult it is to get ordinarily.

LETTER LXXIX.

Paris, June 19, 1918.

This morning I went to Dr. Blake's hospital to offer my services. A snippy nurse at the telephone switch board told me they needed no helpers, so I thanked her and went away. Mrs. Taylor, Alice Moffitt and Miss Erhardt, who work at this hospital, all have told me a different story—that there was a crying need of work-

ers. But subordinates, such as the one I interviewed, always manage to queer things.

When I came out of the building, I saw the military funeral of Doctor Pozzi, the famous Paris surgeon who was shot by a madman a few days ago.

Being in the Grande Armée quarter, I called on Mme. Gros to ask if she thought they would take me on at the Neuilly Ambulance. She assured me I would be more than welcome as there was a dearth of workers at that hospital; so I shall go out to Neuilly day after tomorrow.

Many persons are sending away their valuables in case the Huns get to Paris. The Gros did a clever thing in storing their silver and I am half inclined to follow their example. They took it to the Mont de Piété, the national pawnshop, that holds itself responsible for the things they take in storage. You really pawn your silver, get 80 francs a kilo for it and it is then sent out of Paris to a safe place. But you can have it back whenever you apply and repay the loan. I could not get a safe deposit box without your consent and signature which would take time and much red tape. You know I brought all our table silver with me and I had been wondering what to do with it in case I had to leave Paris. This is the solution.

LETTER LXXX.

London, June 19, 1918.

The mails from Paris are playing queer pranks. Your letters have for a week past arrived in batches of two although posted on successive days. I presume the

great number of American troops now crossing from England to France has something to do with the delay. Every day one hears of the increasing quantities of our men going to the front. Thursday, in the House of Commons, Bonar Law said America was not coming into the war but was already in and that she was the reliance of the Allies in winning the great conflict. The reproachful question that was so often heard: "When is the United States going to begin fighting?" will no longer be asked. It is gratifying to read the unanimous praise the American troops are receiving in the French and English papers.

Yesterday it rained very hard most of the day and that, with a chilly wind, made London more disagreeable than usual. It was Queen Alexandra's "Rose Day" and thousands of women and girls started early in the morning with trays of flowers to sell for the war relief work. They were all over the city; in the hotels, on every street—importuning people to buy. Two of them held me up on the way to the office. When the rain began to fall they were caught in their thin light dresses and compelled to give up their efforts.

In the afternoon I went to the opening of the new press rooms of the Ministry of Information, in Norfolk Street. Lord Beaverbrook made a speech outlining the purpose of this innovation, which is to provide a place of meeting and dissemination of news for the Overseas correspondents. Practically all the other American correspondents were there, including the representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Today I have been very busy. First, I arranged with the correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* to get the

accounts of their special correspondent from the Piave front where the Italians are smashing the Austrian offensive. Had a talk with an Irish correspondent regarding a review of the political situation in Ireland. Then attended the weekly conference at which the representative of the War Office analyzes the military situation and then went to the Foreign Office to see Lord Robert Cecil.

When I had finished my despatches, I was both tired and hungry and went to the Constitutional Club for dinner. The air of frigid aloofness and absolute self-satisfaction that envelops the majority of elderly members who frequent the smokingroom and sit there in solemn silence is comic. What would happen if a fire-cracker were suddenly exploded under them! One old cock glowers at anyone who has the temerity to laugh even in an apologetic manner. Another insists upon getting as many of the evening papers as he can on his table and resolutely resists anyone getting a peep at them. He is a type of the Englishman who is always standing on his rights. Another ancient chap, who can hardly walk, sits for hours sucking his pipe and communing with himself. I have seen him on every occasion I have been in the Club and assume he is always there and doing the same thing. The Constitutional is the Conservative club and there you see the British Tory on his native heath. How it came to admit as temporary members some half dozen American newspapermen seems inexplicable. But, for that matter, a new member does not exist. Perhaps in ten years or so, if the old fellows saw a man around every day, they might speak to him if the house was on fire, I

have not been in the Club when an air raid was on and I am curious to know how they behave when the bombs are falling.

LETTER LXXXI.

Paris, June 20, 1918.

Will you please go to Harrod's and, in the nurse's uniform department, get me six pairs of stiff linen cuffs that are marked 900 Gauntlet. Also six stiff turned-down collars, like those the Eton boys wear. But these are made for nurses and I should like size 15½. I believe these things are called "regulation collars and cuffs." To finish the equipment I shall require four stiff linen belts also of the regulation equipment and size 30. It is impossible in all Paris to find these articles so that's why I am bothering you.

This was my morning to work at the bastion and when I came home at 12.30 I changed into the nurse's uniform I bought yesterday at the Trois Quartiers, had a rush lunch and met Mme. Gros at the Porte Maillot at ten minutes to two. We found the Hospital camion waiting to carry the workers to Neuilly and reached the Ambulance at two, left our wraps in the *vestiaire* and turned right to work in the surgical dressings' room.

For my first day's stint I made 78 packages of compresses each of which contained 6 compresses. Most of the women who have been working here for some time make 100 packages in an afternoon and I hope soon to reach that score. Mrs. Elmer Roberts, our champion, reached the maximum of 140 packages but she toiled steadily from 1 to 6 P. M. At four we

stopped for a bite to eat; each worker bringing her little contribution: sandwiches, bread and butter, cake or a Thermos bottle holding tea or chocolate. Nora Gros is in charge of this department and she has done fine things since the beginning of the war.

At present there is a lull in the bringing in of American wounded and the rush is over. I shall make dressings for a few days but my eyes are set on other things. I worked till quarter to seven, motored to the Métro and came home bathed and dressed for dinner. I make it a point to put on my prettiest frock each evening as a sort of compliment to the French and to show my perfect confidence in the military situation. Needless to tell you I turned in early and slept well.

LETTER LXXXII.

Paris, June 22, 1918.

Today I went to the hospital and worked at surgical dressings till four. Then Mme. Gros and I went upstairs to Mrs. Munroe's office where I made a request for other work. Mrs. Munroe is the wife of "Munroe et Cie, Banquiers," and seems to be a fine woman. She is certainly a charming one, very good looking in her blue uniform, white apron and starchy white muslin cap, has been at the Ambulance since the beginning of the war and is the head of the nurses' aides department.

On our way back to the bandage room, Mme. Gros and I stopped in at some of the wards and I had my first view of our American *blessés*. There are not many of them here just now, most of them have been evacuated to other hospitals. I found two poor fellows

in rolling chairs trying to wheel themselves up an incline. One of them had a bad leg and arm and could not handle his chair alone. I took them where they wanted to go and on talking with them found that both of them came from the uneducated class. Also, each wore that pathetic look that comes into the eyes of a dog who, having lost his master, finds himself in the hands of a stranger.

We distributed several packages of cigarettes among the wounded, most of whom were glad to get them. Only one lad refused. The sickest man of all, who was positively green in the face, looked too ill to smoke. Not at all! He was the most eager of the lot. The ward nurse lent us a box of matches. We struck one, two, six, ten—not one of them would flare. In disgust at a woman's awkwardness, the soldier took the box but he had no better luck and picturesquely cursed the French *allumette*. He finally managed to get a light and we left him contentedly puffing away in the corner where he lay all by himself.

The big ward was full of French *grands blessés*; but, though I adore the *poilu*, his sufferings did not move me as did that of *our* men. I felt, somehow, as though *they* belonged to me, that I would have given anything to be able to make them comfortable and happy. They are mere boys, most of them, and look as if they did not know what it was all about.

LETTER LXXXIII.

London, June 23, 1918.

Yesterday morning I went to Buckingham Palace to witness the conferring of decorations by the King.

These ceremonials are no longer of the exclusive nature that formerly characterized them, and the public—that is, as many as can be accommodated in the court yard of the palace—is admitted. King George, who wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, stood on a low dais and, as the name of the recipient was called out by a court chamberlain, he stepped forward and the King pinned the decoration on his tunic and congratulated him.

Not all those whose bravery and gallantry had won the Victoria Cross received the coveted decoration. Two out of four thus honored did not step forward when their names were called. They had answered a higher call on the field of battle. In one case, the father and mother received the cross in place of the son who had died that others might live. The old people looked so proud, despite the tears they shed, as they stood before the King and received the mark of recognition of a son's heroism.

A third cross was bestowed upon a private soldier who, when a grenade fell in the midst of his comrades, clapped his steel trench helmet on it and stood on his "tin hat." The explosion mangled his legs frightfully but his mates were not injured. As he made his way on crutches from the dais with the V. C. on his breast pinned there by the King, court decorum was shattered by an outburst of cheers. Admiral Keyes, who planned and carried out the attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend, was knighted and a number of other naval officers decorated. The ceremony occupied the best part of an hour after which I went to the office of the Italian Military Mission. The news from the Piave continues splendid.

McBride, the art critic of the *Sun*, came into the office today having come over for his holiday. He tells me the war has changed New York's habits considerably. He sailed the day the German submarines began to sink ships along the American coast. His ship was in a convoy that brought thousands more American troops and, while they were not attacked, the threat of the submarine was evident every moment of the voyage. For the first three days out and the last three days of the trip, everyone was compelled to wear life preservers constantly, even when at meals. In fact, no one was permitted to enter the dining saloon unless wearing one,

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, June 23, 1918.

What do you think I did last evening? Something I had no intention of doing as late as 8 o'clock. At that hour Frazier Hunt phoned and asked if I would have coffee with him on the top of Montmartre. I was glad of a little air; for I had been working all day. He came at 8.45 and we got a taxi whose chauffeur was willing to take us up to the steep at the foot of Sacré Coeur but who could not be cajoled or bribed into going to the top of the sacred hill. So we footed it the rest of the way. H— knew of a funny little place in the Place du Tertre where one sat in a back yard—à la Greenwich Village—and had food. As we both had dined, we solaced ourselves with strong black coffee and liqueurs and sat and talked till nearly eleven. The *patronne* gave no sign of wanting to shut up shop and we were away from the beaten track where no one

could see that we were breaking regulations. Down in Paris, you know, everything closes at 9.30.

It was full moon and both of us had a sneaking hope—which later we confessed—that we might see a raid from the summit of the Butte. There was a bit of a mist and woolly little clouds chased each other across the face of the moon, but nothing happened. We talked of many things, of Bolshevism, George Moore, O. Henry and of the recklessness of the splendid youngsters who are in the British Aviation Service and it all seemed so far away from the conflict and strife and the upset condition of the world.

When we had finished, we strolled to the platform in front of the Basilisque and, leaning on the delapidated picket fence, gazed out at Paris lying dark beneath us. There were but few lights, one here and there in the top story of a house; but in the distance there shone out a brilliant illumination that reminded one of the festive Exposition days. A man standing near by told us it was the Gare de Lyons. No wonder the Boches make targets of the Paris stations!

When we had had our fill of the beauty of this heavenly city, we started down the hill and by plunging down the incline and keeping straight ahead we came out at the Boulevards and then it was but a step to the Saint James. Without any street lamps to guide you, a walk in Paris by night is full of unexpected surprises.

Now let me tell you about my day; for I seem to have begun at its tail end. I worked at the bastion till noon, changed into uniform and was at Neuilly at two. At 2.30, I went by appointment to Mrs. Munroe's office. The day before I had been told that, if I wanted to work at the hospital, I must sign for six months and

give up my passport in exchange for a Red Cross *carnet rouge*. Naturally I could not do this, because of the uncertainty of the length of your stay in London, but I said nothing at my first interview. Yesterday I declared that I could neither sign for a fixed period nor could I give up my papers but, if they wanted me on these conditions, I would be delighted to give them my time until your return. They fairly leaped at me; took me on without an argument and set me to work at once so that I never got back to the surgical dressings room till after five.

I was taken to the top floor to a Mrs. Calhoun who is in charge of the history work, given blanks and a pencil and sent down into the wards to write up the men's *fiches*. This means the notes relating to their wounds, their first surgical treatment after being shot, where and how they were hurt, their name, age, regiment, company and the diagnosis of the case. This latter I get from the surgeon when he and I go our rounds of the wards. I am historian for Dr. Crossan. Today he was busy attending to a dying poilu and promised to put me through my paces next week.

I have eight wards—each with twelve beds—and 25 beds in Corridor C, the latter occupied exclusively by Americans. The wards are filled with Frenchmen; that is, my wards are. I went through all the men's papers and found some of them done and some not done. I began to put them in order with a Mrs. Wilson to show me how. I soon caught the knack.

The poilus are a cheerful lot and invariably answered my questions with a smile. No wonder everyone likes them! But their ages surprised me. When I expected to be told a man was 40, I found he was but 28; when

a man told me he was 19, he looked 30. War or hardship has aged them terribly and their mature appearance is amazing. Most of these men came in on June 13; some being wounded at Villers-Cotterets, some at Montdidier. At several of the beds sat a patient Norman or Breton peasant mother or wife looking so pathetic in these, to them unaccustomed surroundings. One poor fellow was dying and the screens had been put around his bed—sure sign of the end—while the nurse hurried after hot water bottles. I suppose the lad was cold starting on his long journey.

Another *blessé*, a farmer, lay so waxen and quiet in his cot that, to me, he has not long to live. Still, with their strong constitution, one never knows. I was astonished to find two Parisians among the wounded. One never thinks of this city sending its contingent; yet there are thousands of *Parigots* at the front.

The American men are an interesting lot. There was one handsome Italian boy lying fast asleep. His long black eyelashes curled on his olive cheek and his clean cut features were beautiful. In my mind, I pictured him as one of the New York gunmen like those who infested the garage opposite my bedroom at home. Another lad who did not look over 18, had a wonderful head of red hair—just like Paderewski's in his youth—that stood out like an aureole on his pillow. His eyes were so blue, his cheeks so pink and he had a crop of boyish freckles across his nose. I thought he would soon be out and well and then the nurse told me he had had a leg amputation. Poor boy! A cripple for the rest of his life and probably a long life to look forward to. I wonder what *he* thinks of the war!

There was a cheerful Hebrew lying next to a Ken-

tucky mountaineer and the latter, though uncouth, had real deference towards women. His "Yes, Ma'am," had something courtly in it and he was a gentleman by instinct. I had expected to be harrowed by my experiences but there was none of that; just a great calm and a desire to help. I daresay when the next rush comes and I turn to and help wash and feed the wounded, I shall be torn and anguished.

Someone had sent ice-cream to the Americans and there was much rejoicing. It is a treat not included in the hospital menu. A Red Cross man came through the building with a supply of Lucky Strikes and gave a package to each man. One of the orderlies vainly tried to buy some of the tobacco but the Red Cross simply said: "Nothing doing!"

My days for work here are Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons. On my slip filled in by Mrs. Munroe's secretary it states that I have five languages at my command, that I can use a typewriter, that I work at the Duryea and Cromwell Oeuvres and that I have a "first aid" diploma from the Red Cross.

Tomorrow is my Grand Palais day and Wednesday I plan to go to the Mont de Piété with the silver. But I am afraid I shall have to give up that idea as I hear that all silver must be marked with the French Government stamp. That must be done at the Mint and takes two weeks.

LETTER LXXXV.

Paris, June 24, 1918.

I have just come in from my work at the Grand Palais and find your letters urging me not to do so

much for fear of tiring myself. Dear boy, I like to be tired in such a cause and I come home from my various duties all aglow with the spiritual exaltation I wrote you of some time ago. I feel that I am being of some small help in this cosmic tangle and it is a wonderful sensation. I have never been happier than in these last months in Paris, since *real* things have begun to happen and since I have been able to take part, even in a minor way.

The Italians are doing fine things both in Italy and in France and the Italians at the Saint James wear a jubilant air. They have been so abused to their faces and behind their backs that I am glad their country is vindicated. The King of Spain is in Paris just now, staying at the Duc de Montpensier's. They say he is here to see about stopping the bombing of open towns. To his stay is supposed to be due the fact that Paris is not being bombed or shelled for the present. Major G— says that Big Bertha cannot fire because the Americans drenched the gun emplacement with gas shells and the Boches could not get near it. Also, that the concrete platforms of the big guns intended to bombard Paris are being destroyed as fast as they are finished.

LETTER LXXXVI.

London, June 26, 1918.

Kerensky, the one-time hope of Russia, made a rather spectacular public appearance in London today. The newspaper correspondents knew he was in London more than a week ago but the censor sent out notification that no mention was to be made of the presence

in this country of a "former Russian Premier." This morning the censor issued an order that it was permissible to mention the fact that "Kerensky had been in London," but within an hour or so Kerensky, himself, surprised the delegates to the labor convention now in session by appearing and addressing them in Russian, which precious few of them understood. There are reports that he has been picked by the Allies as the man they look to who can save Russia from Germany. His appearance just at this time, when there is much talk of the Allies intervening in Russia, is significant. He is going to Paris where he will, if the Huns don't upset the program, confer with the French leaders.

The speeches of von Kuhlmann and Hertling with their vague insinuations of "peace feelers" are attracting much attention. The former got into hot water by suggesting that the "end of the war peace" was not to be brought about by a German military decision. Then he endeavored to explain away that speech by making another one. Result, confusion worse confounded.

Last night I went to the annual dinner of the Pilgrims and met a number of men I have not seen for years. Arthur Barrett, an American-born lawyer, who has his office in the Temple and was one of the original committee, is now Vice-President of the Pilgrims. The Bishop of London, also one of the early Pilgrims, sat near me and we had a talk during the evening. The Duke of Connaught, as President, was in the chair and gave Harry (Sir Harry) Brittain unstinted praise for his work for the Pilgrims and Anglo-American fraternity.

I had two interesting neighbors: Sir Arthur Pearson and a Captain Fraser—both blind—the former as in the case of Joseph Pulitzer, from overstrain in building up the paper he founded and the latter blinded in the fighting in Flanders. Pearson, who founded the *Daily Express*, started Saint Dunstan's Home where soldiers who have lost their sight are trained to make their way in life in trades or professions. It is a splendid undertaking and Pearson, who lives at the Home, takes a direct personal part in its management.

Captain Fraser is a fine upstanding young chap whose affliction seems doubly sad; for he had everything before him; whereas Pearson attained success and made a fortune before being stricken. Fraser is cheerful and full of enthusiasm over the work at Saint Dunstan's where he is associated with Pearson. Among other things, he is editor of the paper published for and by the inmates. It made one feel queer to hear these two men with staring sightless eyes each asking the other whether he had read this or that article in the *Times* or *Telegraph* and commenting upon it. Both are bronzed and hardy and explained their physical appearance by saying they spent Saturdays rowing on the river.

George Putnam, the American publisher who is the most fiery American patriot abroad and who has been making the hottest pro-Ally speeches here and at home ever since the war began, was also at our table. Sir Joseph Lawrence was another of us. I first met him when he came to America with Lipton in 1899. He is the man who loved to use the word "recherché" and employed it then to describe everything that pleased him, from a dinner to a hat. Also, Mandelick, who

was Charles T. Yerkes' private secretary and is now the Director of the underground system that his employer created. Of the original executive committee of the Pilgrims—and it was a large one—I think there were but four members present last night: Lord Beresford, Brittain, Barrett and myself.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Paris, June 26, 1918.

Today at the Ambulance I met Miss H— who brought a letter of introduction to me some weeks ago. She first signed up with the Anne Morgan Unit but as that was evacuated during the last push there is no work for them to do just now. So she was lent to the Red Cross, put to work at Neuilly, was there in the thick of the late rush and assisted in nursing our men as they were brought in. She still seems dazed and horrified by what she saw. The crush was so great that there were not enough beds to go round and the wounded were packed in all over the hospital, and even the nurses—living a block away—were turned out of their rooms that were then filled with battered Amexes. I expect to be called upon to help as soon as the Germans hammer us again. That is really why I joined the Ambulance. I know how short-handed they were last time and the more the summer advances the fewer workers there will be, for this is vacation time.

This afternoon, as soon as I had put on my muslin cap, I sought my wards and was fortunate in finding Dr. Crossan almost immediately. He took me on his rounds and I was busy every instant from one-forty-five

to five-fifteen. The surgeon stopped at each bed and dictated to me the diagnosis and description of that particular man's injuries. I wrote just as hard as I could and filled an entire blankbook with notes. Tomorrow I shall put down in ink on each soldier's Field Card and hospital papers the things I took in pencil today. I am glad to say that I was able to spell the most technical names with the exception of two that stumped me.

I saw all the wounds as Doctor Crossan took off the bandages and they shocked me not at all. You must think me a hardened creature to stand such sights but I daresay it is because the injuries are healing so well and therefore not so gruesome as they must be at first. I may not be so calm when I see fresh blood.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Paris, June 28, 1918.

I am sorry my activities are a source of worry to you. But there is no need for you to be alarmed. I am perfectly able to carry through what I have undertaken and these days must not be reckoned like those of ordinary times. The needs of humanity are greater than those of any one person and, with the running away from Paris of a million cowards, workers are needed. That is why I must keep on. There is no strain and I am standing the hours beautifully.

Last night shortly before eleven the *alerte* sounded and a little while afterwards came a mighty "boom!" nearer the hotel than any I have yet heard. Mathilde

told me this morning that a bomb fell in the Place Vendôme. She saw it on her way to work and says there is glass scattered all over the Place and the square is roped off by the police. The Boche airman always flies over this hotel—I know the intermittent snarl of his double motor—and this time he unloaded one of his little missiles in our neighborhood. I went to sleep in the midst of the noise.

Today at the hospital I was busy every minute from two to six, copying all the diagnoses I had taken down on Tuesday and, even so, I did not finish. It was dinner time in the wards when I was on my last lap and I stopped because I did not want to interfere with the men at their meal.

They are just like children anxious for their food, those who are able to walk going to the door and peering down the corridor in the hope of sighting the maid who is rolling along the soup kettle. When it comes, they fall to silently and there is only the sound of the spoon against the tin plate and the noisy sipping of soup. Today for dinner there was *potage*, two hard boiled eggs with sorrel, salad, peaches, coffee, bread and *pinard*. And they lapped it up, even the very sick ones.

In one ward where I was busy, a Frenchman was coming out of ether after a second operation. He had a hard time and was retching and vomiting with much noise and effort, all the while groaning and repeating:

"Oh que ça pique! Oh que ça pue!"

And then he would rouse himself to curse the Germans and to wish he had one Boche near him to carve as he himself had been carved. A poilu in the adjoin-

ing bed sat up and announced that he intended to strangle the first Boche he met when he got back to the trenches and another declared that all *he* wanted was to kill the *cochon* who had brought him to such a pass. Whereupon a philosophical comrade ventured:

"Pooh! *That* Fritzie's probably dead long ago."

CHAPTER XIV

Women Workers of England in Colorful Parade at Buckingham Palace—German Raiders Drop Bombs in Center of Paris—Ritz Hotel Narrowly Escapes—A Day with American Wounded—Interesting Types from all Parts of the Country—A Fascinating Irish Lad and One of Nature's Noblemen from the Southern Hills—Arrival of Food Starts an Uproar—Cheese Not Always Welcome—The Value of a Birth Certificate—Everyone Was "Dearie" to Her—No Color Line in French Hotels—A Wounded Negro and a Too Sympathetic Nurse.

LETTER LXXXIX.

London, June 29, 1918.

Two letters from you this morning and it cheered me to know that you are well and as contented as possible under existing circumstances.

Today I have had a taste of air and sunshine. I came to the office earlier than usual and, after getting through my work, went to Buckingham Palace to see the parade of women war workers. There were between three and four thousand of them in line, representing all branches of endeavor. They were in working garb and made a colorful picture. The munition workers wore tunics and trousers of a cream shade while girls working in factories where cartridges and fuses are loaded wore similar costumes of red, emblematic of their dangerous calling. The land workers who do all sorts of farm labor were notice-

able for their good looks and healthy appearance. Their garb is very smart, russet brown in color, with leggings, tight breeches and a smock that reaches not quite to the knee. With their undeniable beauty (many of them) and their swinging stride they might have been a picked lot of show girls in a successful musical comedy. But their demeanor was not that of the stage. They took themselves very seriously. A delightful picture was made by the variously toned uniforms of the women 'bus conductors, railroad workers and by those of the nurses, many of whom wore white. They marched from Hyde Park to the Palace, presented their address to the King and tramped away again.

Before the parade there had been an investiture at the Palace, of which I saw the finish. Then, being out for a half holiday, I went to Kensington where every Saturday there is held a drill by young men who are just under military age. Among them are the youngsters of the Boy Scout Clubs. Today must have been a special occasion; for there were thousands of them and a review was held of all the organized units. There were many American soldiers watching the youths drill. I fell to talking with them and learned that they had landed only a few days ago and that, according to their accounts, the ocean is covered with our transports loaded with troops. They all seemed keen to get to France "where the big doings are going on."

I had lunch with J. Arthur Barrett in the Hall of the Inner Temple yesterday. We sat on the benches that are a relic of the days when chairs were unknown in the dining halls of the companies and schools of England. I had lunched there several times some years ago and it was a pleasant renewal of an enjoyable

experience. Even the menu was familiar; cold salmon, boiled potatoes, apple tart. The Hall is like so many of the Temple buildings—full of suggestions of hundreds of years of English history.

After lunch we walked and talked under the trees in the lower end of the Temple Gardens. It was very, very beautiful; the soft green carpet underfoot, and the waving foliage overhead with all around us the peaceful freshness of an English summer day. War, however, lifted its grisly head in the shape of a squad of recruits from the Temple who were drilling in musketry exercises on that part of the lawn where once stood the tents when we used to attend the Temple flower shows.

You made me shudder when I read that you are confronted by 35 unanswered letters. I should be submerged by that number. Talking of being submerged here is a good story. A man suffering from a cold and sore throat went to consult a doctor. The physician gave him medicine and a gargle.

"You know how to gargle?" asked the medico.

"Good Heavens, yes!" replied the patient. "I've been submarined four times."

LETTER XC.

Paris, June 29, 1918.

Last night's raid was the most severe we have had since March. Fourteen bombs were dropped and three Boche avions got through. This morning I made a little exploring trip to see whether I could locate some of the damage. It interests me to see things at close

range. First I went to rue de la Michodière where a bomb fell on No. 20, just a block from the *Sun* office. You can't see much except shattered glass from the street for the wreckage is all in the inside. Then I walked to the Place de la Bourse, having heard that an *obus* had fallen there. I found no sign of destruction but the Place Vendôme was a different story. There, nearly every window in the Place was broken. At Beer's, Pinaud's, Hellstern's, the Kodak shop, the Ministère de la Justice and over on the side near Duveen's galleries hardly a pane remains intact, while the walls of all the houses are sprayed with shrapnel. There is a huge pile of glass at the foot of the Column—all that has been swept up since last night.

The biggest bomb fell in the garden of the Ministère de la Justice where there were three deaths. The Ritz, next door, lost nearly all its windows and a flying piece of glass badly cut one of the waiters in the leg. Emily Brown of the Secours Duryea, and who lives at the Ritz, gave the man first aid, no one else in the place having sense enough to know what to do. She tore her petticoat into strips and made a tourniquet which kept him from bleeding to death before the Ambulance could come and carry him away.

Missiles also fell in the rue du Bac near the rue de Grenelle, where a house was demolished; in the Boulevard Raspail, the rue Blanche, Place Clichy, rue Moncet where an entire building was also destroyed. I daresay we shall have another visitation tonight and for that reason I have come upstairs early so that I can turn in before ten-thirty.

This afternoon I finished writing up my diagnoses and with Doctor Crossan went through the wards while

he signed evacuation papers for thirteen men. I had put them all in order beforehand. The men hate to be moved to other hospitals for they are very comfortable at Neuilly. But room must be made for other, more urgent cases. I don't know whether these evacuations mean that a new attack is pending and that beds are needed.

The poilu who came out of the ether yesterday was most chipper this afternoon and looked sheepish when his comrades twitted him with the fuss he had made. Most of the *blessés* have wonderful recuperative power and it is marvelous to see how they have improved in the two weeks they have been in hospital. All my poilus call me "Mees," which is their generic term for any woman in nursing garb. How do you like my new title? It makes me feel delightfully young and girlish.

LETTER XCI.

Paris, June 30, 1918.

First of all, thank you for the collars, cuffs and belts which the postman brought me the first thing this morning. They give a professional touch to my uniform that delights me.

Mrs. Calhoun, my chief, told me today the hospital wished papers made out for all the American soldiers just like those of the French *blessés*. When he enters this hospital every American soldier is given a striped denim bag with a red cross on it. Into this are put the papers he brings with him from the first dressing station or from any other hospital where he has had

treatment before coming to Neuilly. This gives the surgeons the proper data in his case.

I spent most of the afternoon in my section of Corridor C, examining this data and from it I made out the required slips. It was interesting to note the character of the men by the things they kept in their little bag. Some tuck into it a washrag, a bit of soap, a stick of chewing gum or a tablet of chocolate, a sheet or two of letter paper, any mail they get from home and—with the Catholics—you are sure to find a rosary.

My boys know me now and they smile when they see me because, to them, mine represents a friendly face from home and they are very lonely in a land where no one speaks their language. They are so afraid the making out of their papers means evacuation and they are pitifully reluctant to leave the Ambulance.

"Oh, if I could jest stay *two* weeks more!" sighed a big blond Dane and he left the rest of his sentence unfinished. I knew the longing that was in his heart. There isn't much danger that he will be moved just yet.

I did most of my writing seated at a small iron table which I drew up to an empty bed. In the adjoining cot lay a stolid-faced Finn who watched me as a friendly dog does a man and I think he rather liked the looks of the new nurse—for that's what they all think I am. In my rounds I found two New Yorkers; one from East 74th Street near the River, the other from Essex Street. I told them I came from the Big Town and asked if they knew Washington Square. Both of them did and the Essex Street boy—a lad with the wonderful dreamy brown artist eye of his race—exclaimed:

"Gee! I wisht I was there now."

Mandel of Chicago is listed as a Lutheran but I

wager he is one of the chosen people. He is loquacious and loves to tell you how he was hurt. He is proud of the fact that he took care of himself for six hours after being wounded, using his first aid bandage, which each soldier carries sewed inside his tunic pocket. It was hard work getting away from his bed.

The most fascinating rascal in the corridor is Daniel Murphy, an Irishman with all the charm of his race. He is to the life Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." Were I a colleen I should be inclined to softening of the heart if he looked at me very often. He hails from County Cork and his nearest relative is a priest. I wager, however, that Daniel has not the vocation.

A Sergeant with a leg amputation and who plays the harmonica, did the "Long Trail" with the ward nurse joining in the chorus while the lads in the nearby beds crooned softly to themselves. It made the tears come to my eyes.

John Reddy of Massachusetts has the soft cultivated voice of the Bostonian, and yet he is but an ordinary workman.

One poor young chap, a grain dealer from Omaha, has a wound that originally did not amount to much—amputation of the thumb. Infection set in and he suffers dreadfully, having already been operated on three times. The Carrel-Dakin treatment is being used for his arm, which is swollen as big as a coal heaver's leg. He lies with his eyes closed most of the time but when he smiles he is handsome.

Before I was through it was supper time and I watched the boys being fed. Two, two-tiered wheeled carts bring the food; one for the French, one for the

Americans. They are trundled up the hall from opposite directions and the service is simultaneous. The French are the more impatient and keep sticking their heads out of the doors to watch the progress of the "soup wagons." Yesterday the *potage* arrived before the spoons and two or three of the *poilus* fairly danced up and down with rage, calling the girl responsible for the omission all sorts of uncomplimentary names.

On each man's iron bed-table is set a tin cup, his table utensils, two tin plates and a hunk of bread. A husky woman carrying a big can of coffee fills the cups and in her wake comes the pretty girl who dishes out the dessert. Usually this consists of jam; but last night it happened to be cheese. As she speared a piece of cheese into each plate by means of a long-pronged iron fork, she explained:

"Fromage ce soir; pas des confitures."

Most of the Yanks took it without a murmur, but from one of the beds came a frantic waving of two unwounded arms, accompanied by a wild yell:

"Frummage! No!! Here you! Take away that damned frummage! A feller'd have to put on his gas mask to get away with a mess like that!"

When I left, they were all busy devouring their soup, baked beans and tomatoes and thick slices of white bread.

Instead of taking the Métro home as I generally do, I found a tram that ran to the Madeleine. Being thirsty and hungry I stopped at the Dixie in the rue Cambon for a cup of tea and some delicious bread, butter and jam. This is the only place I know of in Paris where you can get butter and milk and I don't quite see how

it is done as it is absolutely prohibited by police regulations.

When I go out in my uniform, many of the Red Cross and Y men salute me as though I were a soldier. It makes me feel terribly set up. And when French officers touch their caps, I am transported to the clouds.

LETTER XCII.

Paris, July 1, 1918.

Yesterday the American Embassy inserted in the *New York Herald* a notice requesting all Americans in Paris to call at the Passport Department today at 10 A. M. to have their passports *viséd*. So this morning I got up early and reached 68, rue Pierre Charron at nine-fifteen. I found ahead of me one American girl sitting on the steps leading to the second floor. I joined her after a stupid French office boy insisted we could not come into the office to wait but must remain where we were till ten o'clock. It made me think I was in a *French* government bureau; for that is the sort of treatment one expects there.

What were originally two persons soon grew to five, ten, twenty; and at a quarter to ten we were permitted to come inside the front door and stand for fifteen minutes more. Being second in line, I had not long to wait when finally I got through the gate. My passport was *viséd*, but that was merely a pretext to tell me and the other Americans there—one by one, mysteriously—that the military situation was serious and that, if nothing kept us in Paris, we ought to get out.

"People, however, who work," said the Embassy clerk, "should remain at their posts."

That's where *I* belong and what I intend doing.

Last week the British Embassy did the same for its people and sent many of them home. I hear the English have several boats anchored in the Seine which, in case of a crisis, will be used to transport any British subjects who happen to be in Paris.

LETTER XCIII.

Paris, July 2, 1918.

After my work today Marie Almirall and I went to tea at the Ambassadeurs and I incorporated what I saw in this week's fashion article. The place was full of *petites dames* all dressed to the nines. Most of them wore their new summer hats of felt or velvet and all of them had on furs that must have made them swelter this torrid July afternoon.

The Ambassadeurs is the only tea room that is always crowded with a fashionable throng. We sat downstairs on the *terrasse* but every table in the restaurant was filled with dozens of good-looking young French officers. I wonder what they were doing so far from the front!

Foch must feel very confident to permit so many of his men to remain at the rear in what most people think is a time of crisis. We drank what the Parisians call *un sherry gobbleur*. It wasn't at all according to our idea of what a sherry cobbler should be but it was cool and refreshing.

LETTER XCIV.

London, July 3, 1918.

Your two letters received today were extremely interesting. That they were read eagerly goes without saying, particularly the description of "your boys" at the hospital. What an insight you are obtaining into the psychology of the soldier. I am a bit uneasy as to the possible outcome of what you told me of the warning you received when you had your passport *viséd*. I had heard that the American authorities were getting as many of our people as possible out of Paris as a precautionary measure. Nothing is permitted to be published; but the army people tacitly admit that it is necessary to make tentative preparations in case of an emergency. Have you still the intention of going with the Duryea staff in case it is necessary to leave? Or has your joining the American Hospital workers altered your arrangements? Every time I discuss this matter with you I am amazed that we can talk about it so calmly.

London is ready to celebrate the Fourth as was never thought possible. The statement of President Wilson that a million American soldiers have landed in France is the big news of the day and will take its place in history as the greatest Fourth of July message since the Declaration of Independence itself. I have cabled a series of short statements I secured from prominent Englishmen on what the celebration of the Fourth in Allied countries means to future world relations. I gave a copy of the interviews to the *Temps* correspondent who is telegraphing them tonight to Paris.

Tomorrow there will be plenty to do. I hope to go to Waterloo to see the American troops arrive and then to the ball game in the afternoon. There are to be dinners, dances, theatrical entertainments for the soldiers and at the Y. M. C. A. Hut in the Strand our soldiers and sailors are to play a new game called by its creator "Bombing the Kaiser." A large cartoon of the All Highest has been affixed to the wall and the boys will throw bombs in the shape of iron crosses mounted on sharp shafts at it, the one making the best hit being the winner.

The newspapers are devoting columns to the preparations for the Fourth and in numerous editorials are pointing out that this will not be a celebration of a separation but of a union. That is Great Britain's construction in 1918 of the Declaration of Independence. The principles enunciated by the American Colonies in 1776 are identical with the war aims of the Allies in 1918. One English newspaper with a sense of humor put it this way: that it is quite fitting for Great Britain to celebrate the Fourth for the reason that the signers of the Declaration were all Britishers. Quite true, but the British for more than a century have called them rebels.

There were many fresh faces at the American Officers' Club this evening and all the diningrooms were filled with the newcomers here for the Fourth. It sounded odd to hear baseball hotly discussed in the precincts of Mayfair. Though, for that matter, few except caretakers are in the great houses that cluster in this fashionable district. Yet it is the time of year that was always the height of the season. Today the streets are deserted, the doors closed, the windows shuttered;

the men are in the Navy or Army and the women either engaged in war work or in the country. Some of the officers found more interest in talking of the scenes at Southampton than of tomorrow's games, where train follows train filled with American soldiers from Liverpool or Winchester, who march to the docks at Southampton and embark on the boats that carry them across the Channel.

Today on my regular calls at the ministries, I found everyone in authority perplexed by the German inactivity. The possible reasons advanced range from influenza to peace proposals. We probably shall wake up some morning to hear that the Hun has struck in an unexpected quarter and then will follow another period of suspense until he is again checked.

I went to the Consulate yesterday to inquire about my passport and found that, according to the new regulations, a serious omission had been made that will delay its issuance. It seems that I should have presented a certified copy of my birth certificate with my application. This was overlooked at the time. Will you take my birth certificate to the American Consulate and have them make out a copy, to which you will certify that it is a correct copy, and then mail the *copy* to me? You must keep the original most carefully; for judging from the insistence upon its production it appears to be a document of the greatest value?

LETTER XCV.

Paris, July 3, 1918.

Yesterday was very hot, and today it is so cold that a serge dress feels comfortable; and yet yesterday I

was too warm in my nurse's linen costume. At the hospital while waiting for Dr. Crossan I sat in the office of the third floor head nurse. This young person is a buxom Canadian, of the type who calls everyone "Dearie" from the Head Nurse to the lowest orderly. Though she had never seen me before on God's footstool, she bestowed upon me the same term of endearment which bubbles from her lips as naturally as the air she breathes. I asked her for a job and she handed me some clean pillowslips with orders to put them on the vacant beds in the corridor. This gave me a chance to talk to the American soldiers, of one of whom I inquired how it felt to go into action.

"The first time you are under fire," he told me, "you feel as if you wanted the doctor pretty bad and right away, but after that you don't mind it a bit."

While I was busy I saw a man brought upstairs after an operation, still under the influence of ether. With his brown eyes rolled up showing the whites and his tongue lolling out from the side of his mouth, he looked like a dead dog.

The Yanks who have been lying in the corridor beds were nearly all put into wards yesterday and the cots they vacated were stripped and made ready for new cases. The ambulances are all out in the yard on call and last night there were brought in some of the men who took part in that Vaux attack of Monday. Haven't our soldiers done splendidly? The Seichprey affair is the only failure marked down against them.

Marie asked me to take a book to a man in the hospital in whom she is interested. This I did today and on entering his ward inquired:

"Which of you is Searles?"

A voice from the corner answered: "I'm Searles," and on going over to his bed I found him in the midst of performing a very intimate act of nature. Neither of us gave any sign that there was anything unusual going on. Little things that would embarrass us at ordinary times lose all meaning in hospital life.

On all sides I hear of the dislike the nurses have for taking care of officers. They call them perfect pests, say they demand constant attention and are never satisfied with what is done for them. On the other hand, the private is a grateful chap and so human that you can't help loving him.

When I had finished my history work upstairs I went down to the surgical dressings' room and made compresses till six-thirty. I did not stop to change my uniform but went to the Gare de Lyons straight after dinner. It was rather late when I got there and there were not many refugees, most of them having been already entrained. With the help of a *gendarme* I found the siding on which their car stood and discovered a few kiddies to each of whom I gave a new 5 franc bill. Two little girls thanked me with a curtsy and put up their faces to be kissed. It made me weepy as I felt their smooth cheeks under my lips and realized how much suffering has already come into their lives.

The station was crowded with travelers going to Vichy and other places along the line. They seemed keenly anxious to get away; for there is a rumor that Paris is to be bombarded tomorrow in honor of the Fourth. I am convinced the fear is groundless. We have had five raids this week and we may have another tonight but the story of the Big Berthas set up to destroy Paris leaves me cold.

I shan't go to the hospital tomorrow as no one there works on our national holiday. Also I have been given a half day by the Secours Duryea, so I feel like one of the "idle rich." I shall start out early to see the Amexes march down the Champs Élysées and I know there will be much enthusiasm. Just now our people are on the crest of popular approval. Not long ago the British were the Allies' pets. Today it is our turn.

For two days an American negro officer has been eating in the Saint James diningroom. To me, it seems queer to see him there but Europeans have no race prejudice. Talking of colored people, here's what one of the nurses at the Ambulance told me. One of her patients was a negro soldier who had fallen off a truck and broken his leg. As he was the only black man in the place she made a little more fuss over him than she did over her other cases; stroking his head now and then and at night rubbing his back with alcohol and talcum powder. One evening he looked up at her with rolling eyes and said (please read with proper dialect):

"I think I ought to tell you, Nurse, that when you touches me like that, my feelings for you are not the right kind of feelings."

The nurse stopped—but don't you love the frankness of the boy?

CHAPTER XV

London Celebrates the "Fourth"—Royalty at a Baseball Match—Doughboys and Gobs Welcome George V with "Hail, Hail, the King is Here"—The Day of Americans in Paris—Jazz for the Wounded—Poilus Can't Understand why Yankees Whistle When They Wish to Applaud—Vagaries of the Wounded.

LETTER XCVI.

London, July 4, 1918.

This for London has been some day! I do not think Londoners ever before quite appreciated American enthusiasm or the multitudinous ways in which it can be manifested. The celebration began early. When I left the Waldorf I found hundreds of upstanding American soldiers and sailors filling Aldwych and the Strand and clustered around the Eagle Hut. They had arrived before daylight and had already visited parts of the city—many of them in open drags. As I crossed the street, a taxi drove up with two soldiers and two sailors. They had a big American flag festooned over the back of the vehicle and the sailors were sitting high up on the dropped hood of the car. Everybody was happy, including the driver. Inside the Hut were hundreds more, most of them consuming sandwiches and real ice cream. The secretaries in charge told me the boys were consistently hungry, that they had been eating ever since their arrival and were now clamoring for lunch.

The band of the Irish Guards was playing Sousa marches and the flags, bunting and enthusiasm combined with the sunshine made this corner of London as American as a Fourth of July morning at home.

After lunch I started for the ball game at Chelsea. Here again I found a transplanted America. The approaches to the ground were as like as could be to the entrance to the Polo grounds on the occasion of a big college football game. Crowds in the street all surging towards the entrances and, on every hand, men and women selling American flags. "Buy the thousand stripes!" some of them cried their wares. Inside, about 40,000 people—including one King, two Queens and Princes and Dukes and titled folk innumerable—were being astonished by the vocal performances of the rooters for the Army and Navy teams. The cheer leaders were at work getting the maximum amount of noise out of their followers. You have seen them often, but their gymnastics paralyzed the English. The Royal party laughed at their antics and at the derisive cries and yells exchanged by the two camps of supporters.

The stand was packed and as is the case on all English football grounds, there are no field seats or "bleachers." The 30,000 or more who paid only the admission charge stood on the terraced sides of a great amphitheatre. The background, bright with the light dresses and parasols of the women, and the green turf were suggestive of Epsom on Derby Day. In front of the stand hundreds of men and women sat on the grass. The similarity to an Army-Navy game at home was all the more striking because many officers and men were constantly meeting each other for the first time since leaving America. Reunions were going on on every hand.

Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra were greatly diverted by the exuberance of the meeting of a group of American officers directly in front of the stand, who embraced and danced and slapped each other violently on the back. Imagine British officers going through a similar performance in public!

An amusing incident occurred when the Duke of Connaught arrived. He was late and the game was at an exciting stage. As he entered the royal box the King's party, with the exception of royalty itself, rose to its feet. The loyal English people around, seeing the Duke and others standing, also rose. But the Americans in the stand—thousands of them—did not know or care why these people were standing. They only knew they could not see the game and they sent up a mighty yell of "Sit down! Down in front! This isn't the time to stretch," and similar remarks. The English, plainly puzzled by the outbreak, sat down. The King laughed heartily but the fans did not care whether he smiled or frowned. In the joy of watching a real game of ball they had forgotten all about having a King in their midst.

Ambassador Page was not at the game, for he is quite ill and at a health resort. For the same reason the usual Fourth of July reception was not held at the Embassy. Irving McLaughlin, the American *chargé d'affaires*, sat next to Queen Mary and explained to her the fine points of the game. Whether it was the warm afternoon or the demand on his knowledge of the game that was responsible, the genial first secretary did not seem as much at his ease as usual. The King turned frequently to Admiral Sims, who sat back of him, to ask about some play on the diamond.

When the Royal party first entered their box the doughboys and gobs sang:

"Hail, hail the King is here!
What the Hell do we care!
What the Hell do we care!
Hail, hail the King is here!
What the Hell do we care now!"

The King rose and bowed his appreciation of the vocal greeting but sat down suddenly convulsed with laughter when Admiral Sims enlightened him as to the sense of the lyric.

LETTER XCVII.

Paris, July 4, 1918.

Marie and I had planned to see the Fourth of July parade together, our idea being to hire chairs in the Champs Élysées where we could sit comfortably and watch the soldiers go by. But when we reached the Tuileries gate, four *gendarmes* stood at the entrance letting through a stream of people armed with big green tickets. Although we had no cards of admission we smiled at the nearest *gendarme*, told him we were Americans and asked whether we might go in. To which, waving his hand in a courtly gesture, he said:

"Enter *Mesdames*. Today is the day of the Americans."

On the upper terrace overlooking the Place de la Concorde we came upon a crowd, some of them with chairs, some of them standing. Inquiring where seats

were to be found, I was told they were scattered all over the gardens, that they were there for the taking but that I must fetch them myself. Leaving Marie perched on the coping so as to keep two places in the event of my non-success, I retraced my steps as far back as the Place Vendôme entrance and all the way I met persons lugging the iron chairs. I found two which I dragged up to the terrace. But they were heavy and it was hot work so that, when I reached my objective point, I was warmed up for the day. As it was a biting cold morning this was rather a good thing.

We chose a spot where the crowd was only four deep and, by standing on our chairs, had an excellent view of the Place. By ten-thirty, hundreds of people were massed behind us. Men and boys climbed into the branches of the trees; the roofs of the Ministère de la Marine, of the Red Cross and of the Crillon were black with people. Big vans and wagons had drawn up near the statues and were selling standing room at good prices. The Strasbourg monument was gay with fresh flowers and there was on hand the ubiquitous little girl dressed to represent Alsace.

At eleven the Garde Républicaine swung down from the Champs Élysées and, behind them, leading our troops, three American bands massed into one and in charge of a marvelous six-foot-something drum major. The people adored *him*. Our men marched in perfect alignment, their hands swinging at their sides in unison, their ranks beautifully straight. They were newcomers to France and had not yet been in the trenches. The people threw them flowers and evidently had been showering blossoms all along their route, for most of the gun barrels were decorated with posies.

Behind them came our veterans—men who had been at the front and who had seen the real thing. Their uniforms, though clean, were not so spotless; their helmets showed signs of wear and several "tin hats" bore significant dents. The crowd cheered but you noticed how few men's voices there were and how shrill the women's cry of "*Vive l'Amérique!*" My eyes smarted, I had to blow my nose and fortunately my handkerchief hid the quivering of my lips. Following our men came a detachment of Army nurses and at sight of them there rose cheers and cries for the Red Cross.

When our troops had passed and the poilus came into sight the pent-up feelings of the people gave way. They yelled "*Vive l'Armée!*" "*Vive la France!*" and longest and most heartfelt of all "*Vivent nos poilu-u-u-s!*" No one hid his tears at sight of these wonderful soldiers who had held on for four terrible years till *we* could come in and relieve them of the almost superhuman strain.

Following the infantry rode the cavalry and as each officer passed the flag erected at the foot of Strasbourg he saluted, stretching out his sword with the courtly grace that seems to be the birthright of every Frenchman. This ended the parade and the crowd melted away.

Marie and I leaned over the parapet and watched a river of azure—this the horizon blue uniforms—pouring through living brown banks. One saw no idle rich, there were no fine clothes: you felt the grind and poverty of four years' suffering, but all faces were alight with enthusiasm and you knew that these

Parisians who remained were willing to stay by their beloved city and risk the coming of the Hun.

Yet this was the day when the alarmists declared Big Bertha would bombard *le Ville Lumière* to show their contempt for the Americans!

LETTER XCVIII.

Paris, July 6, 1918.

Johnson came in today and told me he had been at Vaux when the Americans took the village and that our losses were extremely slight. Those of the Germans, on the contrary, were very heavy. We practically destroyed an entire division which, consisting of three regiments, were sent to attack us in three sections. The first and third were almost annihilated. The second suffered tremendous losses.

There are but three new cases in my wards and none of them are *blessés*. When I made out their papers yesterday I found two of them wild untamed boys from Oklahoma; both of them born in Texas; both of them later moving to Oklahoma and neither knowing the other until they found themselves in adjoining beds in this hospital. One was a chronic appendicitis case, under medical observation. When I asked the numberless routine questions necessary for his Field Card, he said:

"Say, lady, what are you askin' me all dem questions for? You ain't goin' to cut me up, are you? I jest want to go back to de regiment, dat's all."

He seemed to feel better when I explained the appar-

ent red tape. The other man had his head bandaged and I asked him in what battle he had been wounded.

"Battle nuttin'! A feller hit me over de bean wit' a hammer."

"In a fight?" I asked.

"Sure!" grinning sheepishly.

My third man was a tonsillitis case, a blond giant from Virginia who whispered to me he was in the "U. S. A. A. C." whatever that may mean. I suppose he is an airman, but his throat was so badly swollen and he could hardly talk so I let him off as quickly as I could.

When I went into the French wards the men were playing the phonograph and they had some splendid records. Though most of these poilus are of the soil, they liked only the best music and had the crack singers from the Opera entertaining them. I asked the man who was running the Victrola to put in "Sambre et Meuse."

"It has no words, Mees," he explained; but I told him I knew that and loved the march almost as well as I did the Marseillaise. Whenever a man entered the room while this record was on, he saluted and stood at attention till the end. What memories it must have recalled; for it really is the battle song of France.

Big Bertha and the Gothas are taking a well-earned rest. Lately, the Germans paraded the big guns through Belgium and through most of occupied France to start the rumor that these monsters were now ready to kill a few more women and children. One gun set up on an emplacement was discovered by the Allies. An airman bombed it to bits, whereupon it was found to be made of cardboard.

LETTER XCIX.

Paris, July 10, 1918.

I went to the hospital yesterday but I was not able to do much—for a Jazz band came and seduced Dr. Crossan from the paths of duty. There was no getting him to attend to diagnoses and evacuation papers as long as the six coons on the lawn of the hospital quadrangle were playing ragtime. Finally, after waiting two hours for him, I went out amongst the *blessés*. They were sitting around in various stages of dress and undress—with bandaged heads or arms; with broken legs trussed up in front of them on their wheeled chairs. But their faces glowed with happiness because they were listening to music from home.

It was an interesting scene. The French sat off to one side; their blue tunics, the white of their pajamas and the red of an occasional zouave cap forming the *tricolor*, while the American khaki reminded one of the brown soil of France—the four tints blending into a satisfying whole. Heads appeared at the windows of the surrounding four-story buildings: patients, nurses and orderlies. On the back of the lawn there was a gathering of the cooks, scullions and kitchen maids. The doctors formed a little group apart and there were present several French and English officers with a pretty American girl or two who seemed to be visitors. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt in her canteen uniform and Mrs. Munroe in her blue linen dress sat together; Mrs. Vanderbilt looking much older than she did five years ago in New York. Her war work has left heavy traces on her face.

One coon had a honey sweet voice and sang all the songs our men liked best; of the girl they loved and had left behind; marching songs in which they joined in the chorus, and an occasional patriotic ballad. After each number the Yanks whistled with joy and, whenever that happened, the poilus would look so hurt and puzzled. Finally one chasseur Alpin said to me:

"Mees, why do the Americans whistle when the band is making such beautiful music?"

You probably know that, in France, a whistle is the signal of opprobrium, so, though I explained that with us it is a token of approval, my poilu did not seem convinced.

Whenever anything specially pleased him, a soldier in one of the open-air wards would let out a wild Comanche yell and then apologize by explaining: "I'm from Texas." Each time the musicians tried to put away their instruments an indignant howl went up from all the *blessés* and so they sang and played again and again until, finally, they had to stop and went into the wards to give concerts for the men who were too ill to be out of doors.

When at last Dr. Crossan tore himself away from the music we fixed up our evacuation papers. Among the new cases are two men who had been badly smashed in a train collision. Both of them, oddly enough, are Philadelphians. One a belt maker from Magee Street, Tacony; the other a clerk from 2019 Poplar Street. And now they lie in adjoining beds with every prospect of becoming lifelong friends.

LETTER C.

Paris, July 11, 1918.

Another American came up from the operating room today while I was in the ward and he was pathetic in his pain. After I had finished my work, I went over and sat by his bed and held his hand and stroked his thick blond hair, thinking perhaps I might soothe him to sleep. He had been very noisy, moaning and crying piteously. When I took him over I tried a little mental suggestion and it was remarkable how soon he lay still; his hand relaxed in mine and murmuring drowsily:

"You're a good nurse—a fine nurse—a dandy nurse."

Poor fellow! I wish I might have eased the pain that tortured him. He had had his left arm re-amputated because the stump was covered with pus. It hurt him cruelly and he whispered to himself:

"I ain't so badly off. I've got my two legs—but it hurts, it does hurt so bad."

He told me he had waked up bright and happy after his two previous operations and asked wistfully:

"Why can't I laugh now? Why can't I sit up and feel as good as I did then?"

When I promised him the pain would be better in the morning, he moaned:

"Tomorrow! Yes, but *tonight's* so long and I've got to suffer so bad."

This lad is a Hungarian by birth, as blond as a girl and with such a clear rosy skin. It breaks your heart to see the men in pain and you able to do so little to ease the ache. The boy I wrote you about who had an

infected arm is improving rapidly. Once they start to turn for the better, the recovery is very quick.

The Sailors' and Soldiers' Club brings ice cream to the men every day and it looks so natural to see the ice cream cones. I have not the faintest desire for this dainty though I have not tasted any for a year. To take it away from the *blessés* would make me feel like a thief.

LETTER CL.

Paris, July 12, 1918.

Today I went to the hospital in the morning, having been called there for a lecture by one of the surgeons. Afterwards I worked with Dr. Crossan from 10 to noon and then decided to lunch on the premises as I had more writing to do in the afternoon.

Meals are served downstairs in a big stone-floored room with bare walls and many windows, whose white muslin curtains and pots of red geraniums make them look cheerful. I wish the lunch might have been cheered up. It was a ghastly mess, though it was cheap enough: 1 franc 50. What can you expect for that in these war days!

We had a tiny portion of tuna fish, some dreadful boiled soupmeat, cabbage and potatoes that had the flavor of kerosene; and for dessert thin custard, with wine, water and coffee *à discretion*. I took none of the first, much of the second and a swallow of the third which tasted exactly like the whiffs of ether that come floating through the open operating room door.

All this was served by a distractingly slow waitress

who drove the other aides to despair but did not bother me, for I decided the service was purposely retarded to give the workers a rest. The nurses and aides form little separate cliques and never exchange a word with anyone else, looking at and through you as though you did not exist. That's the prevailing atmosphere at the Ambulance, immensely amusing to those whose feelings are not hurt by being practically "sent to Coventry."

When I had finished eating—and it did not take me long—I went upstairs and worked from 2.30 to 6. All the Americans are being evacuated and their slips must be got ready so I shall come back tomorrow and probably toil late. There was not an ambulance in the yards this evening when I came away and I have the feeling that they are being sent to the front and that perhaps we have had a big attack. That may be the reason, too, why our men are being transferred elsewhere—to make room for others.

CHAPTER XVI

Watching for New German Drive—War Fails to Interfere with the Englishman's Mastication—Shortage of Cigars and Wines in the Clubs—The "Fourteenth" in Paris—American Wounded Unwashed for Weeks—Flashes from German Guns Seen from Montmartre in the Last Effort to Take Paris.

LETTER CII.

London, July 13, 1918.

Everybody in London is guessing as to the direction of the next German smash. No doubt is felt but that one is due, but where will it strike? In military circles the opinion is held that the Hun will again make for Paris, by way of Compiègne or Rheims, or perhaps deliver a simultaneous attack on both sectors. In the clubs it is almost the sole topic of conversation. I listened to one group in the smokingroom of the Constitutional tonight, all of whom were convinced the British would have to sustain the next blow. As to the end of the war, their opinions were at least interesting. One of them insisted the Germans would not give in until Allied troops were in Berlin, while another opined that Russia would prove the graveyard of German ambition, that her downfall would begin when the Russian peasants got after the German troops with axes and crow-bars. Sounds a bit optimistic in these days of machine guns.

One significant evidence of the decrease in England

in the supply of what might be termed luxuries, was a rule put into effect in the Club today that no member could purchase more than two cigars at a time, and a notice stating that, owing to the increased shortage in stocks of wine, no member could have more than two guests at luncheon or dinner. When one of the oldest clubs in London with well-stocked cellars and excellent facilities for purchasing is forced to establish such regulations, conditions are getting serious.

Food shortage, however, will not trouble one member of the Club who sat at the table next to mine tonight. After mature deliberation and consultation with the waiter and one of the assistant head waiters, he decided upon cold roast beef, "rare, you know," boiled potatoes and "half" of bitter. I was an even starter with him and when I had finished my soup and was partly through with my whitebait, I looked over at him—saw him masticating, but his plate seemed hardly touched. I kept looking at him occasionally as I ate—he was always chewing—yet his food did not diminish appreciably in quantity. Then I watched him more closely—saw that he carefully turned over and over the thin slice of rare beef, finally dissected a small morsel half an inch square in size, placed it on the tip of his fork, put it in his mouth and began to chew. After much mastication he selected an equally small section of potato, put it in his mouth and chewed, took a draught of bitter and sighed. Then he began again. He had been served with four potatoes in a dish, had put one on his plate and the three others reposed untouched. These three potatoes worried me more than the beef. I could hardly restrain my desire to say to him: "You have three perfectly good potatoes waiting to be con-

sumed. Chew up!" But my Englishman chewed on placidly. The three potatoes became a source of positive anger to me. Why didn't he eat them? When I had finished my meal, the Englishman emptied his second mug of bitter, sighed more deeply and ordered a pint of port and some walnuts.

Yesterday I went to the Food Control Office of this section of Westminster which is in St. Martin's Lane and applied for my new ration book. The present system of coupons which we have been exchanging for meat during the past twenty weeks expires next week and we are to have new books containing coupons for meats, sugar, butter and other fats, perhaps jam and goodness knows what not. How it will work out for persons like myself, who eat in restaurants exclusively, I don't exactly know, but its operation is bound to be more or less annoying at first. I see that coal is likely to be scarce in London as well as Paris this coming winter—a pleasant outlook! The thought of no hot baths and freezing offices and rooms is not alluring.

LETTER CIII.

Paris, July 14, 1918.

Captain Dorsey and I walked over to the Boulevards last evening as far as Marguery's where we sat on a bench and watched the people stroll by. The Allied regiments were in town for the parade and there were hundreds of representatives of each abroad; most of them with a girl on their arm: Belgians, Serbs, Tommies, Italians, huge Australians, rangy New Zealanders, big Canadians, brawny Kilties and our boys galore.

Some of them, I am sure, were having their first glimpse of Paris and they looked properly happy and excited.

I saw them all again this morning in the parade but not from the reserved space near the Porte Dauphine for which enclosure I had a ticket—there were no stands. It was teeming when I got up at nine, the hour for the start, and going out would have been foolish. So I waited and, about ten, when it had cleared a bit I put on my tam, my raincoat, and my rubbers and sallied forth. No possibility of getting into the Tuileries this time without a card so I strolled along the river side of the Gardens and, turning into the Place de la Concorde, bought myself a place on a cart that was drawn up just behind the row of waiting standees. I had a perfect view of the Place and thought what a different sight the women of France had looked upon from their tumbrils in the terrible days of '89.

At 10.30, the first soldiers came into view down the rue Royale and turned into the square. They were inspiring to watch. The poilus led, then came the Amexes, the British, the Italians, Greeks, Serbs, Portuguese, Poles, Belgians, Czecho-Slovaks and more Frenchmen to bring up the rear. Only the Russians were missing. It was not so thrilling as on the 4th for everyone must have been thinking—as I was—of the day of days when the Allies will march through the Arc de Triomphe in celebration of victory.

Captain Dorsey had lunch at my table and afterwards went with me to the hospital which he wanted to visit. There I turned him over to the proper authorities who took him on a tour of inspection. He came through one of my wards while I was busy writing and I just looked up long enough to say "Hello!"

LETTER CIV.

Paris, July 15, 1918.

I believe this is by way of being a holiday—a hang-over from yesterday—but I have tasted none of the joys of a day off.

The offensive is on and Big Bertha is busy once more. She began to spit at us at two sharp and then was silent till half past four when she was up and at it *di nuovo*. In all we have had five “booms” but, if this is what the Germans call an intensive bombardment, it is not terrifying. The papers this morning say that the firing from the front was heard distinctly in Paris at 3 A. M. and from certain parts of the city you could see the flashes and the redness in the skies. I wish I might have heard and seen that.

All our Americans left the hospital this morning at six and tomorrow I must make out the French evacuation papers. Then our decks will be cleared for the next rush and our own men will be better taken care of from the start. We have 600 beds and on June 15 we had 1600 cases, with hundreds of our *blessés* lying on cots in the corridors and most of them lying unattended all that dreadful first night. The surgeons worked three days and three nights without sleep and they did fine things—but they were absolutely swamped.

LETTER CV.

Paris, July 16, 1918.

This morning quite a lot of Americans were brought in to the Ambulance and a rush is expected today and

tomorrow. I had ten new *blessés* in my section, two of whom were Californians. One was a big husky who looked as though he had always lived out of doors in the sunshine. He swore like a trooper when he first arrived, "Jesus Christ—"ing till the air was blue. When I came away this evening, he was as mild as a "mother's boy," and looked as though he did not know the meaning of an oath. A woman has her tears. A man eases his feelings by swearing and often it means nothing at all.

I found a Luxemburger who spoke excellent French and two New York Italians with whom I conversed in their native tongue—or rather, their fathers' native tongue. It pleased them.

One man coming out of ether cried hysterically:

"I never done them no harm! I never done them no harm!"

And when I said: "Yes, buddie, the Germans *are* beasts," his lip curled in a snarl:

"Beasts!" he echoed, "That's too good a name for them!"

One Italian had been shot in the lung and at every breath you could hear the air gurgling through it in the most uncanny way. He was propped up in bed with a chair behind him to make him comfortable. He tried to eat his supper but couldn't manage it and his big, long-lashed eyes looked at me asking to have the tray taken away.

Another of the newcomers was Jens Jensen, a Dane, and there was George Hemingway, a gentleman, as his name might imply, and only 21 years old. He came from Rochester and was a first class private. Somehow, one can always tell the first class from the second

class private. There is something cleaner and more reliable about him and, even in his pajamas, I begin to be able to distinguish a corporal or a sergeant from the ordinary soldier.

My big Californian, when the ward nurse was bathing him, apologized:

"I'm just like a hog all over, I haven't had a wash for three weeks."

The Luxemburger sat up in bed and loved his supper.

"It's the first good meal I've had in four days."

"Don't they feed you when you go into action?" I inquired.

"Yes, but our cook wagon got shot up and we didn't have any other place to get food."

"I like this place first class," remarked another, "and I think I'll stay here a long time."

As I came downstairs to get my wraps, I found the corridors filled with stretchers, whose occupants were waiting their turn to go into the operating room. All of them looked up and smiled as I went by and I wished that I were their composite mother so that I might have taken them into my arms and rocked them to sleep.

There has been a general overhauling of departments. I found my mushy third floor head nurse gone and so were most of the other nurses of that service. The new ones did not know where anything was kept. The new nurse in charge is a great big female of forbidding face and suffering from Riggs' disease. She was rather short with me at first but later on thawed out. She is efficient and, thank goodness, she doesn't call me "Dearie."

Mrs. Munroe told me today how short-handed they

were and how difficult it was to find anyone to take the operating room at night. When I offered my services, she said a Miss Baldwin was on duty that evening but wanted to know whether I would be willing to take one night on. I assured her I should be more than delighted so don't be surprised to hear that I am "on the job" tomorrow or the next night.

This morning I went to the Gare Saint Lazare to see where one of Bertha's eggs was laid last night. I saw a small hole just in front of the Hotel Terminus café and the shattered glass of a newsstand. One shell fell in the Champs de Mars and killed three people. Today we have had but three shots so I imagine the big gun must have the pip.

After dinner last evening, when we heard the concussion of the Saint Lazare shell, Captain Dorsey and I went out to see if we could locate the damage. We had no luck. Someone told us the gun had made a bull's-eye near the Place de la Concorde but there was no sign of disturbance there. So we strolled down the quays to the Pont Neuf which, as you know, is the only one of the Seine bridges to have stone seats set along its sides. There we sat while Dorsey talked and I listened. He told me of his various trips around the world and especially of a stay in Japan where he had loved a little Nippon damsel from whom it had hurt him to part. Just let a man ramble on about himself and he is happy.

When the church clocks chimed eleven, we turned for home and walked along the right bank, stopping every now and then to lean over the parapet and drink in the beauty of Paris. As we crossed the wide roadway that separates the Louvre from the Tuileries, the sky was lighted up with brilliant white flashes that looked

like heat lightning. I suggested the illumination might come from the guns at the front, remembering what had happened the night before, but Dorsey was convinced they were heat flashes until he noticed that they appeared invariably in the same place and at regular intervals. This morning's papers said it *was* the guns and though this time no firing was heard, the light was almost as bright as it had been the night before.

That I have seen this thing brings the offensive home very close and I am filled with confidence as to its outcome. The Hun is singing his last song.

LETTER CVI.

London, July 17, 1918.

No doubt you heard the thunder of the guns on Sunday night and perhaps saw the sky illuminated by the flashes from the firing that ushered in the latest Hun offensive. The Americans are in it near Château-Thierry and one early despatch said the Huns had taken Chézy. Later it developed that it was not *our* Chézy but another town of the same name further to the West. Along the river where we went bathing, perhaps at the very spot where I took the photograph of you swimming, the Americans are fighting the invaders. Remember how peaceful and smiling the whole country was then?

Our men, according to the fragmentary reports received so far, fought bravely and defeated some of the finest German troops. The Americans in London are as proud as Punch and go about with smiles that can be seen across the street. Everywhere people are talking

of the gallant fighting of the Yanks. I was in a 'bus going to the office from the Embassy, when a British officer so far forgot his aloofness as to enter into conversation with an American officer to whom he had not been introduced, and speak of the splendid work of our troops. The newspapers all feature their performance and, all around, it is a great day for Americans. There is an unconfirmed report around tonight that one of Roosevelt's sons has been killed in the fighting, but which one it is impossible to ascertain. All four of them are "somewhere in France" and the whereabouts of only one is definitely known—Archie—who is in hospital recovering from wounds.

There is a distinct change in the atmosphere in military circles, different from any I have felt since arriving here. Curiously enough, there are some people who seem to regret our coming in, claiming that our participation will have the effect of prolonging the war. Of course, they are more or less avowed pacifists. One of them said to me today that America would now compel France to fight on, exhausted as she is, until America's ambitions were satisfied. I asked him if he had any idea America entered the war for self-aggrandizement. He disclaimed any such suggestion but said that France would be compelled to continue the struggle against the wish of her people. He got quite indignant when I told him those were sentiments that had brought some men and would bring others in front of the firing squad at Vincennes.

I fear the hospital will receive large numbers of wounded and that you will have a trying week or two. Your standing in a cart in the Place de la Concorde on the Fourteenth is quite in keeping with the feeling you

have told me sometimes comes to you, a spirit of exaltation such as inspired those women who rode in the tumbrils. The sight of the Allied troops must have been splendid but I agree with you that to see the victorious Allied troops march down the Champs Élysées will be to witness the greatest pageant in history.

CHAPTER XVII

A Night in the Operating Room—Thousands of American Wounded Reach Paris from the Soissons Battle—Taking Notes as a Patient Dies—Surgeons and Nurses on 24 Hour Shifts—Germans Fail in Their Desperate Effort and Fall Back over the Marne—Big Part Played by the Yanks—Curious Things Found in Pockets of Men Brought from Battle Fields—An English Military Band Plays “Nearer My God to Thee” to Cheer Up Wounded in Hospital.

LETTER CVII.

Paris, July 18, 1918.

Last night I had my first experience in an operating room and from 7.30 P. M. to 5.30 this morning I was as busy as a bird dog. In that time I saw all sorts of horrible and interesting things: men carved and sliced up in every conceivable way; men etherized; men sewn up; men practically disembowelled and put together again; men with their chests laid bare by huge gunshot wounds; men shot through the pelvic bone, the urethra or the bladder, where the operation was most complicated and delicate; a man with his nose torn away, his forehead wide open with a transverse gash in it and both his eyes peppered with shrapnel. I even saw a man die under an operation.

And all the time these things were happening, my duty was to go to each *blessé*, unpin his papers from the string knotted about his neck, make out slips—four for each soldier—containing his name, home ad-

dress, "dog tag" number, X-ray reports, name of operating surgeon, anesthetist, assistant surgeon, details of diagnosis and treatment and to label the "swabs" for laboratory tests. Eight surgeons kept me on the run with sweat pouring down my face as I tried to respond to all of them at once, while the stretcher bearers, holding their patient on the brancard between them, waited for me to finish writing so that the wounded man's papers could go with him to his assigned ward and bed.

I went on duty this evening at 7.30 and at eight the drive began. Eight surgeons, working in teams of two, with their anesthetists, orderlies, and nurses, operated just as fast as possible, trying to relieve the long line of *blessés* lying on the floor outside the operating room. It was a boiling hot night; but the windows were kept closed because they slammed in the heavy gale of a summer storm; and heavily curtained because no light must be visible in case of an air raid. The trees in the garden bent and twisted under the wind and big white moths whirled through the air, bumped their heavy bodies against the electric lights and then, stunned, fell with a thud to the floor.

One heard the faint hiss of the ether stream as the anesthetist held the can over the patient's nose, and the groans and often the screams of the men on the tables. Although they were unconscious, their stertorous breathing sounded abnormally loud in the silence, broken occasionally by the quick order of a surgeon to his nurse. Now and again the big electric vibrator droned when the operator used it to locate a deep embedded bit of shrapnel. The orderlies went about mopping blood from the floor and throwing

away gory compresses and towels. I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as I could and attended strictly to business. I began the evening with my immaculate white cuffs in place, but, as the work grew heavy, I shed them, rolled up my sleeves and got along much better.

I never saw so much red meat outside a butcher shop, nor did I ever before see it so apparently ruthlessly carved. The surgeon would make an incision and when it was not deep enough to put in two or three fingers, he would enlarge it and go digging about in the opening for bullets or bits of shrapnel. And the man on the table groaned in that funny far away voice used by dogs when they dream they are chasing rabbits. Many of the wounds were already gangrened; for gas infection sets in very rapidly and then the muscles turn to mush and can be picked out with the fingers. It is gruesome to see but drastic measures are necessary to prevent worse things.

During the night a great big fellow was carried in, given a quick inspection and placed on an extra table to await a later and more thorough examination. He had a gunshot wound in his neck which was much swollen, making his head appear abnormally small and out of proportion to his body. For a while he lay still, every once and again coughing up a lot of foamy pinkish scum. He never complained and, finally, sat up and looked at what was going on around him, while into his eyes crept a pathetic look as though he wondered what it was all about. I felt that he was terribly ill and longed to do something for him but no one else seemed to notice him. When his turn came at last, he took the ether obediently but, unwittingly, his great body struggled. He looked so worn and tired, his face

and hands were grimy and the soles of his feet black with dirt. His breathing grew hard and stertorous and two orderlies had to hold down his writhing, clawing hands.

Suddenly everyone in the room felt that something had happened. All the other surgeons left their own cases and clustered about the man as he was lifted into a semi-sitting position and his head raised; and all of them worked over him like men possessed. There was blood everywhere from an unexpected hemorrhage. A quick tracheotomy operation was resorted to; artificial respiration was tried but it was too late. During all this I stood beside the surgeon and took his dictation, he talking all the time he worked.

Then the big grimy hands were folded over the quiet chest, the poor face covered with a white cloth and the orderlies wheeled into the mortuary what a few moments before had been Ira Clark. Back of the table where he had lain so long unattended, I found his pitiful little belongings; a few soiled letters, a briarwood pipe, a torn package of Bull Durham, a small black book—his diary—and in it a few snapshots, several of a pretty woman in a summer dress, a tennis racket in her hands, her face radiant with smiles and the others of a baby sitting on a lawn in front of an attractive American cottage.

This death occurred at quarter to twelve. At midnight the surgeons and their assistants stopped work and there was a halt for supper. I was hungry and went down to the diningroom to get a bite. The long corridors were pitch black and I had to grope my way, feeling along the walls and tiptoeing down the runways so as not to stumble. Every now and then I would

ask my way of a passing nurse, but you must know that a "historian" is a crawling worm and nurses and *auxiliaires* regard her as such. Her questions are answered in the most perfunctory way and the answers never contain any information.

In the diningroom I found the night shift assembled. The long tables were set with huge pans of soggy boiled potatoes; and of equally unappetizing beans, cracked pots of cocoa—made with water—and coffee. Oh, yes, and great bowls of thin soup. None of this appealed to me and I contented myself with a bowl of cocoa and a stale *petit pain*. Then I went back to my post.

At 12.30, the second operating shift came on and it was drive, drive, drive till 5.30 when the last man had been carried upstairs. Then the room was mopped up and cleaned, the air freshened, for the gangrene cases had left an overpowering stench. I was tired, my feet ached but my spirit was strong.

I went out into the cool of the morning and found the young day beautiful while the scent of roses came from the garden. In the yard, five or six camions were drawn up, their sleepy chauffeurs huddled over their wheels. Poor boys! They had been driving steadily since seven the night before and were expecting another call.

After a mad hunt for the *vestiaire* key, I got my cape and veil and a duck of a boy drove me as far as the Étoile. Here I hopped down from the car and footed it along the Champs Élysées with all Paris to myself at that early hour. A few people were going to work and a few others were waiting for the Métro to start running. The air was so heavenly fresh

and sweet I forgot I was tired. I reached the hotel in time for early coffee and had breakfast at once, then turned in, slept four hours, had lunch at 12.30 and at 2 was back at the hospital.

The rush is over for the time being but another may come at any moment. I made out papers for two hours and talked to some of the new men. They hate the Boche without a dissenting voice. You would be surprised to see how many Italians there are in our ranks. I found a young Jew of 19, of whom I asked whether he had enlisted or had been drafted. He told me he had enlisted eleven months ago, explaining:

"I would have been drafted anyway when I was 21, so I thought I might as well get into the fight now."

This boy had a large piece of shrapnel taken out of his leg and when I showed it to him—it was in his Red Cross bag—he was hypnotized by the sight of it and kept wondering how he had lived four days with such a slug in his body.

Another Yank told me his adventures. He and two other wounded comrades were lying on the roadside waiting for the ambulance to take them to the hospital. They were discovered by the Boches, one of whom—after making believe he was a friend—threatened to kill my soldier by shooting him in the back with his revolver. The American had a miraculous escape, running away from his captors and finally coming into his own lines—all this time with a shattered leg and a gun-torn hand. He looked up at me and said so simply and sweetly it made me choke:

"God helped me—and Jesus Christ is the best friend a man can have."

LETTER CVIII.

London, July 18, 1918.

Today I have your letters of Monday and Tuesday and very glad I am to hear from you and to know that notwithstanding the resumption of the Hun drive, you curiously constituted people in Paris take it all as a matter of course. I can assure you that over here we were not so confident and until the joyful news came this afternoon that the French and Americans had started a counter-offensive, London was a bit nervous. When you wrote on Monday with the sound of the opening bombardment ringing in the ears of Paris, somewhere near the end of your letter, as though you were discussing the price of birdseed, you casually mentioned that the offensive was on. Then you went on to discuss the coming of the dressmaker! I could have shaken you! As if for two days the crucial moment of the war was not imminent! Today's news is the first radical change in the situation for almost a year. The Allies have taken the offensive after being compelled to dance as the foe piped for many months, and with the Americans moving forward alongside the French the aspect has changed. Yesterday's feeling of optimism in London, of which I wrote you, has increased tremendously.

I am a bit worried at what you tell me of volunteering to take on a night in the operating room. You know that you always are knocked out when you miss your regular sleep.

I am afraid all my mail matter of Friday the 12th went down on the *Carpathia* which was sunk on

Wednesday when bound for the U. S. Duplicate copy went off today but no one can foretell its fate.

I used the first coupons from my new ration book today. It is a curious affair, this ration book, and will be an interesting souvenir of the days of our privation. It is good for butcher's meat, ham and bacon or poultry; sugar, lard and other "fats" and also tea. Each person in England is supposed to subsist on the small quantities of these foodstuffs for which the coupons are exchangeable.

LETTER CIX.

Paris, July 19, 1918.

I feel like a slacker for it is 12.30 and I am not in my uniform. As I am called for night duty, I've decided not to go to the hospital till about four o'clock. I can still get my papers done before supper after which comes my real job. I shall buy myself a dinner in Neuilly which will be infinitely preferable to swallowing the strange stuff that passes for food at the Ambulance. Also, I have bought myself two crisp little rolls, some butter, a tomato and four peaches which I shall eat at midnight in the lull that comes when the operating shifts are changed.

It is warm today but not so sultry as it has been. The patients at the hospital will be more comfortable for the coolness. Some of the new ones have corridor beds right under unshuttered windows and here they lie and bake but never complain. Even yesterday, the day after their first operation, they were so grateful because they had had a wash. Most of them hadn't

used soap and water for three weeks. And *we* kick because we have not hot water gushing from the taps every moment of the day and night!

Aren't you thrilled by the news? You see my faith in France is being justified and I was right to sit tight in Paris and not scuttle away to the provinces. A great many shops are closed and have hung out a sign: *Fermé momentanément.*" Beneath this someone has invariably scribbled: "*Fermé à cause de frousse,*" (panic) or "*Frousse et Compagnie.*" ("Panic and Co.")

The Americans seem to be a great help to the French in this drive and are giving splendid accounts of themselves. I find on the men's identification discs—"dog tags," in trench slang, numbers running up to 1,000,000; so I judge there are over that many soldiers in France. Soon it will be 2,000,000 and then the Kaiser won't have a chance.

The Paris papers are very guarded in their accounts of yesterday's victory, but those who pretend to know think that the success is underestimated rather than exaggerated. I suppose they want to give out a great big piece of good news when the time comes, knowing that it will hearten everybody. And Malvy is being tried and his trial takes so little space in the news. I think the editors begrudge him what they do give him, preferring to devote it all to the soldiers and the offensive. The order from Foch has gone forth:

"La première ligne ne reculera plus!"

And the poilu has obeyed his chief.

LETTER CX.

London, July 20, 1918.

We had the best of news tonight! The Hun is going back over the Marne faster than he crossed it. The news came to London late this afternoon and was unexpected. We knew that the French and Americans were hitting the Germans hard on the west of the salient they had driven to the Marne and that they were getting in a very awkward position but it was not thought they would fall back without making another attack in force. Apparently Foch threatened the German communications to the Aisne so seriously that there was nothing for them to do but skedaddle. This afternoon when the correspondents met the General Staff's representative, we learned that the news of the retreat came as a surprise to the Military Chiefs here.

You say in your letter of Wednesday that Paris is boiling hot and that you envy me the cool days in England. You used the wrong adjective. You should have written "drenched days" as for more than a week we have had rain continuously. Last night on my way to the hotel, I was caught in a downpour that was almost a cloudburst. Rarely have I seen a heavier rainfall and I was compelled to stand in an archway for half an hour before continuing on my path home. The thunder and lightning were more severe than I recall anywhere outside the United States.

The London papers continue to give great space to the fighting of the "Yanks," which term has quite taken the place of the "Sammies." Their correspondents recount many anecdotes of the fighting Americans.

One correspondent said that the wounded Americans coming back all shouted to those going into the fight: "Give them Hell!" and that the response was always the same: "You bet we will!" Another related that a Captain kept shouting to his men: "Keep a-going, boys!" even after he dropped badly wounded and refused to permit any of his men to stop to aid him. One of his men who was later badly wounded himself, when asked how he came to be hit, replied: "I guess it was because we kept a-going."

An English newspaperman, who is connected with the *Daily Chronicle* and also with the British Intelligence Service, took up more than an hour of my time this afternoon. He is compiling a report on American newspapers for the Government and came to me for information. I talked and he took notes and at the end he said I had given him a "splendid essay" on the American press. I thought I was giving him information! I have at last succeeded in arranging to get news of American prisoners in Germany. I had been telegraphing and writing to Amsterdam for some time and finally secured the editor of one of the Dutch papers to undertake the job. He telegraphed to me the other day that it would be necessary to send a neutral into Germany to obtain the information the *Sun* wanted. I told him to do so, and I should get some news soon.

You are spending entirely too many nights at the hospital. Wouldn't it be a curious reversal of our habits of years, if I were now in Paris, for me to go to bed at normal hours and for you to come home at daylight after passing the whole night out?

LETTER CXI.

Paris, July 20, 1918.

My second night at the hospital was even busier than my first and I was on my feet from 7.30 P. M. to 7.30 A. M. Since the Soissons drive our men are coming in by the hundreds and last night, when I came on, they were rolling in so fast there was no counting them. I went to my ward duty at four o'clock and made out papers till 6.30 then I knocked off for dinner. About four blocks from the Ambulance I found a small, unpretentious restaurant, a sort of wine shop but perfectly respectable. The woman who keeps the place does her own cooking and gives you plain and wholesome food. I had some onion soup, cold salmon mayonnaise, sauté potatoes, salad, a peach and three small dry cakes besides a small bottle of red wine and a syphon, plus a demi-tasse, and my bill came to a little over seven francs.

I got back to the hospital about 7.15 and barely had time to put away my cape and gloves before finding myself in a whirlpool. The corridors were gorged with stretchers bearing *blessés*; every unoccupied corner had men waiting their turn at the operating room and, as I say, the carnions were bringing them in as fast as they could. I took my supper with me and my writing paper, thinking I might perhaps find a moment's lull when I could still further reduce my voluminous correspondence. Vain hope! From the moment I stepped over the threshold of the operating room I had not even a second to get my wind.

Everybody worked at double pressure and the eight

surgeons, their orderlies, nurses and anesthetists had a hectic and gory time. I preempted a long table in one corner on which to write my notes of the operations. After a while it was taken away from me to be used as an extra operating table and I found a corner on a strange looking electric apparatus which I converted into a desk. I handled my job single-handed and got through without a break.

Two officers were brought in during the first shift, Major Leach and a great big Lieutenant of the 6th Marines. The latter was terribly wounded. He was shot in the neck and in the arm and to get at the first wound, the surgeons had literally to skin him so that the upper part of his torso looked like an anatomical chart with the glistening red muscles and nerves and veins exposed. He was so brave and told me where he was hurt and by what, before he went under the ether. I heard one of the surgeons say that he had taken a village all by himself but I know no details, being too busy to stop to hear them. But to take a village single-handed seems an impossible feat so there must be a flaw in the story.

The men we had last night were nearly all from the Soissons drive and some of them had been taken from the battlefield as late as six that evening and were on the table before midnight; not forgetting that they had lain in the hall for ages before their turn came. That brings home to one the nearness of the present military operations. I again found a lot of Italians and a Spaniard or two and among one man's papers I discovered a letter addressed and written in German and containing a warning from the Germans to the Americans that they had better give up the fight as the Allies

were beaten. I read it and put it back in his Red Cross bag without saying anything; for I am convinced that he got it from the body of a dead Boche and was not concerned with it personally.

We had but a few cases of gas infection where the other night we had many. There were two dreadful face cases: one, a Frenchman, had his jaw fractured and his teeth knocked out; the other, a fine American, had a gaping wound in the left side of his face and all his teeth on that side had been blown away. He will be horribly disfigured unless a plastic operation can save him. The stench from mouth wounds is terrible.

At midnight I expected to eat my supper. *No, Ma'am!* I had hardly time to eat a peach and half a tomato before the second shift was in possession of the room and my work began again. This time, instead of four tables, I handled six and all of them going every single instant. The surgeons now in charge were a new lot who had but that day come to the Ambulance, this was their first night on duty and they knew absolutely nothing about the making out of the slips. It was up to me to train them and I put them through their paces. I had to laugh when they asked my advice on certain points. As I had done the work but once before, I could not be called an expert myself.

The Senior Surgeon was Colonel Ashhurst ("Ashhurst with two h-s, please," he was careful to impress upon me), and we had Major MacCullouch, some Captains and several Lieutenants. Orders came from Colonel Hutchinson—the head of the Ambulance—that all Field Cards were to be examined by Ashhurst before they left the operating room. It was an order

absolutely impossible of execution; so, when the surgeon asked my opinion, I said:

"Can you humanly do it?"

And when he answered "No," we disobeyed instructions. I signed nearly all the cards with the operating surgeon's name; only Ashhurst kept signing his own. Finally he gave up too and I did them all. My nose began to bleed about 3 A. M. and, having no time to stop, I jammed into my nostril a gauze wipe and went on with the wipe hanging out of my nose and nobody paid the least attention to my strange appendage.

At 7.30, having been at work since 9 A. M. the previous day (at the bastion all forenoon) I decided to stop. There was no historian to take my place but each anesthetist agreed to make out the slips for his particular table. I suppose I might have gone on till noon but my head was getting woozy and it seemed wiser to quit. I hope you don't think I was a shirker?

Whenever he brought his slips to my desk to be filled, Major MacCullouch and I had little chats. He asked my name and I told him, also that you were the *Sun* correspondent. It seems he knows Grundy very well and on one of his previous visits to Paris, he and G— used to trot about together. He watched me spell the technical terms without a mistake and once, when I wrote "tendo Achilles" correctly, he remarked:

"You've had a good education."

As I came out into the morning, the yards were full of camions packed with *blessés* who, after their treatment, were already being evacuated to other hospitals. We need the room for new cases. Other camions were bringing in more men.

I walked to the tram and rode to the Porte Maillot,

changed to the Métro and got home at 8 o'clock. Had my coffee and read the papers till nine when the laundress arrived. I then crawled into bed but did not sleep; for the *Sun* office girl was due at ten. When she had gone, I rolled over and had two hours sleep, got up at noon, bathed, lunched, laundered my hair and am writing to you before turning in for another snooze.

Tonight I am dining with Marie Almirall and two men and we are going to the theatre afterwards. Tomorrow I shall probably do night work again as Mrs. Munroe asked whether I would come on every other night during the rush. I am only too glad to be of service and I know you want me to do what I can in this emergency. I shall have so much time to rest later on—when the war is over.

LETTER CXII.

Paris, July 22, 1918.

Your letter was awaiting me when I came downstairs and I had to laugh at your desire to shake me because of my detached way of regarding the present offensive. Why *should* I worry about it? Haven't I always expressed perfect confidence in Foch and his poilus? And, if I am sincere in my confidence, isn't this the time to prove it? These have not been mere words on my part but a deep conviction in my soul that France would win and that Germany would wear herself out in the end. *Our* men have come in and turned the tide and from now on you'll see the Hun growing gradually weaker and weaker. Château-Thierry is free of them today and though I've not seen the evening *communiqué*, I

make no doubt the news is as encouraging as it was this morning.

Meantime, the hospital is crowded and swamped with incoming and outgoing *blessés*. They are lying in the halls and in every other available space. Some men, who had come in at six Sunday morning, had not gone into the operating room when I went on duty at 7.30 P. M. that same day. But you hear never a murmur nor a complaint. I took several packages of Fatimas with me for they all like to smoke no matter how terribly wounded they are. Tobacco seems to soothe them as nothing else can.

They are so young, most of these boys; one pretty lad of 18 had a terribly gangrened arm and leg. He had lain too long on the battle-field without attention and it was hard work saving him. The stench from his wounds was overpowering but the surgeons cleaned him up and scooped out all the necrotic tissue, so that you could see right through two huge incisions as though you were looking through a small window. Another soldier had a bullet in his lung and when the operating surgeon took out the slug, the blood gushed from the wound in his back, just as if a spiggot had been turned on, and bathed with red, doctors, nurses, floor and everything within reaching distance. It was a weird sight and ordinarily I should have lost my nerve but there were the slips to be made out and I hadn't time to stop or even care.

Friday when I came to work I found an English regimental band giving a concert on the lawn. What do you think it was playing to cheer up the wounded lying two deep in the corridors? . . . "Nearer My God To Thee." Can you beat that for cheerful inap-

propriateness! Later they played our national anthem, the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" and all the soldiers in the garden stood at attention. Only the men on the stretchers, waiting to be operated on, gave no sign. They were tired, dirty and in pain and music had no charms at that moment.

CHAPTER XVIII

Pershing at Neuilly Ambulance—How Wounded Yearn for a Woman's Sympathy and Attention—Ice Cream Always Cheers Them Up—One is Proud He's Half Irish but Admits Other Half is Mostly Holes and Bandages—Elsie Janis and Doughboys—Melville Stone Criticizes Censorship—Big Bertha Again at Work.

LETTER CXIII.

Paris, July 24, 1918.

Last night, from 7.30 to 12.30 I was on a dead run with six tables and eight surgeons to keep me busy. After midnight things slowed up and we cleared off all the *blessés* that had been lying in the halls and by 4.30 had a clean slate. Then came a wire saying there had been a railroad wreck and asking that ambulances be sent to bring in the wounded. There were no details and no one seemed to know where the accident had occurred or how many were wounded. I waited till 6 A. M. and as I go off anyway at 7.30—and there was no hope of any work till eight—I decided to go home. This I did with the Head Nurse's consent and in the yard I found an ambulance loaded with evacuated men just starting for the Gare d'Ivry. I climbed on the front seat with the nice young chauffeur who brought us spinning down the Champs Élysées and dropped me at the Place de la Concorde from where I walked home.

During the night I saw two arm amputations, both green with gangrene and marveled how easy it is to

sever a member from the body. All the veins and arteries are first ligatured then the flesh is cut to the bone and lastly comes the sawing that sounds just like the butcher cutting veal cutlets. The amputated arm or leg is taken downstairs and burned in the cellar furnace.

There were a great many severe cases; the lighter ones having been disposed of during the day. This time the wounds were mostly from high explosive or machine gun bullets. Often we have a run of shrapnel or rifle balls, the latter often being inflicted by Americans upon their comrades—unintentionally, of course.

Colonel Ashhurst, our Senior Surgeon, comes from Philadelphia where he is the head of the Orthopedic Hospital and also of the Episcopal Hospital. He is an attractive man, very slender, at least six feet tall, wears immaculately tailored operating clothes and is a splendid, conscientious surgeon. My friend, Major MacCullough, is from Indianapolis and knows all the literary lights of his State. He told me anecdotes of Booth Tarkington last night, of Henry James, Mark Twain and Colonel Harvey, so, you see, I move in a rarefied literary atmosphere between operations.

The news from the front continues good and it won't be long before you read of the capture of Soissons and the freeing of Rheims, two things that must inevitably follow the working out of Foch's strategy.

LETTER CXIV,

Paris, July 27, 1918.

There are quantities of American officers and soldiers on the streets today. A new shipment must have

arrived. The *Rochambeau* docked two nights ago; being one of a convoy that brought over 67,000 troops. The trip took twelve days instead of the usual ten. At the rate the United States is sending over men, we should have an invincible army by September. Our men are fighting magnificently and France is thrilled at their exploits. Even the *Daily Mail* is forced to admit that the present victories are due to the Yanks instead of to *their* men and you know what a concession that is on their part.

Pershing visited the Neuilly hospital last week and saw many of our wounded. He had not time to go through all the wards, much to the disappointment of the men who were overlooked. I wish I had been there; but he came on my day off. I go on duty this afternoon and, as I have not been called for night duty, I suppose the rush is over.

Did you read this morning the report that the French had found Big Bertha's emplacement and that she had been removed from her cement foundation? People say that we shall have no more bombardments for a while because it is doubtful if the Hun will ever again get near enough Paris to shell us as he has been doing. All the fugitives who ran away because of the big gun will feel aggrieved now that there is no more danger and no further valid excuse for their timorousness. Aren't you glad I stayed on, despite your repeated suggestions that I seek a safe harbor? I should never be able to hold up my head after the war if I thought I had been a poltroon and had held myself so precious that I must needs run away to protect myself.

LETTER CXV.

Paris, July 28, 1918.

Two nights ago, when I came home from the movies, there was a group of American Second-Lieutenants standing around the hotel desk and the night concière had evidently just refused permission to one of them to take a painted lady up to his room. The Lieutenant in question was furious—I think he had been drinking. His face was scarlet with passion and he almost screamed with rage as he said:

"All right! Take your —— room to the devil! I'll go somewhere else!"

And he grabbed his companion by the arm and marched out of the hotel with her.

I wonder whether he would try the same thing in a first class American hotel? So many of our officers do indiscreet things like this. Paris seems to go to their heads and they imagine that this is a city of license and that all things are permitted them. I saw this same Lieutenant at lunch next day, looking calmer; so evidently he had thought better of his threat, or perhaps someone had made him see the light.

Many of our men have already been evacuated from the hospital and I think we are getting ready for another rush. In one of the beds today I found a London Cockney with a delicious Bow Bells accent, who has been in our army for six years. When I asked him why he had enlisted he told me that six years ago in New York City he was down and out, hungry and without a job. One day, absolutely at the end of his tether, he saw the recruiting station in Madison Square, went

in, signed up and, ever since, has been wearing Uncle Sam's uniform.

I asked another man his age—a thing I am required to do of every *bléssé* in my bailiwick.

"Thirty-one years old today, Nurse," he said; "and," after a slight pause, "today's Mother's birthday, too."

When I had finished making up his papers, I fished a crisp five franc bill from the depths of my apron pocket and tucked it under his pillow with a:

"Many happy returns of the day! This is a wretched place for a man to celebrate his birthday in, so I'm going to ask you to buy yourself some tobacco or sweets as a tiny gift from me."

He flushed.

"I can't take that, lady!"

"Please do. If it weren't Saturday afternoon I'd go out myself and get you something. But all the shops are shut."

"What's your name, lady?"

I told him and he put out his unbandaged hand and gravely shook mine and I wished that I were his mother so that I might put my arm about him and make him feel that there is still woman's tenderness in the world.

In another ward, I came across a bright looking lad swathed in gauze and bound up in splints, of whom I inquired:

"What's your nationality?"

"I'm half Irish," he announced proudly.

"What's the other half?"

"Mostly holes and bandages," he grinned up at me.

I find many Californians and Pennsylvanians among our wounded and they are both fine types of men. The Kentuckians and Arkansans are quite another breed

and the Virginia mountaineers have a native courtliness even though they murder the King's English. There are several men who were born in what they call "Owstria." And there is one big Swede who is always in trouble.

"Nurse! Nurse!" he wails. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And I always know what he wants.

"The bed is all wet," he whimpers and his large china blue eyes look up at me so frightened. I wonder whether he thinks he is going to be beaten for this childish infraction of discipline?

In my rounds I have found but one offensive fellow and he is a soldier who has been in the regular army for years. He would be impudent if he dared but, knowing that he is suffering, I don't mind his snippy little remarks.

Some of the men on special diet are given ice cream. Yesterday the maid brought two plates into one of the wards. One of the men for whom it was intended had been moved that morning so there was one plate too many. It sat slowly melting on the table and the boys watched it so eagerly that I suggested it would be a good idea if I fed it to them in spoonfuls in turn as long as it lasted. They approved the plan and I made it go round twice. One Yank told me it was the second taste of ice cream he had had in sixteen months.

LETTER CXVI.

London, July 28, 1918.

Do you realize that it is just six months ago today that I left Paris for what I then understood would be

a temporary assignment of a month or six weeks at the most? How all our plans have been knocked on the head! I am sorry you thought better to postpone your visit to the Schwends. I was looking forward to that as an assurance that you would not have too long a siege at the hospital and now, for the very reason I feared, you have decided to put off your holiday. However, if you do not suffer by it, I shall be delighted if the delay enables me to go to Brittany with you. I have always hoped that some day the opportunity might present itself of passing some weeks in the French country.

Today it did not rain, the first day in weeks. Went to the Club where I had luncheon instead of breakfast and then walked along the Strand to the office, sniffing the fresh air and watching the American and British soldiers and the London flappers. These young girls come from all parts of the city on Sunday morning to meet men in uniform.

This afternoon the French and American official statements came through giving further details of the German retreat and the splendid way the Americans are following the Huns. Went to the Restaurant des Gourmets in Soho for dinner and then to the Palace Theatre. It was American night and the place was packed to the roof with soldiers and sailors, mostly our own, with quite a few Canadians and Australians and many British and American officers.

Elsie Janis got a tremendous reception. She was in great form; singing, dancing, telling stories for more than half an hour. Admiral Sims, General Biddle, a party of our Congressmen who got here today, hundreds of our officers and probably a thousand of our

soldiers and sailors before she got through were singing "Over There" while she capered and led the crowd. Her stories were screams. She has a fresh lot, all picked up with the boys in France or built on incidents and sayings over there, especially some corking ones on the negro troops. She was most refreshing and, as one of the Yanks put it: "Say, she's just girl." One doughboy sitting behind me was the proudest man in the theatre.

"Gee," he said, "she comes from my home town, Columbus, O-H-I-O."

I am afraid more of my mail articles were lost when the *Justitia* went down. That means two mails lost within ten days. I always send full duplicates a week later, but I fear some duplicates were lost and may have to send third copies.

Thursday I went to a dinner at the Ritz given by the British newspaper publishers for Melville Stone. Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who presided, paid a high compliment to the efficiency of the Associated Press in handling the war news. Stone severely criticised the working of the censorship on both sides of the Atlantic. Speaking of the difficulties encountered gathering news in the first months of the war, he said the Associated Press used every effort to have correspondents attached to all the armies, but the French and British refused; Germany only permitting A. P. men to accompany her troops. Later, the military authorities in Paris and London saw the error of depriving the American public of first hand information from other than enemy sources and became more liberal in their treatment of newspapermen.

LETTER CXVII.

London, August 5, 1918.

This is Bank Holiday and for the moment war is put aside for pleasuring. Most of the shops are closed and, strange to relate, many of the "Pubs." These latter are shut for a reason that could not have existed or been accepted by the thirsty in pre-war days. Each public house is now allowed only so much beer, wine and spirits per week and many of them disposed of their entire supply on Saturday and had to shut up on Sunday and today. Think of any self-respecting drink emporium not having liquid refreshment on a holiday! It rained in the morning, making the outings of the people unpleasant. It also poured Friday and Saturday yet at the stations people waited in queues for hours until they could squeeze into trains; where they stood, many of them, until they reached their destinations. All train service is badly crippled by lack of men and rolling stock. Even the government departments are holidaying, including the War Office. The continued victorious advance of the French and Americans, the capture of Soissons and Fismes did not keep anyone at the various Ministries. They had all left the war to carry on without their aid.

Saturday night I saw the English version of *Plus Ça Change*. Delysia evidently saw the show in Paris and danced, as did Spinelli, in silk tights and a smile. The horrified comments of some of the critics, who employed all sorts of camouflaged phrases to tell their readers that she wore the nearest to nothing—while avoiding the use of plain words—were amusing. But

the climax of hypocritical prudery was reached in this version of the play by making the woman, "fair but consistently unfaithful," a wife instead of a mistress. One wonders why the English stage insists upon disregarding the fact that an unfaithful wife is a far sorrier spectacle and a more immoral one than a promiscuous mistress.

In the morning I went to the dedication of Australia House by the King and Queen. The building is on the ground facing the west façade of St. Clement's Church and only a step from where we once lived in Clement's Inn. When you were here last the site was occupied by that curious old Holywell Street where the quaint little bookstores lined both sides. It rained cats and dogs up to the very moment when the ceremonies began and as the guests had to be in their places before Royalty arrived, they came in the midst of heavy showers which dampened their spirits as well as their clothes.

LETTER CXVIII.

Paris, August 5, 1918.

The big gun began her song again today and has been firing at desultory intervals ever since about ten o'clock. Her range has changed. One shell fell in the rue de Bassano, right next to the Élysée Palace Hotel—the American Army Headquarters. Another landed in the Avenue Marceau and the rue de Chaillot and killed a cabman and his horse, an English officer and two other people. A third struck in the Boulevard Saint Germain and still others in the Halles quarter and near the Luxembourg. One has just gone off this minute and sounded quite loud.

This is the season when all the big dressmakers hold their openings and the Hun, whose finger is ever on the pulse of events, would make one think he had timed the reappearance of Big Bertha with the aim of discouraging prospective fashion buyers in Paris.

I imagined the Germans were too far from Paris to be able to bombard it but evidently the range of the gun has increased and we, being in the war zone, are at the mercy of the enemy. But you see no signs of fear on the faces of the people and business goes on as usual.

LETTER CXIX.

Paris, August 8, 1918.

Big Bertha did some damage yesterday that will interest you. A shell went through the façade of the Hotel de Calais—beloved of all Americans—in the rue des Capucines; tore out several rooms and broke much glass in the neighborhood, especially in the rue de la Paix just around the corner. I hear that some of the guests were killed.

Ethel Carhart, a girl who works with me at the Secours Duryea was looking in at Charvet's window at the time and had a sliver of wood driven into her arm and two small splinters of glass into her foot. A Red Cross man, living at the Saint James, who was passing, had his ear nearly severed from his head by another piece of glass. He is now in hospital but expects to be home in a day or two. On my way to Neuilly yesterday, I saw a small shell hole in one of the "*fortifs*" at the entrance to the Bois at the Porte Maillot.

CHAPTER XIX

A Week-End in the Restful English Country—Like “Mr. Britling’s” Essex the Echoes of War Hardly Seem to Reach Its Quiet—Two Men and a Dog—Buying Toothbrushes for Amexes who Haven’t Cleaned Their Teeth for Three Weeks—Also a Gillette with a Separate Blade for Each One in the Ward—The Freaks of the Mails.

LETTER CXX.

Yew Tree Cottage, Chipperfield, Herts,
August 11, 1918.

I am enjoying my first taste in years of the English country, sitting at Brereton’s desk and gazing out of an odd little window upon a landscape of beautiful simplicity and restfulness. It is now four o’clock—we have just finished luncheon, followed by coffee on the lawn in the pretty enclosed garden at the side of this 200 year old cottage and, like true Britons, we are bravely facing the prospect of *tea* at 5 o’clock before going on our second drive today. Brereton has buried himself in the *Times*—another proof of the unchangeableness of the Englishman’s Home—leaving me to write letters. It seems that this is always done—even in novels and plays. Outside the window, bees are buzzing, birds are chirping and an occasional cock crows; in the garden the maid is picking fresh vegetables and over all hovers that warm, soothing air of midsummer. This is England today, in wartime just

as it was before war was dreamed of and had been for decades preceding. This cottage is quaint. As I said, it is two hundred years old and built of heavy black oak timbers which stand out like cubist designs against the white plaster. The beams are big and thick and strong—the stairway is narrow and crooked, the ceilings and floors uneven and irregular. It has no frivolous porch.

To start at the beginning of my first day off since arriving in London; when I left Euston yesterday for King's Langley, I got in a compartment with eleven other persons. It was constructed to hold eight. Others showed intentions of coming in and standing on our feet but a resolute woman sitting next the door, closed it with a bang and said: "No more!" That settled it.

Brereton was waiting for me and we drove some four miles to this restful hamlet of Chipperfield, which is on a high knoll that dominates the countryside. The roads, though steep, are charming; winding between emerald green fields and olive green woods. In front of Yew Tree Cottage stand the wonderful twin yew trees which give it its name; the English yew fabled in stories of Merrie England, from which the bows of the men who fought at Agincourt and Crécy were fashioned. These two trees, standing about fifteen feet apart, had been trained by some gardener a century or so ago, to grow together at a height of about ten feet, forming an arch—the top of which had been trimmed into the shape of a portcullis.

The first acquaintance I made was that of a broth of a dog—an Irish terrier named Paddy who welcomed Brereton with joyful barks. After turning the pony

over to be stabled in the toy stable in the cherry orchard—where there weren't any cherries this year—it was our duty to take Paddy for his morning walk. This we did, across the Common—of course there is a Common, else this would not be England—and through a lovely woods surrounding it where the bracken grows four to five feet high and the fir trees give out a fragrant, pungent odor.

After lunch we drove along lanes that run uphill and down between high hedges that, in these war days, are not so well clipped as in peaceful times. We passed through several fine old English villages and, this being Saturday afternoon, the sturdy yeoman—now only represented by the very old or youths and a sprinkling of the physically unfit—were sitting outside the inns drinking their pints of beer. We stopped for a few minutes in the village of Serrett then went on to Croxton Green where the villagers were playing rounders on the green. All through this section the larger houses are of Elizabethan architecture and covered with much ivy and climbing roses. The roads are lined with laurel and holly—and the big trees, standing on the crests of the hills in their dark green beauty, form a striking contrast to the lighter colored grass covered fields. We covered perhaps ten to twelve miles and not once did we cross a railroad. In its isolation and positive detachment from the war, so far as external evidence went, the region reminded one of that part of Essex described in "Mr. Brittling" where Wells says the people refused to believe that anything could change the life that had been going on without variation for centuries.

We sat down to a late dinner and it was 10 o'clock when we left the table, having been talking pretty con-

stantly from the time we started on our drive. We did enjoy yarning about the old days and things we had done since we had last seen each other, and of course we reminisced about Irving and the London stage as we knew it then. Brereton has written the life of Irving that is accepted as the authoritative work and also the history of the Lyceum Theatre.

This morning Brereton and I took Paddy for his Sunday walk over the Common and into the cool woods that fringe it. We traversed woodland paths and wandered under the great trees, Paddy leading the way joyfully. He knew where to guide us and we came to a pool into which he plunged with a bark of happiness. We threw sticks for him to retrieve for fifteen minutes and then called it off much to the pup's disgust, as he was willing to keep it up all day. We next walked across several fields and through some nooks and dells, such as are found only in the English country. Coming to a sunny mound, we threw ourselves on the ground and enjoyed the scenery and air while Paddy contentedly chewed our walking sticks.

Returning to the cottage we later drove over the ridge to King's Langley where, at the head of the road, is all that remains of a palace, once a favorite haunt of Charles II and near which he hid before escaping to France. Only two massive brick buttresses remain to mark its site. From here we drove to Lattimer, a most quaint village. It is situated in a hollow just below Lattimer House and is peopled entirely by the tenantry of Lord Chesham, a peer who believes in maintaining the same relations with his people as did his forebears.

There is a church surrounded by picturesque cottages

and in front of a comparatively modern building used as a post office and social center, were two of the finest oak trees I have ever seen. On the hill about three hundred yards away was Lattimer House itself, its walls and many chimneys covered with ivy. Here also did Charles II hide. Coming down a hill we reached the property of the Duke of Bedford and drove along the course of a clear purling stream, which should be alive with trout.

LETTER CXXI.

Paris, August 11, 1918.

Where do you think I've been this afternoon? No—not to church, I went there this morning. To a much more secular place. In fact, I spent my afternoon at the Casino de Paris and thereby hangs a tale.

In the middle of *déjeuner* the groom announced: "Monsieur White," and I found Errol in the Hall. He had already lunched but sat with me while I ate and we had coffee together in the garden. When I suggested that he go with me to the Casino that was having a "*première*," he jumped at the idea; told me he had not seen a show for over a year. Upon telephoning for seats, the reply came that the box office was closed and that the house was sold out. But I know Paris theatres and also that one can always buy tickets at the door. When we reached the Casino we found a mob of about 200 people trying to buy seats, while in the middle of the street stood a man who formed the center of a human whirlpool. Him I spotted as a speculator and from him purchased two good orchestra chairs.

The show was really excellent and Errol enjoyed it like a boy, his pleasure intensifying mine. He has been at Verdun and, lately, near Château-Thierry acting as liaison officer and as interpreter to Colonel Neville and he has seen interesting things. Life in the army has thinned him down but he looks well. He had a touch of Spanish flu; whereupon his Colonel sent him to Paris with the remark: "If you don't manage to see your Mother, you're a chump." So he is out at Marles where his mother lives and comes in to Paris every second day for treatment at the hospital. No mention has been made of his immediate return to the front, for this is the first leave—save three days—he has had in 16 months. Today his train for Marles left at 6 o'clock and when the show was over he had just time to sprint down the rue Saint Lazare, fling himself into a taxi and roll away to the Gare de l'Est.

LETTER CXXII.

Paris, August 14, 1918.

In my rounds today I found several new French patients. They are always dears and make no fuss about their wounds. One poilu shook his head regretfully as he told me he was not wounded badly enough, "because," he explained, "if I were hurt more and had a *bonne blessure*, I could lie in bed for three months and that would be so nice."

In another ward, an American with his left leg in a fracture box asked me how I thought he could wash his right leg because, as he explained, being strapped in bed, his radius of motion was limited.

"This way," I said, taking the wash rag from him and proceeding to soap him vigorously. At first he protested, but when I assured him I was there to do just such things, he no longer demurred. He has been in hospital about a month and was one of the men hurt in the train accident of which I wrote you and he has never had his uninjured leg and foot washed in all that time. I gave him a good cleaning and scrubbed away the grime and dirt. I rubbed the cloth between his toes, telling him:

"That's what your mother did to you when you were a baby," at which he told me he hadn't seen his mother since, a lad of eleven, he bade her good-bye in Greece.

While I was scrubbing him he took down his Red Cross bag and after fumbling in it drew out a package of Black Jack chewing gum and a bar of chocolate which he offered me to show his appreciation of what I had done for him. As though I wanted payment for the chance of being useful! I explained my point of view whereupon we broke the piece of chocolate in two and each of us ate half.

LETTER CXXIII.

Paris, August 15, 1918.

It is a lovely summer day and Paris is holiday-making, for this is the Assumption and all business is at a standstill. Many of the shops won't open till Monday and shutters are up everywhere. I had my half-holiday too and enjoyed it. This morning, not having to go to the bastion, I did not hurry dressing but pottered about and did useful and useless chores. Then

I put on a good frock and walked across the river to the Taylors where I had lunch. Captain Carl Taylor, Ann's brother-in-law, was home and ate with us. You have seen his name in connection with his Red Cross work in Italy and Switzerland. He has now left that organization and gone into the army. The husband of my friend Ann, Major Kenneth Taylor, is chief bacteriologist at Dr. Blake's hospital.

Ann is doing practically the same work at Blake's as I am at Neuilly and we both agreed we liked it immensely. About 2.30, we walked across the Tuileries and took the Métro; she going to her hospital and I to mine, where I had some work left over from yesterday; by doing which I need not return there tomorrow.

Being out of uniform, some of the men did not recognize me at first; neither did the nurses and it was amusing to see what a difference a good frock and a new hat made in the attitude of the latter—they were almost cordial. The soldiers were frankly pleased to see me "dressed up," and one boy said:

"Gee, you look swell in that lid!"

I distributed a lot of smokes, did my work and came home by tram to the Madeleine, stopping at Rumpelmayer's for an insipid ice made of water and saccharine. It is hot this afternoon and I wanted something cooling.

LETTER CXXIV.

Paris, August 16, 1918.

Today I went to Colgate's in the rue des Pyramides and, with some of Bill Callaway's money bought 100 toothbrushes and 100 tubes of tooth paste. Hardly a

man in my wards has these necessities and they need them badly. I also bought at Rumpel's 100 cakes of chocolate; so now I am stocked up for two weeks for my *blessés*.

After lunch I lugged the brushes and paste to the hospital and, as they were heavy, I taxied from the Porte Maillot. The offerings were received with chortles of joy. One boy told me he had not brushed his teeth for 33 days and the mere idea of his uncleanness made him unhappy. Think how we feel when we have to go *one* day without performing this toilet rite! A lot of the men are to be evacuated Monday, leaving none but the compound fracture cases. The hospital is being emptied for the new rush expected next week and you may think of me as on night duty again ere long.

This was a gala day at Neuilly for "Jim" Europe's band of forty pieces was playing on the lawn and the boys were having a glorious time. They have a song called: "I'm in Love with a Beautiful Nurse," which they all sang with vim and fervor. Most of them will be sorry to leave the Ambulance; not particularly because of their "beautiful nurses" but because they really are well taken care of and liked. A man feels the bond of sympathy between him and those who minister to him and he responds marvelously.

I sat with the *blessés* for I enjoy hearing them talk. I found a strapping fellow who frankly loved music. Tears came to his eyes—which he covered with his hand—whenever a melody appealed to him. He told me he had been employed in an airplane factory near the lines; when one day last June there was a rush order for a thousand or so machines. It was his duty

to help try them out, and he was on his 63rd trip when something went wrong. Like Mayor Mitchel, he had forgotten to strap himself in and was thrown on the joy stick which perforated his abdomen and knocked him senseless. Then he fell from a height of 300 feet and has been in a wheeled chair most of the time since. His small intestine has been nearly all cut out yet he looks strong and I daresay he will recover. He was 21 last month and looks like a man of 30. I never seem to get used to the ageing effect of war on mere boys.

LETTER CXXV.

London, August 20, 1918.

The dog days have come and, London-like, when one disagreeable condition exists, others quickly accumulate. Now that it is too hot to walk any distance in comfort and taxis are few, we have a 'bus strike underway with the threat that it will spread to the underground systems. Today the Tubes were a foretaste of the popular idea of Hell. Hot, perspiring crowds jammed the entrances, clamoring and pushing for admission to the still hotter lower regions where they struggled and fought to get on trains already overcrowded. The crush was so terrific that policemen were put on duty to keep the people out of the Tubes and thousands were compelled to walk miles to their homes.

I had to go to the United States Consulate in Cavendish Square and started to take the Tube at Oxford Circus to return officeward but I retreated after putting my nose inside the station. The odor was sufficiently

strong to furnish motive power for the system—to say nothing of the heat. I walked, as neither 'buses nor taxis were available. It looks as though we might see a serious labor disturbance, as the strike which began with the demand of the women conductors for equal pay with the men, for the same work and the same hours, threatens to spread into a national movement to extend the same principle to all lines of national employment. As there are millions of women now doing men's work, the addition to the Government's expenditures would be enormous.

I went to the Club for luncheon and among other things had a salad for which I mixed a tasty dressing. The clubs are among the few places where one can still get good salad oil or, in fact, any oil at all, good or bad. Walked to the Temple along the Embankment, where the effect of the strike was evident in the crowds at the stations of the Underground and on the County Council tram cars which run along the Embankment. The theatres are suffering, as people cannot get home if they live in sections served only by 'buses.

I have given up trying to account for the vagaries of the mails. You wrote that my letters are not arriving, that on Saturday you had nothing later than my talk of Monday and I did not draw anything on Friday and Saturday, but this morning I got *four* from you. I enjoyed thoroughly reading your account of the distribution of the tooth paste and brushes to the wounded soldiers. It was a brilliant inspiration on your part to think of just what they wanted above all other things but I cannot understand how the hospital authorities overlooked so necessary a provision for the *blessés*. I know Will Callaway and his co-contributors will be

delighted to learn the purpose to which you devoted part of their money.

I noticed in one of the letters of a Paris correspondent of a certain London paper, that the writer is jubilating over the retreat of the Hun and proudly announces that Paris never lost her nerve, that the real people refused to abandon the city and that the exceptions were "those old grandmothers" who fled in terror of the German approach. Unfortunately I remember that, just at the time the migration was at its height, this same Paris correspondent began to send letters from Marseilles and the Riviera.

LETTER CXXVI.

Paris, August 20, 1918.

With some more of the Callaway money I bought a safety razor for one of my wards. The French barber who is supposed to shave the *blessés* for nothing, insists on being paid for the job. It makes me rage when I see the way the French gouge the Americans at every turn. You would think they might have a little gratitude. Not at all! They bleed the Yanks whenever they have the chance. Saturday, one of the boys asked me if I had a razor—they seem to think I carry everything in my kangaroo-pouch apron pocket—told me the barber wanted a franc to shave him but as he had not yet received his pay, he was broke.

I went to the Galleries Lafayette and bought a Gillette with 24 extra blades, gave it to the nurse in charge, telling her to lend it to the men as they needed it and to give each man his own particular blade so that

he would think it was in some sense his personal belonging. I did not feel that Bill Callaway or I could afford to buy fifty separate razors. When I handed the Gillette to Manfredi—that's the man who asked for it—his face beamed and I brought him a basin of hot water and started him on his career of cleaning up.

The same day I took out a batch of magazines and found the men who enjoy reading. Many of them are frankly unliterary and would rather have cigarettes. But as I have distributed over a thousand—also from the Callaway fund—to these particular boys, that seemed to me sufficient. I am reserving my three remaining cartons for the next batch of wounded. It doesn't do to overload the *blessés* with gifts, else they expect something every time you come and few pocket-books could stand the strain. From this same fund I have also bought and distributed a lot of writing paper and envelopes. The Yanks are hard put to get writing materials except when the "Y" man passes through the wards and leaves a few sheets.

By a miracle, Dr. Crossan was at the hospital when I arrived so we went our rounds at once. One man, who was hurt in that old railway accident, had just come upstairs from a second operation and was suffering terribly.

There were tears in his eyes—he is a strong man and not a boy. I took his head on my shoulder and stroked his hair; for often the touch of a woman's fingers must be what a man craves far away from those he knows and loves. He took my hand and held it as a child would, then he looked up in my face and the tears ran down his cheeks:

"It hurts, sister. It hurts dreadfully and I'm such a coward about pain."

I did not speak but just held on to his hand and he gradually relaxed and I knew he felt better. Then I assured him that the first day after taking ether was always the worst and that he would not suffer tomorrow. I hope my prophecy proves correct.

CHAPTER XX

London's Women Workers on Strike—Lord Robert Cecil and the League of Nations—Discusses International Questions between Sips of Tea—England Regrets Resignation of Ambassador Page—His Wife's Warning—London's Policemen Strike and City is without Its "Bobbies"—American Editors in London—Paris and London Compared.

LETTER CXXVII.

London, August 24, 1918.

London's women workers provided another surprise today. The 'bus strike having been fixed up temporarily yesterday and the worried Londoners able to ride to work, the women in the Tube struck this morning for the same increase in pay demanded by the conductoresses.

Yesterday I had a talk with Lord Robert Cecil who is the strongest believer in the League of Nations to be found among English public men. He also is convinced that the Allies should intervene in Russia and favors giving Japan a greater latitude of action there, believing she can be trusted to act in harmony with the Allies and scrupulously comply with conditions and obligations that might be imposed by an Allied agreement.

Lord Robert, who is the right hand man at the Foreign Office of his kinsman, A. J. Balfour, usually receives correspondents when he is having his tea and,

between sips, discusses foreign politics. Sometimes he rises from his desk, cup in hand, and stands before the open grate fire, his long legs stretched apart and his shoulders bent forward as he talks. He talks with great freedom on many topics but, when a forbidden subject is touched upon, his "I don't think I can say anything about that," is final. He is the one spokesman for the Government whose interviews for the American press are not subject to the vagaries of the censor. Lord Robert insisted that all statements for publication made by him should, after they had been prepared for the cable, be submitted to him and if he found he had been correctly quoted, the despatches should be passed without any interference by the censorship.

We have had several moonlight nights with searchlights busy, but no raiding Huns. The British airmen have been so vigorously busy bombing the military objectives in the Rhineland provinces, that the Boches have had no aviators to spare to raid the English cities. Nor have they troubled Paris much of late. It amused me to hear how carefully you creep each night under your mosquito bar to keep the pesky nuisances from biting you, yet you would not flee to the hotel's cellar to escape the Boche bombs and shells.

As an example of the increase in price of everything, I bought some weeks ago a quantity of typewriting paper for the office, the bill for which was \$90. The same paper was formerly bought for 20 cents a ream. It cost me 55 cents, is now selling at 80 cents a ream and the price is still mounting. Everything that one eats, drinks, wears or uses in any way, is now climbing in price. The government is at present considering

imposing a luxury tax. As practically everything today is already a luxury, its application, to be logical, would be general.

LETTER CXXVIII.

London, August 28, 1918.

England is greatly elated at the successive victories won by the British troops who are hammering a wedge into the Hindenburg line. You can sense the feeling of victory as you walk the streets and it is reflected in the faces of the people. There is an important meeting of the representatives of the Allies now going on, supposedly with regard to future operations, but the censor has thrown his cloak of silence over any news of the proceedings. An American offensive is considered assured in the near future.

The Ministry of Information gave us a first showing of an Italian propaganda film today. It was striking, as it depicted the Italians and Austrians fighting in the snow-covered Alps. Most of the pictures were taken in the Monte Tonale region where the greatest physical difficulties had to be overcome by man's ingenuity. The film showed how the transporting of men and supplies was accomplished by aerial railways running on cables over abysses thousands of feet deep. Mules, tied up in rope bags, were carried up the mountains on cables like sacks of flour while, in other sections, men labored to get the guns and ammunition up almost precipitous paths. A series of pictures showed the Italian and Austrian artillery bombarding each other from ranges of mountains which are so effectually separated by deep

valleys that one would think the belligerents could shell until the end of time without either side being able to gain an advantage.

The resignation of Ambassador Page was announced today and the London papers pay a unanimous tribute to his constant and fervent labors for the Allies since we came into the war and his tactful and sympathetic handling of the difficult situation prior to April, 1917. I went to the Embassy to see if Dr. Page had anything to add to the announcement of his resignation but he was still in the country. When I saw him last June he told me that his wife had insisted upon his being examined by specialists who had advised him to take a long rest. "I'm all right. It's Mrs. Page who is worried. My stomach is a bit out of order, that's all," he said. It would seem his wife was right, after all.

Gompers arrived in London today, where his coming has been awaited with much interest. He is expected to exercise considerable influence upon British labor and to combat the defeatist propaganda of the extreme Socialists and Internationalists. The Henderson wing of the Labor Party still insists upon a conference in which representatives of enemy labor would participate. I saw Gompers at the Savoy but he had very little to say besides reiterating the declarations he made in America.

LETTER CXXIX.

London, August 30, 1918.

The midsummer madness of strikes broke out in a new form today: the London policemen stopped work.

That sounds unreal, doesn't it? Think of London without her "Bobbies!" Almost as great a strain as to imagine the British metropolis without Westminster Abbey or Buckingham Palace or the Strand. But the familiar uniform was missing today; the erect, obliging guardians of the peace were gone and the "specials," "Duke's sons, cooks' sons, and sons of belted Earls" stood in the streets doing their best to regulate traffic. There was practically no police protection in the greater part of the city. Tonight more of the special constables are on duty. These men at the outbreak of the war volunteered their services to assist in the police work, replacing those policemen sent to the army. They have done patrol work but have had no experience in handling traffic. Their efforts at such congested centers as Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square and Wellington Street, resulted in awful mixups, while the striking policemen stood on the pavements and jeered. Towards evening they had worked into their jobs and were doing better.

I had dinner in the Constitutional Club and it was amusing to see men in the uniform of ordinary policemen dining in these exclusive precincts and bewailing the fate that would keep them walking the streets all night. They are very sore at being used virtually as strike breakers and would refuse to act as such had they not sworn, when they volunteered, to perform any duty assigned to them. However, the strike can't last long as the men are right in demanding more pay and they will get it. It is another example of the English habit of muddling and putting off things until a crisis comes. Think of London's policemen, in these days of war prices, only paid the equivalent of twelve dollars

a week! Some five hundred of them in mufti who marched past the office this evening on their way to a meeting, were loudly cheered by the people in the streets. This indicates the drift of public opinion.

You remember I told you that rationing was reducing me? Tonight, noticing a weighing machine placed appropriately in the hall outside the Club diningroom, I sat myself on it. What do you think was the verdict? Only 149 pounds, the lightest I have been for years. When we left New York I weighed 160 pounds and I do not think I lost an ounce in Paris. London owes me eleven pounds but I'm blest if I know how I can collect it. Surely not under the present rationing system.

LETTER CXXX.

London, September 1, 1918.

This, for me, has been an almost speechless day. Being Sunday, I had no appointments, was alone in the office and, apart from the waiters who served me at luncheon and dinner, I have not spoken to a person. Do you wonder that tonight I am a "gloom"? I am in that condition of mind which makes me dislike myself intensely and that, for me, is not normal. I don't know whether or not the local authorities were experimenting tonight, but the streets were as black as Egypt. Paris when I was there (it seems years ago) was brilliant in comparison with London at its best. Coming to the office I could hardly see my way. When the search-lights are playing, they make quite a difference in the illumination.

Yesterday I went to the Savoy to see Gompers before

he left for the north of England; then to the Embassy to ascertain if Dr. Page had returned from the country. Nothing is known yet as to when he will return to the United States. London is greatly exercised as to who will be his successor. The English papers are guessing all the way from Taft and Roosevelt to Gerard and Colonel House. I don't think they have mentioned the right man yet and believe Wilson will spring another surprise when his appointment is made known. Page's illness is now admitted to be serious.

Coming up Whitehall on a 'bus, I ran into thousands of striking policemen on their way to Downing Street, where they were to present their grievances to Lloyd George. I hopped off to see the fun. The men swung from Whitehall into the little street where is the official residence of the Prime Minister of Great Britain and filled it to overflowing. They even crowded into the archway leading through to the courtyard of the Foreign Office. It is tradition that no crowds are ever permitted in these sacred precincts or in Downing Street itself—but there was no one to say them "Nay!" The policemen, who should have performed that duty, were the interlopers themselves and they enjoyed the joke—laughing and chaffing the people who wanted to know why they didn't chase themselves away.

It was fortunate that the men were in a good humor for some *ass* in the War Office ordered a company of the Guards to the Foreign Office, in case of an emergency, and paraded them through the crowd with fixed bayonets. Had the men been in an ugly mood, that would have inflamed their passions to a dangerous degree. Luckily, someone in the War Office still had a glimmering of sense and the Guards were quickly

marched into the great courtyard out of sight of the crowd. Later, in pairs, they were put on guard at the entrances to the different government departments which are all in this neighborhood, but their bayonets were in the scabbards.

There was a great shout from the crowd when the Prime Minister received the committee of the strikers and it was soon announced that sympathetic proposals would be submitted to a meeting of the men late this afternoon. The strikers then marched away cheering. Tonight the strike has been settled and the policemen are on duty. During the one night London was without its "Bobbies" there was an outbreak of robberies. The big plate glass windows of several jewelry shops in the Strand were smashed and the contents stolen.

LETTER CXXXI.

London, September 10, 1918.

News from the front was good tonight. The French have succeeded in getting a foothold on the canal, thus threatening La Fère and imperilling the Hindenburg line south of Saint Quentin. Rain has helped the Huns somewhat to hold up the Allied advance in the north. The subject of a conference today at the Ministry of Information was the delay on cables to America which has been increasing so much that it is impossible on most days to send anything after four o'clock with any chance of its reaching New York in time to appear in the next morning's papers unless sent at full commercial rates. Commander Baker, of the

American Censorship Department, came to London to devise some means of expediting our messages. He also asked for specific criticism of the handling of despatches by the American censors. Baker said he was very eager to do all he could to secure the best possible service and promised to use all his influence with the British authorities to that end. He added that the complaints about the delay on matter filed in Paris were more serious than ours.

After the general subject had been discussed, I had a talk with him about the message I sent from Paris last December, based on information I got from Colonel House as to the results on the inter-Allied conference. I had a clean beat but the despatch appeared in the *Sun* with all the exclusive news deleted. He told me that, so far as he recalled, there was no order issued in Washington to censor such despatches and promised to look into the matter on his return to New York. I am becoming convinced that it was the English censor who did the trick, as I know it was passed unchanged by the censors in Paris.

The coal outlook for the winter becomes more serious daily. Under the new regulations, hotels will have to decrease the amount they use by cutting down the supply of hot water, having less heat in the rooms and corridors and using less gas and electricity for lighting. England has been more lavish in the use of coal than France but, of course, it was her coal. The *Times* today has an appeal to the people to decrease coal consumption, pointing out that the more fuel saved means more American troops in France and the nearer approach of victory. According to the newspapers, all hopes of ending the war soon now center around our

men and it is interesting to read how much beloved we are these days.

It is not likely another convoy will arrive in England for a week or so but the last one brought about 27,000 soldiers. I understand we are landing about 60 per cent of all our men in England these days, presumably due to the discovery that the U-boats are now devoting their main efforts to sinking transports as they approach the French coast.

Lord Beaverbrook gave a luncheon yesterday to the visiting American writers who are here under the auspices of the Ministry of Information and who will go to France and travel along the British front. About half the delegation, including E. W. Bok, is connected with magazines. Only one New York newspaper is represented. The visitors are staying at the Ritz as the guests of the Ministry of Information and, in their opinion, so far as women's dresses indicate the effect of the war, New York is more like sombre Paris than London. The gowns worn by the women at the Ritz restaurant amazed them by their daring and costliness. In New York, they say, the hotels and restaurants once known for their showy crowds are now very subdued.

At the luncheon I sat next to an English correspondent who has been in the war zone and in Paris for nearly three years, without returning to London until this week. He made interesting comparisons between Paris and London in war times, particularly when he said he was impressed by the fact that in London one feels the war; intimating that in Paris one did not.

"Londoners all talk about the war," he said. "It is always with them. No doubt food and lighting restrictions have much to do with this. In Paris, bread and

sugar are rationed, nothing else. Prices have risen tremendously in both capitals, but you can live better in Paris than in London. The lights of Paris are brighter than those of London. I see no traces of the deadly air raids in London; but in Paris there are many paneless windows. It makes no difference to the *morale* of the Parisians who never had 'the wind up,' even when things were at their worst. London wears the face one would expect to find in Paris; the city is keyed up and taut. I find many more signs of mourning in Paris. In Paris there are many streets of shuttered shops, in London I find apparent prosperity everywhere. In Paris the luxury trades are booming. In Paris there is no tobacco; in London I find no matches."

He added that London by night is just as dead as Paris. I suggested he go to some of the big hotels in the Piccadilly quarter and also ask his friends about the dances which are held every night in numerous private houses.

CHAPTER XXI

The First American Drive Starts—Saint Mihiel Salient Cut—Mystery as to Extent of Operation—Pershing Orders Details of Advance Suppressed—London Jubilant over Americans' Success—Bigger Operation Impending—A Drury Lane Jubilee—Outfitting Wounded Soldier at the Drurya Oeuvre.

LETTER CXXXII.

London, September 12, 1918.

Today was the appointed time, after all, for the American push. The earliest news came to London about 2 o'clock this afternoon. I first heard of it at the Ministry of Information. By 4 o'clock brief despatches began to come through, telling of the Yanks forcing the Saint Mihiel salient which the Huns have held since 1914. I cabled all I could before going to dinner. I am glad I did for, later on in the night, there was an embargo put on the news. The early despatches contained the names of certain villages the Americans had captured. In the French and American official statements, no villages were mentioned and, after midnight, word was passed about the newspaper offices that Pershing had asked that no names of captured villages be stated. Most of the London papers had gone to press using the names, so Pershing's request could not be complied with. Pershing's one striking announcement is that we have already taken 8,000 prisoners in the first day's fighting. There are two suppositions

advanced for Pershing's action : first, he desires to make a complete statement of the battle but hasn't received all reports from his subordinates and he doesn't want his version anticipated by newspaper publications. Secondly, that something has happened in the transmission of news from France to the United States and he is endeavoring to keep the London correspondents of New York papers from "beating" the American correspondents with the army.

London is rejoicing over the news of the American success. At the American Officers' Club, where I had dinner, everyone was jubilant and celebrating the victory.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Paris, September 13, 1918.

I saw H— this morning who told me about the American offensive and of his trouble with the censor, complaining that he could not get his stuff through. He said there was a rumor current in Paris that Pershing is doing his bit on his own initiative, that he refused to listen to Foch who told him that this was not the time for the move but that Pershing insisted that he, Pershing, was the sole commander of the American troops. According to the same rumor, there has been quite a little ill feeling in government circles for some weeks. Foch, it is said, went to Chaumont to see Pershing and there ensued a long and heated discussion. Then Foch came to Paris and laid the matter before Clémenceau saying Pershing would disrupt the Single Command if he insisted on carrying out his own

plans; that Haig would have a perfect right to act likewise under similar circumstances and that he, Foch, was absolutely opposed to the present American push. Whether or not there is any truth in the rumor, there are apparently trouble makers at work, trying to create feeling hostile to the American Army.

No *communiqué* has been given out so far. Thiaucourt is supposed to have been taken but the public knows nothing. It is this absence of definite information which leads French people to give credence to the rumor of a conflict of authority. They say that if Pershing makes good, he will be acclaimed as a hero; but if he fails, the blame will fall on Foch.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Paris, September 16, 1918.

Summer has returned today and, with the window wide open as I write, the air that comes into the room is warm and balmy. I hated to think that all the comfortable days were over and that the six months' Paris winter had settled down upon us. It seemed interminable last year; I suppose because one was never really comfortable and, with discomfort, hours appear twice as long.

We had an air raid last night but, after listening to the *sirène* for a moment, I went to sleep again. I believe the thing lasted for two hours and there was a second *alerte* at 4.15, which I did not hear at all. From various accounts, the cellar was crowded with old *habituels* and new guests. One Englishman came down in pajamas and bare feet and went to sleep in this cos-

tume, snoring peacefully in one corner of the cellar. Mr. L—, the hotel's immaculate Beau Brummel, arrived with unbuttoned boots and no stockings. He *must* have been in a hurry!

Mme. Secrestää came up from Bordeaux Saturday night to spend a few days with her husband—who is mobilized here at the Ministère de la Guerre—and this is the reception she got. She left Paris last March because of the Gothas and felt perfectly safe in returning. I hear that three airplanes got through and two were destroyed over Paris itself. With the moonlight nights we shall probably have other visitations. Today I received a lovely basket of cyclamens from Aix-les-Bains, sent by the Cluzeaux, and they are as fresh and as fragrant as though they had just been picked.

The American *communiqué* is still very incomplete and vague this morning and everyone seems to think that operations have gone much further than has been disclosed. I often wonder why we are so reticent about things that everybody knows. My letters are dull these days—but there's nothing to write about.

LETTER CXXXV.

London, September 16, 1918.

We have the German peace offensive with us again in a new form. The papers this morning comment and speculate on the joint effort of Berlin and Vienna to weaken the effect on their people of the blows struck by the Allies, by stirring up the Defeatists in the Allied countries. So far, the answer expressed has been a very decided "No!" to the proposals—except in a few

instances, such as the *Manchester Guardian*. One remarkable exception is the *New York Times* which, according to cable despatches, approves conferring with the enemy. The position taken by the *Times* was given much prominence by the London papers and caused a sensation.

Foch's strategy of continuous thrusts is keeping the Hun guessing. There is still a feeling of mystification manifested regarding the results of the American offensive. This is largely due to reports that the despatches from the correspondents with the American Army are being unusually rigorously censored. London heard that Pershing had asked the French and British governments to restrain the correspondents from sending to their papers any conjectures as to the next attack and also not to mention the names of any places unless they were first included in the official *communiqués*. At the Ministry of Information they had no news from the American front at all. Secretary of War Baker arrived in London last night and this morning gave us an interview, but he said nothing in addition to what he told the Paris correspondents when he came back from Saint Mihiel.

Yesterday was the busiest Sunday since my coming to London. The early edition of the one London Sunday afternoon paper came out with the text of the Austrian proposal for a peace talk. I don't know when Paris had this news but New York printed it Saturday afternoon. No hint of it reached London last night. In the evening the news of Germany's proposals to Belgium came through. The Hun, apparently, is in an awful funk over the defeats he has been suffering.

Later the details of the Saint Mihiel fighting, that had been held up by Pershing, started to arrive.

Saturday, Alix came back from Cornwall and was much excited over the reports of the raid on Paris, as her mother has just returned there. I have been uneasy all day, for the raid apparently was a savage one and you are again in the thick of the falling bombs.

The Dickens' Fair, in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, was quite amusing. Alix and I went out about three o'clock and remained until six. Most of the best known theatrical people impersonated characters from Dickens' works. There were numerous tents in which vaudeville sketches, fake circuses, singing and a Pickwick Club meeting were given. Fagin, Little Nell, Bill and Nancy Sykes, Peggotty, Oliver Twist and all the Pickwickians were mingling with the throng. Unfortunately, heavy showers spoiled the afternoon and tea on the lawn was a damp and soggy affair.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Paris, September 17, 1918.

You saw that two Boche planes were brought down last night and that the six Germans composing the crews were killed. Paris had four persons killed—so the ledger balances the wrong way according to Teutonic ideas. There were four incendiary bombs dropped; one fell on Dufayel's shop. All the people who were hurt or killed were out in the streets or standing on their balconies, watching the raid. Most Parisians expected a return of the Hun last night, but

a violent thunderstorm came up and nothing happened. Result: everyone looks rested today.

The American *communiqué* still continues vague. When it is given out, you may be surprised to see how far we have progressed.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Paris, September 18, 1918.

I came home from the hospital early yesterday and went out into the garden of the Saint James with my uncompleted fashion article and a package of biscuits from the "Y" canteen to which I added a pot of tea from the hotel kitchen. Sitting contentedly writing and munching, I was called to the phone by Mrs. Munroe who wanted to know whether I could come on duty in the first floor operating room directly after dinner.

Three-quarters of an hour later, bathed and freshly dressed, I ate an early dinner and at quarter to seven started for Neuilly, got to the Porte Maillot and taxied to the Ambulance. I found quite a lot of *blessés* but nothing compared to the July rush. There were at least a dozen surgeons on call but very few stretcher bearers so several of the doctors took turns in carrying in the wounded and laying them on the tables. All the men came from the Saint Mihiel sector, had been wounded on the 12th, temporarily dressed at Base Hospitals near the lines and then brought in to Paris.

There were no major operations. When there is only a dressing necessary, operating room slips are not required, so that lightened my labors. With the big staff, the *blessés* were soon disposed of and it was only ten P. M. when the last man was bandaged.

It was pouring but I had an umbrella and, finding Lieutenant Triplett who is in charge of the motors, I asked to be sent to the Porte Maillot. They got me out a balky Ford upon whose front seat I sat with the chauffeur and we bumped and creaked down the ink-black Neuilly streets to the Métro. A rubber curtain was supposed to shield us from the storm but the rain beat in over the top and I had to put my cape across my face to protect my head.

I reached the hotel by eleven and in my letter box found a note from the "American Army" who had arrived at eight, turned in and had left word to be waked as soon as I got back from work. Fifteen minutes later A—, who had been asleep, stumped down the stairs and we sat and talked till half-past midnight. He had come straight from Saint Mihiel where he had witnessed all the fighting. The day before, he told me, he stood on Mont Sec and saw the Hindenburg line only a few hundred feet away.

The American news is purposely vague so as not to betray our movements to the Boches. We have gone much further than we are given credit for, but this whole move is merely a minor operation, and is called "Operation A." "Operation B" is to take place in about five days and that's to be the big thing. Then our army will drive down from Verdun and the General Staff is expecting great results. Foch wanted the railway freed near Saint Mihiel and 15 miles of it were cleared by the Yanks. The Hun is being encouraged to believe we will next move towards Metz in the hope he will move his reserve troops to that sector; but we are coming down from Verdun.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Paris, September 22, 1918.

Two of my wards were quarantined today. Yesterday but one was under the ban. The medical man is not sure whether it is measles or scarlet fever. Imagine having your arm or your leg shot off and then coming down with little red spots that itch and make you feel ill and yet are absolutely uninteresting and unromantic!

Do you remember Mrs. Beverley MacMonigle of San Francisco, who came over on the *Espagne* with us and whose son, a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, was killed a few days after his mother reached France? She was in the hospital today distributing cigarettes. She is very handsome in her mourning and the expression on her face is singularly sweet and yet far from hopeless.

When I got back to the hotel I had tea in the hall and fell to chatting with an Englishwoman who has been doing canteen work at the front for three years. She told me a lot of her experiences and I was sorry to hear she did not think much of the French. She is right in a lot of the little things she says; for in some respects they are hopelessly reactionary. She tells me so many of *our* men, who have been slightly gassed and apparently are quite well otherwise, develop pneumonia and die in a few days. She is convinced it is a germ the Huns are putting in their latest gas.

After I had chatted with her for a while, I took the songs you sent me and went into the salon where, all by myself, I hummed them over softly to a pianissimo

accompaniment. Soon the door opened gently and an American officer asked :

"May I leave the door open so that I can hear you?"

I told him that, if it gave him any pleasure, he was welcome to listen. Then he came into the room and I sang while he played my accompaniments and I found him a very nice, well-bred chap. He introduced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell of the U. S. Coast Artillery and told me he had been the first American officer in Saint Mihiel after the Germans left—and what do you think he salvaged? No, not bayonets or guns or helmets ; but a lot of music, German, French and American that he found on an open piano in an empty house.

I heard yesterday that Bordeaux was under quarantine and that no ships were to be allowed to leave for a few days. I imagine it is cholera; for there is a touch of it in several French towns.

LETTER CXXXIX.

London, September 24, 1918.

The rain, which has been falling almost continuously for several weeks, is now a serious menace to England's harvests. Not much is said about it in the newspapers, but the late crops are being ruined and it is interfering with all outside work, which means more privations this winter. In the north of England the floods are doing considerable damage. Another grave problem is the spread of strikes. There has been a veritable epidemic of labor troubles in England and, today, a railroad strike was begun that affects all the coal and

munition transportation in the Kingdom. The mines have been shut down in several sections and unless a solution is quickly reached, the shortage of coal will increase—already a threatening danger.

At the Embassy this afternoon, when I went to see about the restrictions on my passport—which is only good for the British Isles, Norway and Sweden—the officials in charge told me they would have to telegraph to the Embassy in Paris to ascertain if I was desired in Paris and if, in the opinion of the Embassy, there was good and sufficient reason for my coming there! I have no apprehension that an unfavorable reply will be made or that I will have any difficulty in coming over, but it made me feel cheap to have such conditions attached to a trip that formerly only required enough money to purchase a ticket. Evidently the screws are being put on travel across the Channel to a degree of which few are aware until they attempt to make the journey.

Tonight I felt that I wanted more air and got on the top of a 'bus and took a long ride through the city, beyond Liverpool Street Station to Dalston. It is weird to ride through the darkened streets—the faint gleam of light when a door is opened, the crowds of people groping along in the blackness and the traffic moving in a subdued roar. Going through the long gloomy highways, where the street lights are so dim that the principal illumination is furnished by the headlights of the 'buses and the few taxis, one gets the impression of being in a besieged city. This is heightened by the play of searchlights in the sky; for since the last raid on Paris there have been two abortive attempts on the part of the Boches to get to London—but the Gothas

were met on the coast and driven off. I made the return trip on what was positively the last 'bus. A pretty fix I would have been in had I missed it! No taxis, no Tube; only a four-mile walk would have got me back.

LETTER CXL.

London, September 26, 1918.

This afternoon London heard of the fresh American offensive. The despatches are very meagre and fragmentary but an advance of seven miles the first morning and the capture of a number of villages and 5,000 prisoners is a good start. The afternoon papers make big spreads on it with large black headlines. It is possible that this news and the anticipated developments in the Balkans, combined with the fact that Middleton has gone to bed with the "flu," may prevent me from coming to Paris next week as I had expected. It will be hard luck if it turns out this way. I have not as yet heard from the Embassy if my passport has been *viséd* for France.

Friday I went to Drury Lane to witness the pageant arranged by Louis Parker to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of Arthur Collins's management of the old playhouse. Austin Brereton was associated with Parker in the production. The Muses and the Gods appeared and quoted line upon line of tragic verse; the history of Drury Lane was illustrated by tableaux and scenes from famous plays produced at the "Lane" since its opening under the royal grant given by Charles II. Shakespeare was represented by a scene from *Macbeth* in which Genevieve Ward, an American but identified

with the English stage for some forty years or more, appeared with Lyn Harding. An interesting number was a scene from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, produced first at the "Lane" in 1845. "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me," and "A Heart Bowed Down" sounded so thin compared with the modern music. The Muse, in introducing the opera, spoke lines written by Parker to the effect that, though old fashioned, it should be remembered that these songs "made our mothers weep." Gertrude Elliott was radiantly beautiful as "Peg Woffington" and Winifred Emery, whom I always admired for her clever comedy, looked grandmotherly; while Lilah McCarthy was intense and tragic in an old English play, one of the first ever produced at the "Lane."

An odd coincidence was that, before going to the theatre, I read in the *Sun* of September 10, which came today, that Mrs. Archer M. Huntington (Helen Gates) had married Granville Barker in London after she got her decree in Paris and he had been divorced by Lilah McCarthy. The marriage was kept very quiet over here, no notice of it appeared and even the theatrical gossips did not know of it.

The railroad strike collapsed tonight. The Government carried out its threat to take control of the lines affected and the men gave in.

LETTER CXLI.

Paris, September 28, 1918.

I'm writing to you while waiting for the first camion to leave for the Porte Maillot. It is supper time in the wards and all the soldiers are busy with their chow.

The men get much better things to eat than do the nurses and I shouldn't at all mind feeding with the poilus while I have a horror of *mangé*-ing with the staff in the basement.

None of the *blessés* from the Champagne front have yet come in but we have a steady dribbling of a lot of odd bits and pieces who drift in from small engagements nearer this part of the world. Twenty Frenchmen arrived today and one of them is just coming out of ether. He laughs to himself and says foolish little things and the other poilus gather about his bed like anxious hens around a lone chick. They have been through the same experience—not once, but several times—and they know just how it feels.

This morning at the Secours Duryea, I was busy fixing my shelves when a young Italian Lieutenant came in to be fitted out with clothes. He is invalided and is about to leave for Italy. He told me his parents are interned in Austria and he was going back to he knew not what. With Mrs. Duryea's consent I equipped him from head to foot and this is what he carried away with him in two huge bundles: 2 flannel undershirts, 2 flannel underdrawers, 3 shirts with collars, 4 cravats, a pair of suspenders, trousers, coat and waistcoat, a sweater, a nice overcoat, two handkerchiefs, 3 pairs of socks and a good pair of shoes. The poor boy—he is but twenty-four—was so pathetically grateful. It is hard when a gentleman comes to such a pass—for he is absolutely penniless—and that's what the war has done; not to one man, but to hundreds of thousands. Castelluccio was a student at Bologna when hostilities began and now he is an invalid for life. All of his youth wasted—and for what?

CHAPTER XXII

New York's 27th Division in Big Battle North of Saint Quentin—Bulgaria's Request for an Armistice Marks the Beginning of the End—Turkey Soon to Follow—Military Funeral of an American Nurse at Suresnes—Germany's Armistice Proposals Cause a Sensation—Appeal to Wilson Excites Suspicion in England—Move to Divide the Allies.

LETTER CXLII.

London, September 29, 1918.

The news is splendid tonight. Our New York men, the 27th Division, are fighting with the British north of Saint Quentin where they are intrusted with the job of breaking through one of the toughest sections of the Hindenburg line. They will hold their end up, I have no fear. Our own offensive, northwest of Verdun, has run up against a very stiff proposition in the shape of German reserves divisions and yesterday lost some of the ground gained on the preceding days.

Last night the news was very big. Bulgaria's request for an armistice has been refused. She must surrender or continue her losing fight. The announcement that Ferdinand's government was the first to break away from the Quadruple Alliance caused a sensation in London. Its effect in Berlin was shown by the panic on the stock exchange. Later came the report of the resignation of Hertling as Chancellor of the Empire. Rumors that Turkey was eager to follow Bulgaria's

lead, if indeed she has not already asked for terms from the Allies, were current. To crown the day, came the news of the British offensive between Cambrai and Saint Quentin, in which the New York division took part.

This has been a vile day—rain from early morning—heavy downpours with the wind blowing a gale. The streets are awash and deserted. The poor devil who has an engagement to dine at a restaurant or go to the theatre is calling vainly for the taxi that does not come. A few 'buses, dripping and dismal, lumber through the streets and the unfortunate pedestrians plod along, soaked and sullen. The girls who ply their profession along the Strand are either missing or are standing in the shelters of doorways and even the "pubs" are mostly closed.

LETTER CXLIII.

London, September 30, 1918.

I had a phone call from the Embassy this afternoon, telling me that I was *persona grata* to the Paris Embassy and that my passport would be extended so that I might travel to France. I shall go there in the morning and have it attended to.

Now that Bulgaria has given up the struggle, everyone believes Turkey will soon follow—which action is bound to affect Austria, even if she does not immediately break away from Germany. Some people think it is the beginning of the end; others, that we will have another winter of war. The fighting of the next few weeks should tell the tale. I am a bit uneasy about

leaving London with the news assuming such importance. I still hope and expect to get away next week, but it may not be as soon as I had expected.

At the Ministry of Information and also at the Foreign Office, no one could furnish any additional illumination on the Bulgarian capitulation. I understand the Foreign Office will issue a semi-official statement sometime tonight. According to the afternoon papers, Paris had the news hours ahead of London, which is understandable as Franchet d'Espérey is a French General and would report direct to the French Minister of War. Meantime, the great battle is raging from Verdun to the sea and we can expect big news shortly.

LETTER CXLIV.

Paris, October 5, 1918.

I did not write you yesterday—the first time in the eight months you have been away. You know perfectly well that only a matter of life or death could keep me from sending my daily screed. This time it *was* death. Marion White was buried yesterday and I spent the day with Kittie; going to the services, to the burial and bringing the younger sister home with me to the Saint James when it was all over. Isn't it a shocking thing? Marion arrived in France on September 4th and was buried October 4th.

Friday night, when I came in from dining at the Café de Paris with R— C—, I found a slip in my letter box saying that Katherine White's sister had died that morning, that the funeral was to take place Satur-

day at 3 P. M. and that, if I wanted particulars, Gertrude Ehret, one of Kittie's friends, would be at the France et Choiseul until nine o'clock Saturday morning.

I was there at 8.15 and learned that Marion had died of double pneumonia brought on by a chill contracted after a slight gas infection that she caught nursing out at the "Gas Hospital" at Bellevue. Kittie had been notified by the Red Cross by wire, but the message was two days in transmission and when she got there it was too late. Poor child! that is her great regret.

I took the 11.46 train to Bellevue with two of Kittie's friends and we arrived half an hour later. This hospital is a beautiful place on a wooded height and was originally a summer hotel; then taken over by Isadora Duncan for her dancing school and by her christened "The Dyonision." Kittie had been there since the night before and she was glad to see me. You see, I am the only friend from home she has in France; and when she put her arms around me and her head on my shoulder, I'm sure she felt that, for the moment, I took the place of her mother. She was very brave and has borne up well. I saw Marion, who was laid out in her nightdress with pink ribbons run through the neck, and who looked just as though she were asleep.

It seems both her lungs were abscessed and that an aspiration was made first to remove the fluid from the lungs but that they filled up again instantly. Then an operation was resorted to and two litres of thin pus were drawn off. She rallied from the ether but, at 2 that morning, suddenly went into her last sleep. She had no idea how ill she was and kept regretting that

she was helpless and unable to be of use. "I came over to France to help," she would insist, "and not to be laid up in bed. I must get up and go to work."

I took out some flowers in your name and mine and they went into the coffin with Marion. The others were laid on the grave. The hospital and the Red Cross sent some beautiful pieces and everything possible was done that could be done.

At three o'clock the funeral procession started: the body in a camion, covered with the American flag and smothered in flowers. Walking beside the camion were six corporals who acted as pall bearers. After the hearse followed the Head Nurse and Kittie, then all the aides of the hospital—with whom I went—the nurses, all the physicians and a lot of soldiers—at least 200, and together we trudged through the narrow tree-embowered streets of Bellevue, a faint drizzle falling all the time. The natives came out of their houses to see what the strange little procession meant and all the men took off their hats and all the women crossed themselves.

After about fifteen minutes march, we came to the tiny Protestant chapel and filed in, crowding the little sanctuary. The aides and the corporals sat around the altar, the rest of the Americans filled the body of the church. There was a little music and then the *padré* got up and gave a short talk, according Marion—who had died while on duty—her full military honors. After the service the coffin was carried down to the camion and we stood at attention while the buglers blew "Taps."

Then, in three military army motors, some of us drove to Suresnes to the American Military Cemetery.

The camion chauffeur didn't know his way; he kept stopping and asking directions. Our Red Cross limousine had broken brakes and couldn't be controlled by the driver who ran us smack into a stone wall—fortunately without any damage. The huge wreath of flowers on top of the camion-hearse kept slipping off and several times a soldier had to climb up from the front seat and push it back into place. We went bumping over the poor roads at a great pace and, after many vicissitudes and many wrong turnings, we drew up at the cemetery.

There we found three camions from the Neuilly Hospital with eight coffins all awaiting interment. Visky (I never can spell his difficult name) of the *Stars and Stripes* seemed to be in charge and there were loads of soldiers to give the last honors. The soldiers drew up on one side of the roadway and we nurses and our officers on the opposite side and through that living hedge the coffins were carried. Marion was brought in with the other dead and had the same funeral service read over her.

When that was done, our men carried our coffin to its last resting place and it was lowered into the grave. This had been dug too narrow and the casket stuck and had to be lifted out again, the trench widened and the coffin lowered again, this time with success. Then "Taps" was blown once more and we drove back to the hospital, gathered up some of Kittie's belongings and motored back into Paris.

As I said, I brought her home with me because she seemed so alone in the world and it was heartless to leave her at Bellevue among strangers.

When I came home I found another message in my

box, this time saying that Lieutenant White was at the rue de Chevreuse hospital. I called up and learned that he had been gassed, that his eyes were bad but that he could receive visitors. So I'm going out there tomorrow with some smokes.

Just now I'm at the hospital, having been ordered to the operating room where I am working this afternoon. A lot of *blessés* have come in and I don't know what time I shall get home. The three tables in my charge are now having their *blessés* anesthetized and I'm waiting for the surgeon's dictation. The men brought in today were wounded yesterday on the Champagne front and they tell me this is the fiercest fighting they have ever been in. The 2nd Division was engaged and these are the 5th Marines, who seem to be fighting daily.

I found a nice young Captain, Gilder Jackson, who comes from Media, Pa., and who knows Errol very well. We talked a long time before he went under ether and chatted of things Philadelphian and the good things to eat that town boasted.

I am writing this piecemeal between my making out of papers. It is now 6.15 and cases are still coming in and I don't know when we shall be through. A man on one of the tables is having great distress in breathing and an oxygen tank is being called for. There isn't one in the room and there is a grand scramble to find one. It looks as though there might be another catastrophe—the second I have seen. There's the gurgling of a hemorrhage—a sound I hate to hear. But I'm quite hardened and you'd wonder to see how calm I am in the midst of all this blood. If I were a Cockney, I'd say: "This is a bloomin', bloody sight!" for that's just what it is.

LETTER CXLV.

London, October 6, 1918.

Just before leaving the Club last night I read on the ticker the first announcement of the German Armistice proposals. None of the morning papers had any details but, when the Sunday afternoon paper came out, it contained the text of Max de Bade's speech in full. You might have expected with such news London would exhibit some excitement or display some degree of animation or enthusiasm, even if it were Sunday. There was not even a ripple on the placidity of the city. I hustled off to the Foreign Office in the hope that some official would be on the job. Not a soul there beside the watchman and a few stenographers catching up with back work. Lloyd George and a number of Cabinet Ministers are in Paris in consultation with Clémenceau, and for the time being the center of British diplomacy has been shifted to the French Capital.

The German scheme of sending the peace proposals to Wilson personally is regarded here as another attempt to create ill feeling among the Allies, but everyone is convinced it will fail as previous efforts have. The Jingoës are in full cry that the Allies cannot do less than take all Germany's fleet, merchant ships, boycott her and occupy her territory until she has paid heavy indemnities.

Here is an example of the incomprehensible doings of the censorship. I got a cable from New York to-night saying that the identity of the American editors now in France, but who first came to London, had never been made public in America and asking me to cable

their names. Apparently no one in Washington would give the information although they came here as guests of the British Ministry of Information. I know despatches mentioning their names were sent from London when they were here and can only conclude that the censor, either on this side or on the other, eliminated the names or perhaps killed the stories bodily. Fortunately, I had the official list on my desk and sat down and cabled it to New York within ten minutes after receiving the request. I wonder if the censor will stop this. We are all quite helpless. What has occurred with regard to this inconsequential item happens in matters of real importance, destroying all understanding between a correspondent and his office. It is only occasionally that we can ascertain whether or not a message goes through.

LETTER CXLVI.

Paris, October 6, 1918.

Peace is a wonderful thing and what we have all been dreaming of; but—do you know what was my first thought on reading the Central Powers' request for an armistice? "Milton won't be able to get over to Paris now!" It has never failed. Whenever we have planned anything—a holiday, an outing, some big news has broken and spoiled our party. But what do our small troubles matter in the face of this momentous thing! I am going to make the best of it and not bother you with my wailings; for I know you are just as disappointed as I am.

This afternoon I walked to Saint Gervais, opened to

the public for the first time since the Good Friday disaster. The damaged part of the church is boarded over and on the hoarding hangs a crucifix underneath which is written: "On Good Friday, 1918, the Germans made many victims in this place. Pray for the souls of those who died on that day." Nearly all the stained glass of the sanctuary was shattered and strips of linen temporarily take its place. There are also many traces of shrapnel and at least one-third of the church was damaged and is still boarded off.

Henri Bataille is putting on a new play this week. I shall treat myself to a seat for Wednesday's *matinée*. He usually writes interesting things and I am curious to see how the war has influenced his work. There are not many plays I care to see—in fact, I have not been to the theatre more than four times since you went away. The Paris stage is in a dormouse state just now—sound asleep, but it must wake up some day.

LETTER CXLVII.

Paris, October 8, 1918.

I suppose you read of Don Martin's death and were sorry. He died from the same thing that killed Marion White, a virulent pneumonia that nothing seems able to cure. There is an enormous mortality among our soldiers from this same cause and we are losing hundreds every day. The symptoms are invariably the same: a tremendous lassitude, no great pain, then a temperature of 104, the beginning of a fever and in three days all is over. We are having an epidemic in Paris just now and, though the papers do not say much

about it, this new scourge has added to the horrors of war.

Here in the hotel there seems to be an epidemic of "flu" and in my few acquaintances these are the invalids: Mrs. Duryea, Mme. Baranga, M. La Francesca, Mr. Meiggs, Mme. Monpert and the Vicomte de Roquette Buisson. I am not ill nor will I be. Illness takes too much time and energy. With work to absorb all my leisure, I don't know where I should find a loophole to admit a germ.

Colonel Needham tells me there is a grippe epidemic in London too, and I am glad to know you are resisting so well. Out of doors here it is delightful in the sun. The air is crisp and autumny and walking is a pleasure. But indoors the house is very cold and clammy. The Saint James has not yet given us the promised daily hot water as it is obliged to wait till the thermometer falls to 50 degrees. Let's hope the mercury takes a tumble soon!

LETTER CXLVIII

London, October 9, 1918.

I have had a strenuous day of work and have been in the office practically all the time except a few minutes at the Ministry of Information and a call at the departments at Whitehall. We have the latest information of the Allied advance which is pushing the Huns back faster than at any previous period of the war. Soon they won't need an armistice to enable them to get to their frontier.

Wilson's reply to the German note was the big news

of the day. I waited at the office this morning till after three o'clock expecting it to arrive. It came shortly before four. Most of the London papers issued extra editions to print at least a summary. Today, the President's dictum monopolized the attention of the entire reading world. Wilson has put Berlin in an awkward predicament with his three questions. It is up to the Germans now to say what they really mean. He cleverly avoided the trap of personally taking up the request for an armistice. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what Wilson meant about granting an armistice if the Huns evacuated the occupied territory of the Allies. The Pacifists insist the Germans should be permitted to retire unmolested behind their own frontiers.

The supporters of the fight to the finish policy insist Wilson should have refused point blank any Armistice proposals and say Germany must surrender unconditionally, or go on with the fight it started until the Allied armies are in Germany. Much emphasis is put on the impudence of the Boche in asking for an armistice by which he will escape without further loss, at the moment when he is burning and devastating the cities of France as he evacuates them. I begin to see difficulties in coming to Paris. The critical hour of the war may be postponed some weeks or months and hostilities go on, but if Berlin replies immediately with another proposal, the situation is likely to assume such importance that I should hesitate to leave London. I cabled New York that I would not leave as long as the news continued of such magnitude.

The cable delay is again almost 24 hours and everything has to be sent at full rates.

LETTER CXLIX.

Paris, October 10, 1918.

I am having a long day and am a little tired, but I shall be all right as soon as I have had two or three cups of strong black coffee. From which you may conclude that I am on night duty. I was at the hospital all afternoon and about five, Mrs. Calhoun asked whether I would be willing to go into the operating room tonight. You know my answer. I am always glad to do what I can for our men; not that my taking notes in the operating room is any comfort to them, but I like to be near them when they are in trouble and it sometimes seems to me as though they responded to my absence of nervousness. Besides, they enjoy talking about their individual experiences before going under ether and my ears are always ready to hear their stories.

This morning I worked at the bastion from 9 to 12.30, unpacked three cases, listed and put away their contents. At Neuilly, I found that orders had changed again. When I began the history work I was shown how to fill in a certain form of slip for every *blessé*. Three weeks ago, this slip was eliminated from the records. I destroyed those I had made. Today, I was informed that this same slip was once more in order, whereupon I spent three hours making it out again for three of my wards and there are still five wards to write up. And there's a paper famine in France!

Coming home this evening I noticed a long queue of people standing outside a shop waiting to buy butter. I promptly fell into line and after standing nearly an

hour, came away proudly with half a pound. For several days it has been impossible to buy butter in Paris at any price, so I feel quite set up at my good fortune. Not that I can't eat bread and jam *without* butter, but I like to consume as much fat as possible—there is so little in the war diet, as it is. It takes me back to my "Eat and Grow Thin" régime.

Now to dinner and black coffee and then to work. When you come to Paris I shall take you to my shop and turn you over to someone who will show you about. I can't—being only a "historian."

LETTER CL.

Paris, October 11, 1918.

I wrote you I was going on night duty yesterday and as there were no taxis at the Porte Maillot, I footed it to the hospital. It's about fifteen minutes walk and, although the streets were dark, I had no trouble in finding my way. You know I am never afraid of going out alone at night. My cape and veil are perfect protection; for the military nurse is a sort of sacred being in France and, though I am but a camouflage of the real thing, I benefit by all the honor and respect paid to the true *garde malade*.

On arriving I found that the *train sanitaire* had not yet come in. Thinking there might be a wait, I brought with me much writing paper and many letters that needed answering. So, after reporting to the Head Nurse, I established myself in the ground floor corridor in the *Infirmier Major's* room where there was good light, blotting paper, pens and ink. I had the place

to myself. For a while, the mail clerk in the little cubicle across the hall from me sat stamping letters but by and by he went away and I was alone. There wasn't a sound save the racking cough of a lung case and, once or twice, the groans of a man in agony.

It grew very cold though I had on my sweater—and I groped my way to the *vestiaire*, where Marie the attendant sleeps, softly turned the knob, switched on the light, got down my locker box—the key scraping in the lock—and took out my high spats. In the midst of fastening the countless buttons, the buttonhook slipped from my fingers to the floor with a crash that sounded like an iron crowbar falling against a steel rail; but Marie did not wake. Back in my little office I found, hanging on a hook on the wall, a man's flannel dressing gown and this I wrapped about my knees after which I was warm.

At 12.45 A. M. the Head Night Nurse came and asked whether I wouldn't go down to supper. I shook my head, having unpleasant recollections of the Ambulance food. Whereupon she suggested toast and cocoa in the diet kitchen if I would prepare it myself. I jumped at the idea, for I haven't been in a real kitchen since we left Washington Square. The nurse showed me where things were kept and, in the still of the night, I made me a pannikin of delicious cocoa and four slices of buttered toast—*white* bread, if you please, sir; the second I have had since coming to France—and it tasted like some strange and marvelous delicacy. Sitting at the oil clothed table with my wooden tray before me, my aluminum pannikin and my hunks of toast, I had a beautiful time all by myself. Then I washed up the dishes, put everything in place and tiptoed through

the more than dim halls, through a ward or two, where lay huddled queer, distorted shapes with arms or legs strung up in strange apparatus. In one bed I made out the form of a little lad. I knew he was there and that he had been brought to the hospital four days ago after he had fallen under a trolley, following which accident both his arms had been amputated up to the shoulder. Poor baby!

It was two o'clock before the first *blessés* were brought into the corridors. I set in pairs the wooden trestles on which are placed the stretchers. It is too cold now to lay them on the floor as was done in the summer. There wasn't a soul in attendance—doctors, nurses, orderlies were at supper and you can't hurry medical people when they are taking their ease. So I was alone with the wounded. I got them blankets, covered their poor bare feet, talked to them because they are dazed and demoralized when they first get off the train after their long ride. One boy had been shot clean through the groin and his urethra pierced. He was in deep distress. I found a nurse aimlessly wandering about the corridors and asked her to help him. She said she couldn't because she was not supposed to be on duty! I could have beaten her. Then I got an orderly and he succeeded in giving the man relief. This *blessé* kept insisting that he was going to die but, an hour later, he sat up on the operating table, smiled as chipper as possible and said to me:

"I feel fine now!"

"And yet, an hour ago, you were going to die."

"Pooh! I'm not going to die," he scoffed. And he won't.

From 2 until 7 I was on the jump but I like to work

under stress. The men who came in last night had been wounded October 8; most of them had already had their preliminary operation and only needed re-dressing. There were no terrible cases, only one twenty-year-old boy whose leg had been amputated at the thigh and where infection had set in at the stump.

I came away at 7.15 A. M., walked to the Porte Maillot and got home about 7.45. This afternoon I went to the *Sun* office and found Hirsch on his way home—a prey to the grippe. He was feverish, in pain and had a severe coryza. Here in the hotel, there are patients innumerable among guests and servants. The Manager is the latest case and Mathilde, our floor maid, has pneumonia; little Raoul the groom, too, and the headwaiter is staving off a cold. Lucienne has had the “flu” and so it goes. I went in to see both Mathilde and Madame Baranga. You know I have no fear of germs.

CHAPTER XXIII

Days of Wild Rumors—Kaiser Reported Ready to Abdicate—London Begins to Enthuse—Balfour Says "Germans Were Brutes in 1914 and Are Still Brutes"—Sinking of an Unprotected Irish Channel Steamer—Paris Has Feeling of Exultation—People Throw off Their War Worries—England Applauds Wilson's Astuteness—Silk Stockings in Death Fulfill Life-Long Wish—Grippe Raging in Paris and London—Mortality on American Transports.

LETTER CLI.

London, October 12, 1918.

This has been another day filled with rumors, which the afternoon newspapers have displayed with much impressiveness. Berlin is reported suing for peace and the Kaiser is said to be on the point of abdication. The French troops have captured the important junction of La Fère, south of Saint Quentin. This is the southern end of the sector lost by Gough's army in March. The Germans are tumbling out of Laon, as Mangin drives into the Saint Gobain *massif*. The German armies are falling back all along the line in precipitate disorder, burning and destroying as they go with the Allies close on their heels.

Germany's reply to Wilson's last note, we understand, has been received in Washington and we expect to get the text in London before midnight. The effect upon London of these reports is quite noticeable. A man, who has been at a music hall, has just come into

the smokingroom of the Club and is telling his friends of the scenes of enthusiasm and rejoicing when the latest bulletins from the seat of war were read to the audience. He said many people appeared to think that the war was practically at an end and behaved accordingly. One senses a lessening of the tension of four years in the demeanor of the people and their talk is feverishly cheerful, almost boisterous at times.

Yesterday the delay on the cables was worse than ever and conditions were aggravated by a piece of stupidity in the censor's department. The transport *Otranto* was torpedoed in the Irish Sea with a loss of some 300 American soldiers. News of the disaster reached London Tuesday night and all correspondents filed long stories at full commercial rates. On Wednesday, a few of the survivors reached London and their descriptions of the sinking and personal experiences were also cabled very fully. Tonight we learned that the censor has held all these despatches, only releasing them this evening in one mass. I understand there was no attempt to send these despatches in the order in which they were filed. As the cables were already congested with today's news the dumping of this accumulation of *Otranto* despatches will result in swamping New York with more cable news than it can possibly take care of, much of which is now useless owing to the delay. Another unfortunate effect will be that the fresh news of today will be retarded at least twenty-four hours by this blunder of the censor.

I heard A. J. Balfour, the Foreign Minister, at a luncheon at the Criterion today, excoriate the Hun for his recent atrocities. The sinking of the Irish Channel boat in broad daylight, when her peaceful character

could not be mistaken by the submarine commander, he said, was an example of German frightfulness hardly paralleled. More than 400 civilians, including many women and children, were drowned. "Brutes they were at the beginning of the war," said Balfour, "and I see no evidence that they are not brutes still."

LETTER CLII.

Paris, October 12, 1918.

I see that Germany has already despatched her reply to Wilson. Austria and Turkey are threatening to break away unless their Ally gives in and so as to avoid complete disaster the Boche must make the best of things. Isn't it a thrilling time? And aren't you glad you are in Europe to be living through it? I don't say much and I don't make any outward fuss, but I feel deeply and the thought of the German *débâcle* stirs me to the core.

Mathilde is still seriously ill. I went up to see her twice yesterday. She is very feverish and coughs dreadfully. She has had sixty-two cuppings and they seem to relieve her a little. As she can take only champagne, I bought her a bottle of fizz and some oranges; the latter an almost impossible thing to find in Paris at this season.

Hot water was turned on yesterday instead of today and there are rumors that it will be permanent—I was about to say chronic.

LETTER CLIII.

Paris, October 13, 1918.

This is the day you were to have made your final preparations for coming to Paris and tomorrow morning you would have been on your way. "Drat the Kaiser!" I almost wish Wilson had said "Unconditional Surrender" instead of what he did. The Hun, following his bestial nature, will be plotting and planning some way to slip out of his engagements and here in France there is a distinct feeling of disappointment that the *Grand Président* did not send back a plain, unvarnished "No!"

We are just on the eve of smashing the Boche once and for all. If he is permitted to evacuate the occupied territory, the victory slips through our fingers and Fritz will be that much more prepared for dreaming of a new war in a dozen or so years, in which he *will* smash what he couldn't conquer today. Surely, the whole question can't be put in Wilson's hands! The Allies must have a voice in the matter and Foch's answer is bound to be written in blood and steel.

These last few days seem so unreal. After four years of war conditions, to which we have with great difficulty accustomed ourselves, it is almost incredible that the conflict is so near the end.

Errol White came in last evening and wanted me to go out and dine with him. I was too tired and suggested that he dine here with me instead. He accepted and we sat down, he in his uniform, I in mine, to a very bad dinner. He has been transferred to the

newest American hospital here and tells me he is very uncomfortable.

Errol and some of his men were riding in a camion when a shell fell in the road and burst just between the front wheels. It was a gas shell and all the men were affected. He did not feel his burns till next day and went about his duties as usual. Next morning he woke up quite blind and had to be led to the breakfast table. He has mustard gas burns on his head—his hair is cropped close *à la* convict—and on his body. But he is in no danger and escaped easily. He has not told his mother he is in Paris. She fainted when she heard his voice over the phone saying he had the grippe. She would probably die if she heard he was gassed.

Errol told me that Don Martin had died of cholera instead of grippe; that when he was brought in from the front he had already turned quite black and that he died next day at the American Hospital at Neuilly.

Mathilde continues very ill. I go up to see her several times a day for she likes to have me. I went to her room before dinner and, as she then asked whether I would come again in the night, I uprooted myself from my warm bed at 2 A. M. and went upstairs. She is dangerously sick and the doctor told me he could do nothing more for her but that she *might* pull through.

LETTER CLIV.

Paris, October 14, 1918.

There is a feeling of confidence and exultation in the air of Paris today and I have caught it. I feel in an exalted state, attributable to nothing but the radia-

tion from the hearts and minds of 3,000,000 Parisians who finally see victory within their grasp.

You notice it as you go out on the streets. Faces are irradiated, taxis go scudding about even more recklessly than usual, teamsters do not hurl surly oaths at each other but, rather, joyous greetings and all the snatches of talk you hear from passers-by have one trend—the end of the war. For it is in sight even if there are still months before the final surrender of the Boches. Everyone is making plans for “next year.” I find myself centering my thoughts about a small apartment somewhere—a place that will be *home* and where we can settle down after our dreary Sahara of hotel life.

Mathilde is not yet out of the woods. A day or so more will see the crisis but till then she is in danger. I’ve gone up to see her several times today but I won’t let her talk for fear of starting up her coughing. Mélanie, the maid on the Saint James side, is also ill and last night had a heart attack which almost carried her off. The fat Manager is laid up still but not so critically ill as some of the servants. Do you remember the little old lady who relined and recuffed your dressing gown? She died on Tuesday after three days’ illness.

I haven’t seen the Bataille play yet. Its *première* has been postponed over and over again on account of the illness of Jane Renouardt who plays the second part and who is laid up with “flu.” However, I believe it is scheduled for Thursday.

LETTER CLV.

London, October 15, 1918.

President Wilson's reply to the German note has made a tremendous impression in England. It came over the cable early this morning. The afternoon papers express unqualified approval of its tone and the skillful manner in which the President avoided the trap set for him and pinned Berlin down to an unequivocal statement of her intentions. I went to Westminster and talked in the lobby with several members of the House of Commons. They all voiced their admiration of Wilson's astuteness and approval of the terms laid down.

There was quite a flurry in newspaper offices about five o'clock this afternoon when despatches from Amsterdam announced that Germany had capitulated and the Kaiser had abdicated. For three hours great excitement prevailed in the government departments and in the streets. Crowds gathered in front of the newspaper bulletin boards and cheered. Reports of a Cabinet meeting, hurriedly called to consider the German surrender, were all over town and newspapermen were taxi-ing from Fleet Street to Downing Street and the Foreign Office in relays. I was fortunate in getting Lloyd George's secretary on the 'phone and he told me the government had received no official information whatever of such nature.

LETTER CLVI.

Paris, October 16, 1918.

Fifteen months ago, had anyone told me the sundry and divers things I should be called upon to do in the past year, I should have shown myself a doubting Thomas. This morning, I washed, combed, dressed and laid out a dead person. Poor Mathilde has gone!

At 5.45 A. M. a knock came at my door and her sister-in-law told me she thought M— was dying and would I come up with her. I hopped into kimono, stockings and moccasins and was there in three minutes. The poor woman was in her last agony—unconscious—and breathing with short rattling breaths. Her brother was holding her in a sitting position but it was easy to see that it was the end. I tried to make her inhale ammonia, I fanned her, but all the time I knew it was useless. Gradually the short breaths became less frequent and at quarter past seven there was silence.

I put a mirror to her lips but it came away without a blur: her pulse was still; I put my ear to her heart but it had stopped. The next thing was to tie the jaw in place and close the eyes, which I did, and then I washed the poor little hands and combed her hair.

I got my best nightgown and a pair of new white silk stockings and with the aid of her sister-in-law we put them on Mathilde. Then we straightened and changed the bed. What struck me particularly was the sister-in-law's comment on the stockings.

"Poor Mathilde!" she said. "At last her dream is

realized. She always did want to wear silk stockings!"
Isn't that characteristic?

I never knew before how heavy a dead person could be. The spirit, the will to do or whatever you choose to call it, does so much to help in lifting an invalid. When the soul is gone, the clay is a load that can scarcely be raised.

After breakfast I went to the Madeleine flower market and bought some lovely dark red chrysanthemums—as many as I could carry in my two arms—and laid them on the funeral bed. The body will remain here till tomorrow and will then be taken to Mathilde's apartment in the rue du Rocher.

LETTER CLVII.

Paris, October 18, 1918.

Two more people died in the Saint James yesterday: one, the wife of a French General; the other, an English woman courier. We have no steam heat and I think that is one reason for the great number of colds. It still continues chill and dismal and I wonder whether October in France was always so disagreeable? I know last year it was much colder than November but perhaps that was because I was unused to unheated houses. I dress in all my warm woolly things and usually wear high gaiters, so I manage to keep comfortable.

Raymond Carroll came into the Hall this afternoon as I sat there writing letters and told me he had just come back from the front. Today he went to the American Express Company, fixed up his money affairs, has

\$500 in his pocket because he expects to be in Germany with our troops in ten days. It sounds too good to be true but he has always been a good prophet and I hope he may not be wrong this time. The Americans have broken through in the Argonne which Carroll compared to the wrist of a hand; the Hindenburg, Kriemhild and the unfinished outer line being the fingers. *We* have cut the artery at the wrist and caused the Hun to fall back, in consequence of which retirement the British are gathering all the plums of victory. But Carroll insists that it is our doing and that the true news will come out one of these days.

This morning Mathilde was buried from Saint Roch and I was the only one there from the hotel. Her old mother had come up from the country, also her sister, and there was her little girl and her brother and sister-in-law as chief mourners. Only Jean, the husband, was absent. He is in Algiers doing military service. It was a sad funeral and there was much genuine grief.

After luncheon, La Francesca and I went to the Place de la Concorde to see the statue of Lille that just now is being decorated with flags and flowers in honor of the big victory and the liberation of this city. There are hundreds of Boche cannon in the Place and on the terraces of the Tuileries dozens of Hun airplanes. The Tuileries are also full of guns; and flags and triumphal standards are being raised everywhere. Sunday is the opening of the new loan and Paris is *en fête*. There is a wonderful feeling of confidence in the air. The people seem so happy and free from care. It is a marvelous change from six weeks ago when it looked as though the war might drag on for months.

You would have enjoyed today's enthusiasm and

exhilaration. It is too bad you have seen nothing of Paris in these her thrilling days.

London has been interesting but it can't compare to France just now. Let's hope you'll get over before it is all ended.

LETTER CLVIII.

Paris, October 19, 1918.

There are no more deaths at this hotel though quite a few people still have the grippe. At the Crillon there are twenty cases. Lyon, Bourges, Roye and two other cities whose names I forget, are closed to incoming and outgoing travel. The situation in France is serious and it is usually the person under thirty who succumbs.

I quite forgot to tell you that I went to see Bataille's new play *Notre Jeunesse* which is in two acts, absolutely devoid of action but with an interesting theme and natural dialogue. Réjane plays a mother of 51 whose daughter has a chance to marry a most eligible youth if she—Réjane—will give up her life of pleasure and indiscretion to marry a man whose name will whitewash hers. This man is a fine fellow but he is dull and uninteresting and at first Réjane flatly refuses to agree to the plan. The play is built on the pleas for individual happiness of mother and daughter; each arguing her side of the case and insisting on *her* right to happiness. Of course, it ends in the mother's capitulation.

Réjane is the whole show but the audience had no sympathy with middle-aged *amours*. To most people

they are ridiculous, and yet there is no valid reason why the middle-aged should not have passions and feelings. Though they are often stronger, deeper and more sincere than those of youth, the world sees only their ludicrous side.

Réjane is always the great artist but she looked cruelly old. Jane Renourdt, as her daughter, was good to look at and, like most French actresses, played splendidly. The house was packed—it was a *première*—and many of the women in the boxes were in evening dress. Now that peace is practically at hand, the Parisienne is ready to relax her strict discipline of the past four years. A man in evening clothes still gives me a shock but a woman “arrayed in all her glory” is an easier thing to swallow.

LETTER CLIX.

Paris, October 20, 1918.

This is a ghastly day: grey, cold and uncompromisingly wet. As you probably know, Paris was to have been *en fête* today, in honor of the recent military successes and also in homage to the 1920 Class which was scheduled to hold athletic exercises in the Tuileries this morning and to parade this afternoon. The statue of Lille, too, is beflagged, draped and beflowered because of its recent liberation and today numerous delegations—political and religious—are to lay flowers and wreaths at its feet.

I suppose the athletic exercises took place this forenoon—I did not go out to see. The parade went off

as planned and the Place de la Concorde was a sea of wet umbrellas which, viewed from the Tuileries terrace, looked like grey angry little waves in endless motion on a sullen ocean. I stood almost ankle deep in rich chocolate colored mud and watched them for over an hour. Every now and then a flag would plough its way through the dense crowds and sometimes you caught a glimpse of a huge spray of flowers destined for the Lille statue. Strasbourg must have wondered at her sudden neglect—she, who in the past 48 years, has been the shrine of so many pilgrimages.

Had the sun shone, joy would have illumined every face. As it was, you read the worry of ruining clothes in the pitiless rain. Everything to wear is so expensive and the people are hard put to dressing themselves cheaply and suitably. Had I had anyone with whom to exchange my impressions, I should have tramped about Paris and not minded the wet. But being alone is poor business sometimes—so I came home.

LETTER CLX.

London, October 21, 1918.

The text of Germany's latest note was published here this afternoon and its tenor reflects the desperation with which Berlin is struggling to secure favorable terms. How the Hun is squirming to evade Wilson's conditions and how he invokes the "Fourteen points." There seems to be little doubt but that Austria is incapable, even if she wished to, of continuing the war. Everything indicates that the Dual Empire is preparing

to break away from her Prussian master. Her internal conditions preclude any different course. Hungary has proclaimed its independence and the Poles and Bohemians are demanding autonomous government. On the Western front the British have reached Lille and made big gains in the manufacturing region of Northern France and at the same time the Belgian coast has now been cleared of the Germans.

Here in England very little confidence is expressed in the genuineness of the German Government under the leadership of Max of Baden. I had a talk with Lord Robert Cecil today and he said that, in his opinion, the present Berlin Ministry was not a real people's government at all, but a creature of the Kaiser and would not meet Wilson's requirements.

LETTER CLXI.

London, October 23, 1918.

This was another Wilson Note day and as it was also the day selected for appeals for contributions by the British Red Cross, to which, it was announced, the American Red Cross had made a gift of \$250,000. One heard much about our part in the war. The President's reply came early in the morning and the London papers got out special editions. London accepts the terms of the Note as indicating that Germany must now make a clear cut statement, without equivocation, of what she is prepared to do.

We hear in London that Colonel House and his associates, who are to represent the United States in any

preliminary negotiations regarding an armistice, have already arrived in Paris.

The influenza scourge has again broken out. The doctors are attributing the present epidemic largely to the small amount of meat eaten by the people, owing to the rationing restrictions. They also advance as one reason for the fact that the majority of victims in England are women, that women give a large part of their meat rations to the men. This is another wonderful tribute to the women who are nobly bearing their part in these trying days. Personally, I am quite ready to believe that rationing is responsible for the "flu" or anything else disagreeable and objectionable.

On some of our transports the "flu" has been most deadly. One ship had some fifty deaths, including four young women coming over as Red Cross workers. Many of the Red Cross women are having very trying experiences. A party of them arrived in London after midnight following a long cold journey from their port of landing. They were sent from Euston Station to a certain hotel where they were told rooms had been engaged for them. Arriving there in a heavy downpour of rain, they found the place closed. After standing in the wet, they roused the manager only to be told the house was completely filled, not a cot or an armchair to be had. After scurrying around in the rain and darkness they were taken in for what was left of the night at a Turkish bath establishment. They had not had a thing to eat or anything hot to drink since leaving the ship.

The great mortality is responsible for some of the leading specialists advancing the theory that the present

epidemic is not "flu" at all but a virulent type of septic pneumonia. While the newspapers devote much space to the spread of the disease, not only in the cities but in the country, the worst is not told. In some districts the deaths are so numerous that bodies cannot be buried for ten days; the undertakers and gravediggers being unable to cope with the rush. Liverpool shows a higher death rate than London and, as many of our soldiers land there from transports on which numerous deaths have occurred, the charge is heard that our men are bringing the contagion to England and that more rigid methods of disinfecting the ships must be adopted.

What do you think of the British House of Commons accepting in principle the election of women to Parliament? It was, of course, the logical sequence to giving them the vote, but shades of Saint Stephen's! what an upsetting of traditions. There were a few arguments against the admission of women to the House of Commons advanced in the debate, some of which were very amusing. One member feared the women would make fun of the way the men debated and conducted business. Another, that the women would urge that the sessions of the House be held during the day and not, as has been customary, beginning in the afternoon and running until midnight or later. The habit of members keeping their hats on in the House and sprawling about on the benches would also probably have to go, while the most original plea was that at the end of a night's session the question before the House would not be: "Well, who's going home?" but "Who is going to take me home?"

LETTER CLXII.

Paris, October 25, 1918.

It makes me smile to see how careful you are about my health. I shall not fall ill—I have not time for such luxuries. Coming home in the Métro this evening, I saw several women sucking little glass tubes evidently filled with some preventative against the grippe. They looked foolish and I know that their fear of the disease was doing them more harm than all the rampant microbes.

This afternoon, I left Marie Almirall at the British Red Cross Hospital in the former Hotel Astoria and then I walked down the Champs Élysées. The Avenue was crowded with people out to see the Boche cannon and airplanes. The guns now extend as far as the Grand Palais all along the Esplanade, across the Alexander III bridge and over the bridge that leads to the Chamber of Deputies. The Place de la Concorde is packed with them and every available inch of space is filled with *minenwerfers* and long-nosed guns. The asphalt under them is badly cracked, but who cares? Paris looks like its old self: the kiddies are all out at play under the trees, the balloon woman is doing a rushing business, the streets are brown with khaki. There is a feverishness in the air and you can almost smell victory. It makes me cold and creepy when I think of the wonderful days yet to come.

You probably know of —, who worked with the Red Cross and who was also interested in moving pictures. He got into a financial hole here in Paris, borrowed money from all his colleagues and, two weeks

ago, wrote his creditors that he could not pay his debts and that the only way out of the mess was suicide. The next day his cap and coat were found on the banks of the Seine but his body has not been recovered. War seems to have ruined a great many otherwise good men. I think it is being over here away from their chiefs, with responsibilities to face that they have never faced before and more money to handle than was theirs in America,

CHAPTER XXIV

Austria Deserts Germany and Asks for Armistice—Ludendorff Leaves Sinking Ship—Lloyd George and Balfour Hurry to Paris to Consult Clémenceau—Remarkable Story of a U. S. N. Lieutenant—Capture by a Submarine and Daring Escape from a German Prison Camp—Paris Illuminated for First Time since 1914—People Wander About in Glaring Lights Almost Dazed—English Attitude towards Americans Interpreted.

LETTER CLXIII.

London, October 28, 1918.

Austria's request for an armistice hardly caused a ripple of excitement in London today. Vienna's action had been anticipated and its effect discounted. We are now so accustomed to the daily budget of momentous developments in the disintegration of the enemy that we have become calloused. At the Foreign Office no information was procurable that would further illuminate the news from Vienna. There seems to be no doubt that the ramshackle edifice of the Dual Empire has been hopelessly rent apart and is no longer capable of either offense or defence. The report of Ludendorff's retirement came through last night and the London papers see in it the significance of a man deserting a sinking ship. Lloyd George and Balfour are now in conference with Clémenceau in Paris and events are marching quickly towards the end of the World's War.

Yesterday I heard a young United States naval

officer, Lieutenant Isaacs, tell one of the most thrilling stories of the war, in which he was one of the chief actors. He was the executive officer of the transport *President Lincoln* when the ship was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine. Isaacs was picked up by the U-boat which then started for its home port. American destroyers chased the submarine, dropping depth charges all around her. Isaacs said the submarine quivered from stem to stern from the impact of the explosions and seemed ready to break in two. After eluding the American destroyers the submarine reached Wilhelmshaven, where Isaacs was examined by the Intelligence officers of the German High Seas Fleet. He made several unsuccessful attempts to escape and was finally interned in a prison camp where a number of American officers were confined.

Twelve of them determined to make an attempt to escape. They smuggled into their room the boards used for marking the lines of the tennis-court where the German officers played. Breaking the bars across a window and using these boards as a bridge, Isaacs, Howard Willis of the Lafayette Escadrille, who is a Harvard man, and two others climbed over the frail support and dropped outside the double line of wire entanglements surrounding the camp. At the same time another party of four scaled the walls of the camp by means of a rough ladder they had fashioned. The third party of four cut the electric light wires and, in the darkness and confusion which ensued, made a dash for the gate which had been thrown open by the German guards who had rushed out to intercept Isaacs and his party.

Of the twelve men, Isaacs and Willis are the only

two known to have gotten away. They had made an arrangement to meet at a certain spot which they had selected during their walks through the country when taken out by the German guards for exercise. Although they waited for several hours, none of the others joined them.

Isaacs and Willis wandered through Germany for seven days, sleeping while it was light under brushwood and in ditches and, at night, guided by the stars and a small pocket compass, making their way southward. The only food they had during this time was what they could pick up in the fields and by an occasional raid on the storehouses of the sleeping German farmers. On the night of the seventh day they arrived on the banks of the Rhine where it forms the frontier with Switzerland. Here they found the German sentries patrolling the shore and, to elude them, they were compelled to retrace their steps several miles, enter a creek and then make their way again to the river, wading silently through the cold water. As they were standing at the mouth of the creek discussing the chances of reaching the other side, Isaacs suddenly felt that he was alone. Willis had been swept away by the current. Isaacs struck out for the opposite shore. A swift current running in the center of the river swept him far down stream. Weakened by his prison confinement and his lack of nourishment, he told me he thought he would never reach the far bank.

"I could see it about forty feet ahead," he said, "but it seemed four hundred feet. I was all in and felt myself sinking under the icy water. I remember vaguely making a last effort and my feet touching bottom. How I reached the shore I do not know but

I came to, shivering with cold lying on some rocks which shelved down from the Swiss bank. Willis and I had stripped to our underclothing when we entered the river and as soon as I had clambered up the bank, I took off this garment and wrung the water out of it, hoping that it would then furnish me with some warmth.

"I stumbled across a railroad track and ran along it for some distance to restore my circulation. I stopped in front of a little cottage and after knocking repeatedly at the door, a man opened it to whom I told my story. He proved to be a Swiss customs guard whose neutrality did not prevent him from aiding an exhausted refugee. He put me to bed after giving me something to eat and drink and I slept for twenty-four hours. When I awoke, my new friend told me that Willis had been picked up several miles further down stream."

I am afraid that it is quite impossible for me to get to Paris for your birthday as I had so earnestly hoped. Apart from the importance of the news, which practically forbids my leaving London just now, Battershell is also down with the "flu" and I am sneezing and coughing myself. I shall throw it off, I feel quite sure.

LETTER CLXIV.

Paris, October 29, 1918.

I seem to write you from queer places lately. Today I have discovered a new spot—a funny little wine shop in the back room of which I am sitting, getting a bite prior to going into the operating room for night duty.

It is only five—an odd hour to dine—but heaven knows when I will be through; and dinner at the Saint James will probably be over when I return.

This place is in the rue Perronet, just across from the hospital grounds. Some of the aids come here for lunch and have christened the restaurant "le Petit Ritz." you may imagine how apposite the name is. The menu never varies: a good omelette, a cup of hot chocolate, crisp French bread, fresh butter and a portion of jam. In the room adjoining mine, two tipsy teamsters are discussing the probable duration of the war. One of them expresses his opinion of the Alsatians thus:

"They're no good! When they're with the Boches they make friends with the Boches. When they're with the French, they are friends with *them*."

A large sign pasted on the window, reads: "*Out of Bounds*," so evidently the place is not in good odor with the Red Cross authorities. This may be due to the fact that there are two pretty girls here, the daughters of a fat peroxidized mother with a leer on her face, who waddles about superintending things.

Our hospital is crowded again. Beds have been set up all along the first floor corridor that, heretofore, has been kept clear of *blessés*. The Argonne casualties are beginning to come in, but they are the lighter cases. I suppose it is too long a trip for the *grands blessés*.

LETTER CLXV.

Paris, October 30, 1918.

After my scratch dinner yesterday, I had a long exasperating wait. Expecting to go to work at six, I was afraid to stroll far from the grounds for fear of miss-

ing my convoy of *blessés*. So I wrote letters till seven, then reported in the operating room where I found the nurse in charge getting ready for her night's work and the orderly, Crawford, perched on a high stool tearing strips of adhesive and winding them in graduated strips around a stick. I swung my feet till 8.30 and then, that being past my regular dinner hour and feeling hungry, went to the diet kitchen and made me a pannikin of cocoa. But of buttered toast not a sign. The nurse there had a headache and was cross so I got out of her way as quickly as I could. Nine-thirty and nothing arriving, I went into a ward and borrowed an old number of *World's Work*, in which I found a tiresome article by Morgenthau, our former Ambassador to Turkey.

Meanwhile, the nurse and two orderlies in the adjoining little room sat punching holes in Carrel tubes and patching rubber gloves. They asked me in and I stayed with them till midnight. At that hour, principally to kill time, I went down to supper but could swallow nothing except a cup of coffee and a piece of dry bread plus two spoonfuls of heavy gooey pudding.

At one, I began to feel sleepy and being alone in the operating room, crawled up on one of the operating tables, tucked the ether-scented pillow under my head and had a little nap. At quarter to two, I began to get hot under the collar at having been called out on a fool's errand and, as the nurse was positive no convoy could possibly arrive before morning, I determined to go home. Lieutenant Triplett had gone to bed and no one else had the authority to order out a car, so I put on my things and at 2 A. M. started to walk back the three miles that separate Neuilly from Paris.

It was a lovely night—no moon, but thousands of stars. There was not a sound save that of my footsteps and their loud echo from across the street. Little eddies of dry leaves swirled round my ankles with a rustling like the *frou-frou* of a woman's silken dress. The *douanier* at the Porte Maillot looked surprised to see a woman alone at that hour but my cape and veil are a passport anywhere.

Through the gates of the city crawled the slow market carts, the drivers asleep on their high seats; the horses walking in their sleep, too, I am sure. The Avenue de la Grande Armée was deserted and I met only one *gendarme* who did not even look at me. At the Étoile, I crossed the Place boldly—there was no terrifying traffic—and walked through the Arc de Triomphe thinking of the day when the iron chains would be removed to let the victorious Allied armies march through.

The Avenue des Champs Élysées was dazzlingly illuminated and I did not even have to remember to keep away from the shadows of the trees. There *were* no shadows. To us, who have lived so long in darkness, it seems almost like a forbidden pleasure to walk under the glare of a street lamp. I met one woman homeward bound—a tiny creature—not a night bird, her face half hidden by a wide grey muffler. She peered at me over it and probably wondered what I was doing abroad at such an hour.

From the Grand Palais down, I was surrounded by Boche cannon and in the Place de la Concorde, I came upon the big display of guns. Up on the Tuileries wall I read the shining request: "*Souscrivez à l'Emprunt.*" The French have invented a new way of illuminating

signs at night without using electricity. They employ bright round metal disks set close together which, in the dark, give the effect of incandescent bulbs.

After I passed the Rothschild house, the streets began to be black and the rue de Rivoli was the only part of my walk where it was difficult to see my way. I reached the hotel at three and after several rings the sleepy night porter let me in. I need not tell you that I fell into bed quickly and went to sleep.

LETTER CLXVI.

Paris, November 1st, 1918.

Alas for my dreams of steam heat and a hot bath this morning! I woke to find my room as icy as ever and not a drop of warm water in the pipes. Downstairs in the Hall, the radiators are tepid, but nothing has reached our side of the hotel as yet. Perhaps tomorrow may bring better luck. For three nights our pneumatic clocks have stopped at 8 P. M. to resume ticking next morning at 8 A. M. This is done to save coal—the time-pieces are run by compressed air—and all Paris is in a similar plight.

After lunch I took a walk up the Boulevards. The streets were thronged as I have not seen them even in peace time and you had to push your way through the slow-moving mass of humanity to get along at all. Paris is jammed. All the runaways of last spring have returned and there must be thousands of people here besides. Swelled to greater proportions by the *militaires en permission*, this crowd makes an immense showing. I had a chocolate ice at Prévost's and sat

watching the flotsam and jetsam of the pavements stream past. The Parisians look distinctly happier than they did a month ago.

This morning I had a notice from the Embassy that my passport had arrived and the request that I call for the same. It has taken just six months from the time of application till its delivery in Paris. Good I did not have to travel in the meantime. There might have been difficulties. The thought of going on a train these days fills me with horror. I much prefer sitting here in my hotel rooms to going to the most delightful spot. If you only knew the discomforts of railway trips just now you would understand my disinclination for moving to another town. I'll tell you when we meet some of the unbelievable things that happen in trains. I could not write them. And rather than submit myself to such unpleasant sights, "me for Paris" and non-travel.

LETTER CLXVII.

Paris, November 3, 1918.

The news grows more promising every day and with Austria ready to capitulate, Germany cannot help but follow in her footsteps almost immediately. You can almost feel in the air the renewed sense of confidence. Paris is in the feverish state of wanting to celebrate and yet not daring to celebrate till things are really settled. As I wrote you lately, the city is jammed to the gun-wales; all the hotels are filled to capacity; people are back in their apartments and you sense a nation ready to burst with pent-up enthusiasm as soon as the decisive word is given. Were you here, you too would enjoy

seeing the liberation of this wonderful people that has held out despite the dreadful odds against it. It almost makes unemotional me emotional. I'd love to stand in the middle of the Place de la Concorde and give a great big whoop of joy.

I heard through English channels today that the Kaiser and the Kaiserin had gone to Sweden. This morning the papers hint that their abdication is an accomplished fact, merely awaiting the proper psychological moment to be announced.

LETTER CLXVIII.

London, November 3, 1918.

This evening just before I left the office to go to dinner, a bulletin came over the wires stating that Austria had accepted the terms for a cessation of hostilities and her army would lay down its arms tomorrow. Now Germany stands alone. Her three partners in the Quadruple Alliance have crashed and it appears to be only the question of days until the Prussian goes to his knees. The Americans are delivering smashing blows at her vital communications north of Verdun and coöperating with the French and British in the north in throwing out the Boche. If yesterday we could perceive the end of the war in sight, today we see it advancing by leaps and bounds. London still maintains its outward stolidity of demeanor notwithstanding the glorious nature of the news. There is a tenseness but no quiver of enthusiasm. In the smokingroom of the Club, where I am writing, no note of jubilation disturbs the habitual repressiveness. From remarks that come floating

across the room, the men do not appear to be talking about the war. Probably the more than four years of struggle have so wearied their minds that they hesitate to let go of themselves until victory is assured beyond doubt.

Your tall, interesting friend, Frazier Hunt, came into the office yesterday. He arrived in London the day before and had visited different government departments, applying for the papers that will enable him to go to Russia. The first thing he said to me was: "How the English dislike us!" It was a striking declaration for a man to make who had been in London but a little more than 24 hours. Yet I think his conclusion is justified. All Americans in England have felt a growing sentiment of resentment and jealousy ever since our army has been taking an effective part in the fighting. It is not shared by all Englishmen but by a sufficient number to make it noticeable.

Hunt, who is a keen observer, penetrated the veneer and sensed the real spirit. The English welcomed us as Allies but dislike us as fellow victors. The suspicion is deeply rooted that the United States will not give whole-hearted support to Great Britain's after-the-war ambitions and designs. This feeling exhibits itself in a hundred little ways.

What particularly impressed Hunt was the insistence with which people he listened to declared that Great Britain had broken the military power of Germany before America came in and that the war would have been won in time, with the British Fleet as the principal factor without the military assistance of the United States. He came to the Club with me for dinner and commented on the absence of any manifestation of that

spirit of approaching victory which, he said, had seized Paris. You cannot escape the impression that most Englishmen regard the war as a job the Empire had to undertake to protect her interests—an affair of business—and any spiritual elevation over a victory for ideals and principles is missing.

The weather today has been atrocious. A heavy rain and cold penetrating wind made one think longingly of a blazing open grate fire. Such a luxury cannot be thought of this early in the winter, with the coal shortage what it is. The fuel restrictions are very severe in London and the complaints about insufficient supplies are numerous. The only offenders I have noticed against the regulations as to the conservation of fuel, have been our own people. For the past several weeks, fires have been blazing merrily in our Army and Navy Headquarters and in the offices of our Auxiliary Services. I presume they are not affected by local regulations and are exempt from the restrictions imposed upon the civilian.

LETTER CLXIX.

Paris, November 5, 1918.

I've told you of Eva Fenton, an English girl who is stopping here at the hotel—a niece of Lord Kitchener's I believe, and a most interesting person. She is about thirty-two, with a thin pale little face and intelligent grey eyes; is a munitions expert, an inspector of factories in England and France and works under the direct orders of Winston Churchill. Last night she was booked to speak at the Palais de Glace which, since a

month, has been taken over by the Y. M. C. A. as an amusement center for our troops. About ten of us went from the Saint James in a Red Cross 'bus to hear Miss Fenton speak.

Seeing the old Palais brought up memories of *our* youth; of *our* several visits there and of our afternoon teas in the little railed-off space around the skating rink. The enclosure still exists but it is now bare of tables. The circular floor has been fitted out with theatre seats and a small stage is built at one end. Outside where stood the former bar, is established a "Y" canteen which, last night, was crowded with American soldiers eating sandwiches and taking coffee and soft drinks.

Miss Fenton's subject was what the English women have done during the war in taking the places of hundreds of thousands of men who were thus released for work at the front. When she had finished, we drove home again and she and I sat in the Hall with Mr. Meiggs who after two whiskeys and sodas grew quite mellow, confiding to me his regret that *all* Englishwomen—he made no exceptions—have degenerated through the war both morally and mentally and he told me his brother, who is an officer, had insisted that every woman in London, married or unmarried, had gone sex mad. I know that is a consequence of all wars; for nerves are very close to the surface and flare up much more quickly than they do in normal times, but I am inclined to think Meiggs is a bit sweeping in his statements. Surely, some women are too busy to take a lover. That requires leisure and inclination,

LETTER CLXX.

London, November 5, 1918.

This afternoon the terms upon which the Allies will grant an armistice to Austria were made public. They are drastic and afford Germany a foretaste of what to expect when she ceases to struggle against the inevitable. There is profound silence in official circles here as to the nature and scope of the terms Foch is framing, in readiness for the day of Prussia's humiliation. I do not think the Foreign Office knows much itself, as Lloyd George and Clémenceau have taken the whole matter into their hands and empowered Foch to go ahead and draw up the ultimatum of the Allies. London is not the center of news just now and the French censor is very much on the job.

The French, British and Americans are unceasingly pushing the Boche back towards the Rhine. It is similar to the last period of a closely contested football game. The Germans swept the Allies off their feet in the first period, that of 1914. In the second period, 1915-16, trench warfare afforded both sides a breathing spell and opportunity to study each other's game and evolve new strategy. The third period, 1917 until July of this year, witnessed the Germans making a final desperate effort to cross their opponents' goal line. The closing period, now being played, sees the Allies with fresh men in line and a brilliant leadership, slowly but surely pushing the Boche behind his last defence. Whether the winning touchdown will be made in Flan-

ders, Champagne or in the Argonne, is yet to be seen. Our men are attempting a brilliant forward pass north of Verdun; the French are driving through the center near Laon, while the British are smashing at the German right tackle.

CHAPTER XXV

The Fake Armistice—Paris not Thrown off Its Poise—Reports in London Quickly Exploded—Foch's Terms Ready for Germans—Rumors Multiply, Confusing Peoples just Emerging from a Four Years' Nightmare—London Laughs at Lord Mayor's Show—Its Nerves on Edge—Photographers Go to Foch's Headquarters to Film the German Envoys Seeking Peace.

LETTER CLXXI.

Paris, November 7, 1918.

This afternoon, at the hospital, news was brought that the armistice had been signed this morning at 10 A. M. and that fighting had ceased at 2 P. M. You may imagine the excitement and rejoicing among patients and personnel. Colonel Hutchinson had the tidings posted in his office; Mrs. Munroe called up the Ministry of War and was told (so it was said) the same thing. Nurses were talking of how soon they would be going home; the *blessés* beamed at the thought of returning to the U. S. A. What a pity the report was not true!

When Mme. Gros and I came out at 5 P. M. we met Elmer Roberts in the lower hall. He had come to fetch his wife but she, too excited at the good news, had gone home early. Roberts declared that the despatches were premature, to say the least. But the German envoys are at Vervins and—apogee of humiliation!

—the movie men had gone forth to film them as they stepped across the front lines. We shall probably see their ugly faces at the cinema next week. Fancy!

Thirty stiff proposals have been laid down and it remains to be seen whether the Hun will accept them. There is no excitement in the streets just now. In fact, there was but one news vendor at the Porte Maillot station. I asked him where his colleagues were and he replied:

"Ils sont en retard. Ils attendent l'édition de la Paix."

Probably the fact that it is pouring tends to keep people at home but, when peace is signed, it won't matter whether it rains, snows, hails or blows, all Paris will be abroad and I shall go out to see.

No matter how we look at it, Peace cannot be very far away and everyone is wondering what he will do with his suddenly upset war routine life? The past nine months for me have been the fullest I have ever known and I can't imagine going back to idle days. *You* have never been able to be lazy but, when the war despatches are removed from the front page of the papers, even you will notice the difference in the stress and hurry of existence.

LETTER CLXXII.

London, November 7, 1918.

I was in the Savoy this afternoon when a man rushed in and shouted "The Germans have signed the armistice!" A roar of exultation greeted the announcement. Coming out into the Strand, one caught a new note in

the hum of the congested human traffic. It was more shrill—like an angry March wind whistling around a high building.

A crowd stood in front of the *Globe* office, scanning a bulletin posted in the window. Men and women read a despatch stating the German emissaries had accepted Foch's terms, cheered and scattered, their places being quickly filled by fresh arrivals. As they watched the window, the bulletin was quickly removed—but no explanation appeared in the window for this action. The *Globe* and the *Evening News* rushed out special editions which were on the streets in a surprisingly short time and were eagerly snapped up. They contained nothing more than was in the bulletin.

It seemed hardly possible that the German envoys had had time to reach Foch's Headquarters, let alone consider the Allied terms. Wilson's last word to Berlin that she must send her representatives to the Generalissimo's Headquarters, if she wanted an armistice, only went through yesterday and it must take some time to arrange for their journey between the lines. I went to Whitehall, and at both the War Office and the Foreign Office was told no official confirmation of the report had been received, and that there was no possibility of its being accurate, as the German envoys had only started for Foch's Headquarters today. Coming back to Fleet Street, I found the two enterprising papers had called in their "specials" and in their final editions apologized for unintentionally deceiving their readers. Nevertheless, the false report had the effect of stirring the sluggish pulse of the people and produced a flash of rejoicing that only needed a little more fuel to blaze into a roaring flame of delirious joy.

Tonight the throngs in Piccadilly Circus reflect the moment of excitement of the afternoon. Men and women walk more briskly and exchange light hearted banter as they jostle each other. At the American Officers' Club and the Constitutional men are collected in little groups, arguing as to *when* the Germans will sign. There is no longer a question as to whether they will. The last two days have recorded a succession of blows on the Western front that have made the continuance of fighting impossible for the Boche.

LETTER CLXXIII.

London, November 8, 1918.

This has been one of those days that frazzle the nerves. The news has been breaking heavily since early this morning, added to which is the suspense over the probable action of Germany. The Hun envoys received the armistice terms at Foch's Headquarters and returned to their own camp where the Kaiser, Chancellor, and the military chiefs are now considering them. Everyone you meet is keyed up to a high pitch. The tension was evident in the government departments, where I went in search of news. Curious the effect of the strain. Officials who have usually spoken more or less freely are now taciturn and quasi-pessimistic; whereas some who would never say anything are now almost garrulous. What you gather from both classes amounts to—nothing. Hopes, beliefs, expectations, arguments—but no facts.

Every indication, however, points to the Germans' accepting Foch's terms no matter how drastic they may

be. The Kaiser and his advisers must act quickly if anything of the German Empire is to be saved. That Twentieth Century Frankenstein is rapidly disintegrating. Revolts, political uprisings and industrial chaos surge toward revolution. Starving millions at home and discontented troops at the front hurry the Fatherland to the edge of the precipice. The virus of Bolshevism has rotted the morale of the army and the Socialists are clamoring for the overthrow of autocracy and the establishment of a republic.

Late this afternoon we heard of the resignation of Prince Max of Baden, the pitiable stuffed man of the Kaiser's making, put into the Chancellorship in the desperate hope of saving the Empire. Here in London this is taken to mean that the Kaiser cannot much longer refuse to abdicate. When he bows to the inevitable, then the downfall of Prussianism and the end of the war. One hears much regret expressed, intermingled with relief over the finish of the world conflict, that if Germany accepts the armistice terms she will save her own territory from the horrors of war she so ruthlessly inflicted upon France and Belgium. To many it seems a hollow victory for the Allies. No reparation she is forced to make will be an adequate atonement for the sufferings she has caused.

I cabled the news of Max of Baden's resignation within a few minutes after I learned of it through the Foreign Office. With luck, it may reach New York Saturday night and it is now Friday evening, such is the delay on the cables. The Government wireless is likely to beat all the correspondents by hours. It is to—weep!

LETTER CLXXIV.

Paris, November 9, 1918.

You say that London is phlegmatic and unemotional during these days of destiny. Would it surprise you to hear that Paris, too, is absolutely calm and dignified, awaiting what she knows will happen on Monday—the capitulation of Germany? There is a keen feeling of disappointment that victory is to be wrested from France at this eleventh hour; for she holds complete military mastery in her grasp and she knows it. The Allied armies are breaking through everywhere; they are meeting with no resistance at all and the soldiers feel as if the bread of life were being snatched from their lips, with this treacherous yielding of Germany. Another short month and the Hun would be on his knees, *begging* for terms that he is now able to ask for.

In the Métro, in the streets, you meet hundreds of people carrying new flags that they have just bought. In a few days Paris will be alive with bunting. Most of the shops have already sold out their stock and there is a tremendous demand for the Allied colors. I shall drape our two small balconies with the flags we brought from America and which have already done duty on July 4th and 14th.

I've been to a tea this afternoon at the France-Amérique Committee. They have spacious rooms in a beautiful house on the Champs Élysées and I saw a lot of interesting-looking Frenchmen, not many of whom I met. But I enjoyed looking at them. The Gallic face, though it is not always handsome, is so often intelligent which, after all, is a major charm. I was

introduced to M. Jarret, M. Firmin-Roz, Mme. Gabriel Hanotaux, an attractive woman much younger than her distinguished husband. We had tea and simple cakes and I stayed about an hour. Then I walked home down the Champs Élysées and the rue de Rivoli.

The former avenue is well lighted; the latter is still dark, save for the rays shed on the pavement by the illuminated shop windows. As soon as the Armistice is signed, the order is to light up Paris as in the old days. I must go abroad that night and see things. I shall regret that you will not be with me. What a lot of mutual thrills we have missed by this long separation. You have had your cool little English thrills. I have had my warmer French ones. But it is unique that man and wife should see world-vital things from such opposite angles.

LETTER CLXXV.

London, November 9, 1918.

London celebrated today! No—not the end of the war—but as she has done every year for a matter of centuries—Lord Mayor's Day. According to tradition and following precedent, the West End and the East End, Highgate and Southwark, jammed themselves into Cheapside, Fleet Street, the Strand and the Embankment, cheered the show and the Lord Mayor's gorgeous coachman. Tonight the elect of City and Empire wine and dined in the Guildhall and heard Lloyd George and Balfour relate the fateful story of the closing chapters of the war. At the close of a day replete with the ceremonials of the past, came the official news that the Kaiser had abdicated.

In the procession the past was submerged in the present. Of the glittering spectacle of bygone days but little remained save the massive golden coaches in which rode the Mayor and the Sheriffs of the City of London and the rich mediæval livery of the footmen. Overhead airplanes circled in never-ending evolutions and an enormous dirigible sailed majestically from one end of the city to the other. Khaki-clad troops of Allied nations, including detachments of Americans and men from the British Dominions; "Waacs" and "Wrens" and farm workers in smocks and breeches, representative of woman's part in the war; captured German cannon and Hun airplanes; two lumbering British tanks, one "male" and one "female"; floats on which munition workers and nurses were engaged in their respective tasks; passed slowly through the crowded streets. Tonight in the Club I heard one man say that what he enjoyed most was seeing a monkey, dressed in British uniform, riding on a German field gun captured by the South Africans.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Paris, November 10, 1918.

With the news what it is: the Kaiser abdicating, Germany hurrying towards Bolshevism, things are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to happen. The rumor has cropped up again that the Armistice is signed, but the church bells have not pealed nor have the guns of Mont Valerien boomed out their 101 shots; so the report is probably premature.

Think of the feelings of the German envoys when

they harken back to the humiliations their country put upon France in '70! And now it is France's turn. You will see how much more courteous a foe she will be than was the Boche after Sedan.

Already you hear the man in the street rebelling against using too great cruelty against his fallen foe. The Latin temperament is too sensitive to hurt wilfully for the sheer lust of causing suffering. It is a splendid trait but I doubt that the Hun will appreciate the spirit that prompts such generosity.

Tomorrow will be a wonderful day for France; either because the Armistice is signed, or because hostilities are to continue. In the latter case, it won't be many weeks before the end comes; for Germany is done for absolutely.

LETTER CLXXVII.

London, November 10, 1918.

London tonight is on the tiptoe of expectancy, The Kaiser has fled to Holland fearing to face his "faithful Berliners and Brandenburgers" and the armistice terms have been, or are about to be signed. Our latest information is that official news of Germany's humiliation will not be promulgated until tomorrow morning even if the actual signing occurs tonight.

The Sunday night crowds in the streets are singing and some windows showing light for the first time in years indicate that the police regulations are being relaxed in anticipation of the passing of war time restrictions. Some people who have been in London for four years will see the city illuminated tomorrow

for the first time. For there is now no doubt that the Germans will accept Foch's terms.

I met a Canadian officer in the Club today at luncheon. He had just returned from Lille which he had entered with a Canadian brigade. The welcome of the people of the city, who had been under the heel of the Hun for more than four years, was affecting beyond description. He also told me that his men had discovered thousands of bright steel helmets which the German High Command had sent to Lille, so that the troops there could wear them when they entered Paris as victors. Another dream shattered!

CHAPTER XXVI

The Real Armistice—Paris Thrills and Weeps when Moment Arrives—Crowds Lionize Soldiers of the Allies—Two French Generals Lovingly Mobbed—Night Scenes of Rejoicing in Cafés and Restaurants—Incidents of a Delirious Day—London Explodes and Erupts for Three Days—King and Queen Drive Unattended through Streets Packed with Cheering Mobs—A Contrast Between Two Peoples.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Paris, November 11, 1918.

How I wish I could make you see this day just as it has really been here in Paris! And, above all, how I wish you had been with me to thrill and weep as I have thrilled and wept. Even when we were engaged and I watched with beating heart for your arrival in Paris from London, there was only the emotional joy that awaited me. Today I felt a great spiritual rapture and a rejoicing that France had come into her own; that the country I love next to my own land, was about to receive a semi-compensation for all the anguish and suffering of the past four and a half years.

From my letters you have seen that Paris has been calm and dignified in all the trials through which she has passed. There have been moments in the past four months when she might have permitted herself a bit of jubilation but, always, she refrained; waiting for the day when her enemy should be definitely crushed. And it has come.

I made it a point to be out on the Boulevards about half after ten. Eleven o'clock must surely bring something interesting and worth seeing. At eleven sharp I was just outside the Galleries Lafayette where the rue Lafayette and the Boulevard Haussmann meet. There is a clock at the cross streets. I saw little knots of people gather and stand staring up at the dial as though some magic thing must happen when the hands touched the hour. I know now that at that moment the cannon of Mont Valérien roared but I did not hear them. So I walked to the Boulevards and when I reached the rue Louis-le-Grand before the building called the Pavillion de Rohan, part of which is occupied by the Radio Agency, three men appeared on an upper balcony and slowly unrolled a big paper scroll on which we read, letter by letter, "*L'Armistice est signée.*"

There was a hush. A woman next to me gave a dry little sob; two *gendarmes* close by smiled under their moustaches, and all the people passing along the thoroughfare stopped to read the momentous words. Faces were suddenly irradiated—except those of the women in mourning. Theirs wore a pitiful smile as though they thought of their dear dead who had helped bring France to victory. I stood for quite a long time and the tears came freely. Fortunately my coat has a tall collar that I pulled up over my chin to hide its quivering. I need not have been ashamed of my emotion, for mine were not the only moist eyes.

It was the lunch hour and the Boulevards slowly filled with an ever increasing throng. I went with the crowd as far as the *Matin* office, opposite which I climbed on a bench with a dozen little *midinettes* and there I saw such wonderful enthusiasm as I shall never forget. The

Matin put out the announcement: "*L'Armistice est signée. La guerre est gagnée. Vive la France! Vivent les Alliés!*" and a little later added the words, "*Les hostilités ont cessé à 11 heures.*"

You know that part of the Boulevard and its slight rise. The traffic there is always heavy. This morning it was denser than ever. Fiacres, taxis, trucks, camions crawled along. In some were ordinary civilians. For them there was no sign. This was not their day. In others rode soldiers of the Allied Armies. They met with love and enthusiasm at every step—especially the Yanks, who were greeted with rapturous cheers. Girls climbed up on the wheels of their cars, grasped the hands of our boys, kissed them when they could and tried to steal the pink carnations that most of them wore in their service caps. The movie man perched on a high platform ground out films that caught the singing, surging mob, in the midst of which an enthusiastic *gavroche* waved a huge American flag.

Two French generals came along in a closed car. At sight of them the crowd went mad. They stopped the auto, opened the doors, swarmed inside, embraced the *militaires* and grasped their hands, shouting: "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive l'Armée!*" "*Vivent nos généraux!*" After a halt of about five minutes they were finally able to get ahead. The British met with the coolest reception of all the Allies. They are not much beloved in France and it is because of their cold exterior and apparent lack of enthusiasm. I am sure an Englishman feels as deeply as anyone but he has schooled himself to an impassiveness that is sometimes irritating to the French because they cannot understand it.

I came back to the hotel for lunch and found a tiny

American flag on my table and all the other tables similarly decorated with flags according to the nationality of the occupant. Marie Almirall breezed in about 1 and suggested we have a Dutch treat dinner at the Café de la Paix. To secure a table she, La Francesca and I walked to the restaurant and reserved one. Afterwards, I stood for hours outside the café, on the curb, watching Paris gone crazy. All factory and shop work was at a standstill and soldiers and laboring people formed a compact mass that surged up and down the Boulevards.

It was a curious mob to watch. There were drunken poilus galore but no one scolded them and everyone loved them because of what they had done in the war. They went singing up and down the street, sometimes carried on the shoulders of enthusiastic civilians; sometimes staggering along with their arms entwined about the neck of a girl. One band, following a British squad, played the "Marseillaise" but the din all about was so tremendous that you barely caught the blare of a high note here and there. Hundreds of trucks rolled by, crowded beyond capacity and everywhere rose shouts of "*Vive la France!*" "*Vivent les poilus!*" "*Vive Foch!*" "*Vive Clémenceau!*" The curbs were jammed with onlookers and the cafés packed with a thirsty throng that wanted nothing but champagne. Flags by the thousand appeared at every window up and down the thoroughfare and the whole city was in a delirium.

I finally pushed my way through the crowd over to the rue de la Paix and just as I crossed it, I came upon a pitiful little procession of six *mutilés*: one legless man in a pram, a one armed man pushing him and the others lame and halt. It brought a big sob into one's

throat to see part of the human wreckage of which there must be so much in every land. I was tired when I got home so went to the Marlborough for tea and there found the Schwends, Madame in a very nervous and hysterical state, remembering her splendid son, Capitaine Henri Schwend, who had fallen early in the struggle.

At 7.20, La Francesca and I walked to the Café de la Paix where we found the rest of our party waiting for us—Marie Almirall, Mme. Wecklin, Count de Obidos and Lieutenant Braden of the British Army. We were given three small tables set close together right in the center of the last room and we could not have been better placed. The *café* was jammed and it was like a holiday night in old-time Paris. Dinner was the smallest consideration but we managed to get some food. Bread gave out about the time we sat down and though we had 19 bread tickets between us, we could not get a crumb. So Lieutenant Braden went skirmishing. He came back with a long French loaf under his arm which he had got at the Grand Café up the street and for which he had had to part with all our bread tickets. Returning along the Boulevard to the restaurant he got an ovation which he bore with true British phlegm. When this bread was gone we all went down into our jeans and together managed to produce 1 franc 95 centimes in coppers which we gave to the *sommeiller* as a bribe to bring us some *pain*. He came back with several half pieces of rolls of varying lengths, evidently the remains of what other diners had left on their plates. We were grateful and asked no questions.

We were a jolly crowd and sang all the national anthems and all the popular songs we could remember.

I had brought with me our big American flag and this we draped over the end of our table. Later, a Frenchman who constituted himself master of ceremonies, borrowed it and used it to furnish local color in singing the "Marseillaise," toasting the Allies and in crying "*Vive la République!*"

He drank to all the Allies in turn, unintentionally omitting the British. Young Braden, standing near, quietly slipped a small Union Jack into his hand and the Frenchman, quick to take the hint, bowed, saying: "*Merci, mon ami, de la leçon,*" promptly got on a chair and cried: "*Vivent les Britanniques!*"

Then Braden, his head up, began to sing "God Save the King," in a lovely baritone voice and everybody in the café joined in. Just then, a shabby-looking British civilian, minus all his front teeth, came over to our table and, taking Braden's hand in his, sang in a funny quavering tenor "Britons Never Will Be Slaves" and "Auld Lang Syne." It was done so seriously it was pathetic and Braden, as seriously, joined in with him and sang to the end.

A pair of woman's slippers were auctioned off and brought 250 francs, which money was used to buy champagne for the crowd. We had intended having a *monome*, or sort of snake dance, but a French *poilu* burst into the café and demoralized the place. He was quite drunk but his face was beautiful and lighted by an unearthly light as he climbed up on our table, his big boots crashing down the glasses and trampling over the napery. He wanted to speak and waved his arms for silence but no one would listen to him and a look of tragic anguish swept across his features that made him typical of the agony of France. Had he been on

the stage doing the same thing, he would have been acclaimed as a great artist. As it was, he was but a drunken soldier who was spoiling the fun of more sober folks.

An American doughboy jumped up on the table beside him and his drunkenness was so different. He was common and foul-mouthed, liquor dribbled over his chin and he was a repulsive sight. Both of them were finally induced to come down but it was late and there was no more food to be had.

We went out into the night to find the mob still streaming up and down and screaming itself hoarse. In the Place de l'Opéra the square was jammed with merry-makers none of whom seemed to have the slightest intention of going home until morning. The middle balcony of the Opera was lighted with strings of electric bulbs in honor of Chenal who was booked to sing the "Marseillaise," after she finished her performance of "Monna Vanna." At 11.30 she appeared clad in flowing white draperies, carrying the tricolor and wearing the Alsatian coif on her head. The crowd suddenly grew still. We could not hear a note, but there on the balcony was the incarnation of France, making wide, sweeping gestures and waving the flag. Every now and then you caught the blare of the orchestra behind her and at "*Aux Armes, Citoyens!*" all the people joined in and shouted themselves hoarse.

Clémenceau went Haroun-al-Raschid-ing all by himself this evening and took in the sights of the Boulevards. At the Place de l'Opéra the people recognized him and acclaimed him as the savior of France. Whereupon he took refuge in the Grand Hotel. But the crowd

cheered him and would not be satisfied till he came out on the balcony and made them a little speech.

We managed to worm our way through the mass of people and went in, for half an hour, to the Olympia *promenoir*. Here we found the same enthusiasm as on the streets. British soldiers, wrapped in their flag, stood on tables and sang "God Save the King" and "Britons Never Will Be Slaves," and between each verse, the French took up the "Marseillaise" and here and there a group of Yanks sang "Over There." The only drunken men in the place were Americans. I saw a Colonel, a Major and a Captain, all blind drunk, the Captain with his eyes closed and asleep standing.

Again we came out into the brilliantly illuminated streets—a strange spectacle after four years of darkness—and again we found the singing mob. But we came into quiet byways in the rue des Capucines and the rue de la Paix and so home.

All day long I noticed that the Yanks were very much to the fore in all the merrymaking. They "let go" much better than does the Briton and they are not ashamed to let everyone know they are having a good time. You found them ringleaders in all the parading and singing. They it was who conceived the idea of carrying off as many of the Boche cannon and machine guns from the Concorde and the Champs Élysées as they could pull along. Several soldiers would harness themselves to the guns and drag them through the streets with as many French and Yanks and British Tommies astride them as could climb aboard. There isn't a mitrailleuse or small field piece left in the square.

LETTER CLXXIX.

London, November 12, 1918.

London's celebration is still on. It began at eleven o'clock yesterday morning and is going strong at the end of 36 hours with no evidence of the end being in sight. We have seized our cup of joy and refuse to take it from our lips. This is true, actually as well as metaphorically. I do not know what Paris has been doing but in London there are no bounds to the extravagancies of rejoicing. As the old negro faro dealer on the Mississippi River steamboat said—"De limit to *dis yere* game, gen-men, am de sky. Yas, sah!"

Last night was not a time to write—even our daily talk was brushed aside for once. But you shall have an extra long letter today, giving you some idea of how the signing of the armistice swept London from its habitual poise. To go back to the beginning of the new era of peace; when I wrote you Sunday night, we were waiting for news from Foch's Headquarters but none came up to 4 A. M. Monday when I left the office. We did hear the Kaiser had arrived "*safely*" in Holland.

I got up at 9.30, had a hasty breakfast at the Waldorf and got out on the streets as soon as possible. They were full of people waiting with tense anxiety for the expected news.

At 10 o'clock, Lloyd George at his official residence in Downing Street announced that the armistice had been signed, but the crowds did not know it until 11 o'clock when the air raid warnings were discharged, the prearranged signal that all was over. When the guns sounded, London went off its head. I was in the Strand

just opposite the Gaiety Theatre and saw the crowd explode. It was a human volcano erupting. The people not only shouted and cheered and wept, but went mad. They seized each other and ran wildly up and down the streets; they made a dash for every available vehicle in sight, 'buses, taxis, wagons, big munition and goods lorries that were passing and took possession of them; they swarmed over them till they looked like moving beehives, men, women and children hanging in clusters till you could hardly see the vehicle. Flags appeared by hundreds and these moving masses of shrieking, flag-waving humanity rushed along the streets while other thousands began marching in solid columns, cheering and singing.

By noon the streets were impassable, flags were flying from all the buildings, frenzied employes in the offices were throwing out of the windows all the torn paper they could lay their hands on, offices were closing for the day to afford the people a chance to celebrate and many restaurants shut their doors because the staffs insisted on stopping work. The "pubs" when they opened at noon were jammed with alcoholic celebrators and soon the effect of liquor was apparent in the nature of the demonstrations. Fortunately, in these still "war" days, the supply of intoxicants is limited and soon ran out. Then a rain began to fall, a fortunate circumstance, for it drove some of the crowd off the streets and lessened the danger of riotous proceedings.

I managed to secure a taxi and, by avoiding the main arteries of traffic, reached Buckingham Palace where thousands of persons cheered the King and Queen and Princes and Princesses, compelling them to appear again and again on the balcony. At 4 o'clock their

Majesties drove from the Palace to the City. They were in an open carriage, unattended save for five mounted policemen who rode ahead to clear the way. The contrast between this picture of a democratic monarch driving unprotected through the delirious crowds and followed by a cheering throng of his subjects and the spectacle of the Kaiser slinking off to Holland, afraid to face his people, was suggestively impressive.

Coming back from the Palace, I came up Whitehall and saw Downing Street packed with people cheering the Premier. Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square were heaving seas of humanity and the base of the Nelson Monument was submerged by those who had clambered up to watch the jubilation. In front of the Hotel Cecil, now the headquarters of the Air Board, the fragments of documents and circulars torn up and thrown from the windows were inches deep. It looked as though a snow storm had been raging.

I finished my cabling, went to the club for dinner and then dropped into some of the big hotels. The lid was off sure enough. Every available space was occupied, extra tables filled the corners and corridors, and frenzied dancers romped wherever they could find a few feet of space. They bumped against the tables, upsetting many of them, but the crash of broken china and glass only spurred them on and they danced on the fragments. The crowd in the Savoy was very boisterous and when the lights were put out in the restaurant, the dancing went on in the lounge, grinding the broken glass into the carpet. Finally the management stopped the music; but some British officers surrounded the piano and one after the other pounded out something

sufficiently akin to music to keep the feet going. It was a riot.

The celebration in the streets went on all night, despite the rain. They were illuminated for the first time in years and seemed strangely unfamiliar. The Tommies were the kings of the revel and marched along with anywhere from two to four girls clinging to them. Few of them wore their own caps, many of them sporting the hat of some girl on whose head was perched the army headgear. Many American soldiers were in these groups, their arms locked with those of the Tommies and the girls. When I reached the Waldorf about 3 A. M., Aldwych and the Strand were still humming and a stream of American soldiers and sailors was pouring into the Eagle Hut in search of a few hours sleep.

Today the scenes of yesterday were repeated. Practically no business was transacted. The crowds were more boisterous and turbulent and at times threatened to get out of hand. As evening came on, the unruly spirit manifested itself more and more. I went to an official dinner at the Savoy tonight and afterwards walked through Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square. In the latter place I saw a frenzied crowd of soldiers and civilians keeping a big bonfire going at the foot of the Nelson Monument, despite the endeavors of policemen and firemen to stop them. They fed it with building material torn from houses in course of construction, with hoardings, with several wagons and finally, as a brilliant thought, some Australian soldiers rushed to the Mall and came back triumphantly dragging one of the captured Hun cannon which was pushed into the flames as the *pièce de résistance*. In the mean-

time, others kept the policemen from interfering and the firemen who attempted to put out the fire were practically held prisoners, their hose cut and some of the streams of water which were directed on the crowd in the hope of scattering it, were turned on the firemen and "Bobbies." It was a wild affair. Not all in the crowd were drunk but a fair proportion had more than its share of the restricted supply of spirits.

LETTER CLXXX.

London, November 14, 1918.

No more interesting contrast between the French and British could be afforded than was seen in the Armistice celebrations in Paris and London. You saw the one tremendous overpowering flame of rejoicing that burned a day and a night and then the French recovered their accustomed poise. Here the fire refuses to be extinguished and burns laboriously and stubbornly. Unfortunately, the element of rowdyism and destructiveness is becoming stronger. Walking through Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus, I saw many shop windows still protected by heavy wooden bars. The plinth of Nelson's monument was damaged; large slivers of the stone scaling off from the heat of the great bonfire when the crowd burned the captured Hun gun-carriages. Landseer's lions gazed unharmed and unconcerned toward the four quarters of the world.

The utterances of the statesmen of the two nations also were characteristically different. Lloyd George's carefully prepared and somewhat ponderous thanks for the victory of the Allied Armies evoked no such emo-

tions as did Clémenceau's few words in the Chamber of Deputies. How simply did he express the glorious thought; "Thanks to our dead," and the Deputy who followed him said: "Thanks to our heroic dead." The French, masters of the imagery of language, are not ashamed to bare their souls in unaffected phrases. The Englishman shrinks at revealing his innermost thoughts in a public utterance. Here the Army, the Navy, the Government, the living soldiers and sailors are publicly thanked for the victory. The memory and deeds of the dead are cherished and appreciated but not publicly spoken of.

Last night I went to a dinner at Claridge's, given by Lord Burnham to visiting editors from America and the Dominions. I sat opposite Winston Churchill, the Minister of Munitions, who made an eloquent speech on the coöperation that ended the war. Sir Frederick E. Smith, the Attorney General, and Lord Burnham, who is the owner of the *Daily Telegraph*, also spoke. Paul Cravath and Oscar T. Crosby of the U. S. Financial Mission were there. I sat between Consul-General Skinner and Ernest Cunard. Someone brought up the subject of coincidences and I said that two interesting incidents of that nature had occurred this week. On Monday, as I stood watching the racketing crowds in the Strand, an Englishman standing beside me remarked, "The whole city is 'Maffiking'!" I replied that I was in London on Mafeking night and saw the wild scenes. "And I was in Mafeking; was one of the party that relieved the town," he told me. Tuesday night I related this incident to the man sitting next to me at the dinner at the Savoy, whereupon he stated: "And I was in Kimberley when the siege was raised."

Cunard then said: "There's the man who completes your cycle of Boer War coincidences," indicating a slender, earnest-faced man in a General's uniform talking to Crosby. "That is General Ian Hamilton, of Gallipoli fame, who was in Ladysmith during the siege and until the city was relieved."

After dinner, Crosby and I left the hotel together. The night was clear and beautiful and, in the West End, the silent streets now illuminated, invited one to walk and talk. We strolled through Mayfair until we came to Sunderland House, the imposing residence built by the Duchess of Marlborough, but which is now occupied by the U. S. Financial Mission. Crosby lives there and we leaned against the stone railing and chatted for some time.

At the dinner there had been considerable talk about President Wilson's announced intention to go to Paris as a delegate to the Peace Conference, some not very favorable. Comment upon the President's designs has been significantly absent from the editorial columns of the English newspapers. There is a feeling here that if Wilson persists in going to Paris, he will be so overwhelmed by the pleas and appeals of the smaller nationalities insisting upon his help to gain self-determination, as expressed in his Fourteen Points, that questions considered of vital importance by the Allies will be unfavorably affected, from their point of view.

When I left Crosby, I found it was so late that the tubes and 'buses had stopped running and no taxis were in sight. I had to walk to the office. Coming through Piccadilly Circus, I saw several hundred men, soldiers and civilians, and a considerable sprinkling of women still indulging in horse-play around the fountain. I

kept well clear of the crowd, for I did not wish to have repeated the experience of Monday night, when a man jumped upon my right foot and bruised it badly. It is still quite painful.

LETTER CLXXXI.

London, November 16, 1918.

Fortune has smiled upon me, after averting her face for all these months and keeping me in London when there were so many more interesting things to do and see in France. Today I received a notification from the Admiralty that I am included in the party that is to go on board the Grand Fleet to witness the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet. If I cannot see the French enter Metz, this naval humiliation of Germany will be second only to it in historic interest among the great events of the end of the war. We leave for Scotland Monday morning and will not return until the end of the week. Then I hope to get to Paris very shortly.

A curious lethargy seems to have taken possession of London, apart from the street celebrations. The reaction after four years of war is asserting itself. The newspapers read strangely without the daily reports of battles; the official communications no longer puzzle us as to what is revealed and what concealed, and war topics are almost shunned in conversation. Here in the Club, where I am writing, the talk ranges from politics and profiteering to pigs and poverty. England is already forgetting the fighting in the probability of a General Election and in her reconstruction

problems. The War Parliament has already had its life extended twice and there is an insistent demand that new representatives of the people be chosen. As the politicians take more watching than soldiers and as the stay-at-homes are all politicians more or less, they are now intently scrutinizing each other.

The after-the-war policy of the British Government is much in the public's mind. England desires the restoration of her industrial activities, the return of her commercial supremacy and, above all, the capture of the markets that Germany had acquired. She wants the world's trade but shows no inclination to change her methods. Her fleet must remain the most powerful afloat, to insure the security of that trade. She wants supremacy without competition. Already one hears talk as to how far England can rely upon her Allies to support her ambitions. She is counting upon the United States but is uneasy as to President Wilson's declarations concerning the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations. England has always kept one eye and perhaps an eye and a half, not upon the waging of the war, but upon what she hopes and expects will come to her after the war.

CHAPTER XXVII

Surrender of Germany's Fleet off the Firth of Forth—Her Naval Pride Humbled and Broken—Flag Hauled down over Powerful Armada which Kaiser Expected Would Break British Sea Power—With the American Battleships in Hour of Triumph—Visit of King George and Prince of Wales to Flagship *New York*.

LETTER CLXXXII.

On Board *U. S. S. New York*,
Flagship Sixth Battle Squadron, Grand Fleet,
Firth of Forth, Wednesday, November 20, 1918.

Tonight we go out into the North Sea to meet the German Fleet. As I may not have another opportunity to write you until I return to London, I am scribbling on a corner of a table in the ward-room, making the best of the half hour or so before the launch goes ashore with the mails. Since writing you Monday night, telling of the long, tiresome and famishing journey up to Edinburgh, I have been on the jump. Yesterday morning, Commander Wolcott informed us we would go out to the fleet after lunch. This gave us a few hours for sightseeing. Holme of the *Times* and I were asked by Captain Loring Clark of the American Red Cross to take a spin in his car. We ran through the modern residential districts, along the splendid shopping thoroughfare, Prince's Street, and then crossed the viaduct into the old town whose bleak grimness

frowned across the valley at its frivolous offspring. We went into Holyrood Palace for a few moments and then motored along the famous "Hogsback," to the Castle. On the way we passed the home of John Knox—and Clark could not resist telling the tale of the Edinburgh cab driver who was taking an American tourist along the same route. Pointing to an ancient building, he said to his fare:

"There's John Knox's house."

"Knox?—John Knox? Who is he?" asked the American.

"Mon, read your Bible," was the withering response.

From the highest battlements of the Castle, we could see the great bridge on the Firth of Forth, and there, lying in the sunlight—distinguishable with powerful glasses—was the Grand Fleet. All the months when its whereabouts were seemingly kept such a profound mystery, the ships were in view from the Castle. What price the news didn't reach Germany?

After lunch at the Caledonian Hotel we were taken out to the Forth in motors. There, under the shadow of the gigantic bridge spanning the estuary, we found a busy scene. It was the landing place for the British and American ships of the divisions lying below the bridge. Swarms of launches, their shrill whistles keeping up a constant discord, were bringing landing parties ashore or taking men and supplies out to the ships. The American dreadnaughts, which formed the Sixth Battle division of the Grand Fleet, were anchored below the bridge—the *Florida* nearest to it, then the *Wyoming*, *Arkansas*, *Texas* and the *New York*, the flagship. The Admiral's launch took us out to the *New York* where Admiral Rodman welcomed us and gave us

the run of the ship—with reservations. At dinner, I enjoyed the real white bread, the first I have had since I last visited the American Army.

Today has been a show day. Early in the morning the crews of all the ships in the fleet began a vigorous scrubbing and overhauling. King George had arrived in Edinburgh and was to review the greatest fighting machine ever afloat. He passed through the long lines of menacing grey fortresses on a slender, quivering destroyer with the strength of 10,000 horses bottled up in her engines. Every ship had her crew at the rails as he passed and took the salute. The King went on board the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, Admiral Beatty's flagship, where he lunched with the superior officers of the fleet, and guests who had come up from London, including Admiral Sims.

Shortly after lunch, our flagship became very animated. The King was coming to pay an official call on the American Navy. Admirals Sims and Rodman, Captain Nat Twining, Sims' Chief of Staff, and a number of our officers came back to the *New York*. At 3 o'clock the Royal party arrived alongside. The King came up the gangway first and was received with honors, the crew ranged along the rails, the marines standing at attention and side-boys piping the royal visitor aboard.

He was followed by the smiling, rosy-cheeked Prince of Wales, Admiral Beatty and numerous British Naval and Army officers. Beatty, by the way, wears his heavily gold braided cap at a peculiar rakish angle that shrieks defiance and an invitation to fight. King George was welcomed by Sims and Rodman and he, the Prince and Beatty chatted with them while pho-

topographers from all nations, perched on the bridge and forward turret, fired salvos. The five Captains of the American ships and officers of the staffs of Sims and Rodman were presented, after which the King, followed by the Prince, walked around the entire length of the ship, inspecting the crew. He was in tip-top spirits and laughed and joked as freely as did the Prince. After a short stay in the Admiral's quarters, the party returned to the *Queen Elizabeth*, passing the other American ships of the division.

Before the King left the *New York*, the first units of the Grand Fleet began to go out to sea to meet the Germans. They were the destroyers, the incarnation of tireless energy and unceasing watchfulness; the eyes of the Fleet and its protectors; the swift, deadly foe of the submarine. This afternoon, however, they glided downstream smoothly and gracefully, betraying no suggestion of the unchained fury that hurls them through high seas at terrific speed when pursuing the enemy.

Each flotilla was headed by its "leader ship," a new class of ships developed by the war. These "leaders" are very fast, powerfully-armed, light cruisers, that can keep the sea and maintain speed with the destroyers. They act as flotilla flagships and are something of the type of our scout cruisers, the *Chester* and the *Birmingham*. The destroyers kept passing out all afternoon until more than one hundred had started for the rendezvous with the Germans, who are now on their way across the North Sea.

This morning before the review started, I went around the fleet in a launch and was crushed by the realization of the terrific destructive power concen-

trated within the steel walls, floating so peacefully on the Forth. The four mighty sisters of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the largest, heaviest and swiftest of British super-dreadnaughts, with their 15-inch guns; the mysterious "hush-hush" ships—*Furious* and *Glorious*—with big guns, high speed and light armor, designed to draw the German ships out into the North Sea, were there. One of these latter ships during the recent attack on the German coast, carried airplanes on her enormous decks, until within a certain distance of land. Then the airplanes rose and dropped bombs on the Germans. Greatest of all the ships, however, are the secretly constructed battle-cruisers, *Renown* and *Repulse*, developing 120,000 horsepower, a motive force capable of hurling the great ships through the water at the speed of a destroyer. They are turbine ships and the low pressure turbines are so enormous that as we looked at them, the chief engineer of the *Florida* who was with me said mournfully:

"You could pack the *Florida's* turbine in that one, and then stumble over it when you weren't looking."

LETTER CLXXXIII.

On board *U. S. S. Florida*,

North Sea, November 21, 1918.

The crashing of a nation's ambition usually supplies a tremendous spectacle. Today I witnessed the final scene in Germany's struggle to wrest the supremacy of the seas from Great Britain. England never faced a more threatening menace; those of Spain and Napoleon, which were crushed by Drake and Nelson respectively

were insignificant to this one. Yet I find it difficult to describe the events of the day. They gave no thrill. On the contrary, they carried a feeling of gloom and dissatisfaction and left an unpleasant memory. It was a dirty job, as one sailor man put it, and everyone felt relieved when it was finished.

Tonight, the formidable German High Seas Fleet lies in the lower reaches of the Firth of Forth, shepherded by British destroyers and cruisers. The battleships of the Grand Fleet are swinging peacefully at their anchorages nearby; the reward of more than four years of watching, waiting and fighting achieved.

The meeting of the two fleets in the North Sea was impressive but not dramatic. The weather was thick when we went out and it was still misty when the German ships appeared in single column formation, led by a British light cruiser. The Germans were burning very inferior coal and as they first came in sight, steaming doggedly on their prescribed course, the heavy clouds of smoke and their slow speed suggested a convoy of colliers. Thousands of eager eyes on the Grand Fleet watched their approach and, as they drew nearer, it seemed as if the humiliation of their abject surrender spread like a depressing pall over our fleet. There were neither shouts of victory nor enthusiasm among our men who talked in low tones as they watched. The sense of shame at such an ignoble ending to Germany's sea power depressed everyone.

"Oh, God—if they would only fight, or do something," moaned a sailor on the *Florida* as he stood at one of the guns of the secondary battery. For every vessel of the Grand Fleet went out with crews at battle stations, prepared for "a fight or a frolic," to quote

"Bob" Evans' celebrated saying. And, in truth, most of the officers and men had a sneaking hope that it might not be a frolic.

The *Florida* is fitted with quarters for an admiral, and I had gone to sleep about 11 o'clock on a cot in the large stateroom. It seemed I had barely closed my eyes when I was awakened by a touch on my shoulder and the flash of an electric torch. "The light cruisers are now passing out, sir," said a quarter-master who had been told by Captain Potter to waken me. Going on deck I found a slight rain falling and the crew on watch moving about muffled in oil-skins.

The *Florida*, which is the wing ship of the Sixth Battle Division of the Grand Fleet, was lying just below the great bridge over the Forth. Next her was the *Wyoming*, then the *Arkansas*, the *New York*—the flagship—and lastly, the *Texas*. Then came the high-speed, heavily armed and armored British battleships *Barham*, *Warspite*, *Valiant* and *Malaya* and the great battle-cruisers *Lion*, *Renown*, *Repulse*, *Tiger*, *Australia*, *New Zealand*, *Indomitable* and *Inflexible*; they formed the flying wing of the Grand Fleet.

I could see the shadowy outlines of the light cruisers dropping down the channel which, for hours preceding, had been traversed by flotilla after flotilla of destroyers. A thick haze hung over the water, through which the dark forms of the nearest ships were distinguishable. Winking signals from the bridges of the nearest of these ships and the sound of great cables being slowly lifted, told of preparations for the start. The giant shadows of the battle cruisers and British battleships melted away and the American squadron was alone at its moorings below the bridge. A series of bright

flashes from the bridge of the *New York* conveyed the expected order to up anchor, according to instructions received the night before from the Admiral.

One by one the American battleships swung around, lifted anchor and got under way. First the *New York*, passing the *Texas* which took second place in line, then the *Arkansas*, the *Wyoming* and finally the *Florida*. On board our ship preparations had been going on since the watch changed at midnight. Our orders were to be prepared to lift anchor at 2.20 and to be ready to steam away at standard speed sixteen knots, prepared to increase speed to twenty knots by 8 o'clock. As a consequence, the ship had hummed with activity from that hour. On deck the great launches were being swung on board and secured, all unnecessary hamper was being stowed away and hundreds of nimble forms were moving about in the darkness on the various parts of the superstructure, on the bridges and fire control platforms.

Between decks the watch off duty was trying to sleep but with poor success. For, apart from the bustle and noise, every young American sailor was saying to his mate: "I wonder if the Germans will make a fight of it at the last minute?" And the answer came invariably: "I hope to God they will!" In the great turrets the officers in command of the giant guns were giving a last look over their pets to see that all was in readiness for the call to battle stations. The engineering staff was going over the valves and throttles, while in the fire-room the early watch of stokers was increasing the head of steam by degrees calculated to produce the necessary pressure the moment it was needed for

getting under way; but not any sooner—as coal is still a precious commodity.

The tireless “winking machine” on the *New York’s* bridge executed a rapid spluttering of sparks at 2.30, and the voice of Commander Meyers was heard hailing the officer of the deck and giving the orders to call the watch and prepare to get up the anchor. An unfortunate incident occurred which will sadden the home trip of the *Florida*, when she sails for the United States next week. A fine, upstanding young sailor lad, while working near the capstan which was taking up the slack in the cable, had his leg caught and almost severed. He was carried below to the operating room where Dr. Reed performed a quick amputation with excellent prospects of saving the boy’s life.

The anchor engine refused, as the sailor men said, to take a “bite” on the cable, sending out instead great columns of oil fumes which filled the forward part of the ship and, for a few moments, it looked as though the *Florida* would either have to cut her cable and leave her anchor attached to a buoy or forego participating in the day’s spectacle. However, no self-respecting American engine could continue in its obstinacy to the degree of robbing the United States Navy of its full part in the glory of the occasion, and the *Florida* followed the disappearing *Wyoming* down the Forth.

As one of the defensive measures to protect the Grand Fleet against submarine attack while it was resting in its haven, three great nets stretch across the Forth, the upper one between the piers of the great bridge and the two others at distances several miles apart further towards the sea. Tonight, gaps in the

nets were indicated by brilliant red and green lights, a sure visible evidence that the war was over. Before we reached the outer net, the *Florida* passed a buoy marked by a green light near which could be seen the top of an enormous funnel and one mast sticking above the surface of the water. They marked the grave of the *Campania*, the one-time popular Cunard liner. She broke loose from her moorings in a storm a few days ago, struck a rock and sank close to the channel.

Almost two hundred fighting ships—dreadnaughts, battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers—stretched out in two long parallel lines when dawn broke. As the hour for meeting the German fleet approached, the crews of every ship went to battle stations. When the automatic signal closed the steel bulkhead doors which divide the ship into water-tight compartments, I was in the engine room of the *Florida*. I went into several of the turrets and found the men in their positions around the great guns; the officer in charge of each turret sitting in his chair behind the massive breaches, the telephone apparatus connecting him with the fire control stations fastened to his head. .

Shortly before 9 o'clock, the German ships were sighted. They came on in single column, passing between the two lines of the Grand Fleet. The battle cruiser *Seydlitz*, which had been badly hammered in the Jutland fight, was in the van. She flew the flag of Admiral von Reuter and was followed by the other battle cruisers, *Moltke*, *Derfflinger*, *Hindenburg*, the mightiest of them all, and the *Von der Tann*. Then came the two divisions of dreadnaughts, *Friedrich der Grosse*, *Kaiser*, *Kaiserin*, *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and *Koenig Albert* in the first; and *Bayern*, *Margraf*,

Grosser Kurfuerst and *Prinz-Regent Luitpold* in the second. Seven light cruisers and fifty destroyers followed the heavier ships. It was a formidable armada and capable of putting up the stiffest kind of a fight had the spirit of the crews been on a par with the power of the ships. The *Seydlitz* steamed sullenly on, leading the way to the final scene of humiliation. When she came opposite the *Queen Elizabeth*, Beatty's flagship forged out of the line and, changing course, stopped so that the German column passed in front of her. The picture suggested a victorious Roman general parading the captives of his triumph. On signal from the flagship, the Grand Fleet, which had been going to meet the Germans, turned by divisions, reversing its course so that the three lines of ships now steamed in the same direction, the Germans being under the guns of the Grand Fleet from two sides. As the fleet turned, the breeze, which had freshened, caught the large American flags carried by our ships and the Stars and Stripes snapped triumphantly, acclaiming the end of months of strain through which our men have passed.

We reached the Forth shortly after noon and the German ships were directed to the prepared anchorages, where they will remain until their final disposal is decided. Beatty flew this signal from his flagship: "The German flag is to be hauled down at sundown and is not to be hoisted again without permission." It was the final word to Germany's sea power.

When the German ships were anchored, I went on a destroyer and we circled their fleet. The enemy sailors were hanging over the rails, manifesting every inclination to be friendly. But their advances were received

in stony silence by the British sailors who glared and spat viciously as they went about their work. Mingling with the men on the German ships could be seen the members of the committees who have been in charge since the revolution at Kiel. These men wore white brassards on their right arms. One of them wore a small derby hat and a long frock coat almost reaching to his heels. He brought the East Side of New York to the North Sea.

